

The New York RESIDE LIBRARY

\$5.00 a Year.

Entered at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., at Second Class Mail Rates.

Copyrighted 1881, by BEADLE AND ADAMS.

October 6, 1881.

Vol. IX.

Published Every
Week.

BEADLE AND ADAMS, PUBLISHERS,
No. 98 WILLIAM STREET, NEW YORK.

Complete in this Number.
Price, Ten Cents.

No. 115

DENIS DUVAL.

BY W. M. THACKERAY.

CHAPTER I. THE FAMILY TREE.

To plague my wife, who does not understand pleasantries in the matter of pedigree, I once drew a fine family tree of my ancestors, with Claude Duval, captain and highwayman, *sus. per coll.* in the reign of Charles II., dangling from a top branch. But this is only my joke with her High Mightiness my wife, and his Serene Highness my son. None of us Duvals have been *suspercollated* to my knowledge. As a boy I have tasted a rope's-end often enough, but not round my neck; and the persecution endured by my ancestors in France for our Protestant religion, which we early received and steadily maintained, did not bring death upon us, as upon many of our faith, but only fines and poverty, and exile from our native country.

The world knows how the bigotry of Lewis XIV. drove many families out of France into England, who have become trusty and loyal subjects of the British crown. Among the thousand fugitives were my grandfather and his wife. They settled at Winchelsea, in Sussex, where there has been a French church ever since Queen Bess's time, and the dreadful day of Saint Bartholomew. Three miles off, at Rye, is another colony and church of our people; another *fester Burg*, where under Britannia's shelter-buckler, we have been free to exercise our fathers' worship, and sing the songs of our Zion.

My grandfather was elder and precentor of the church of Winchelsea, the pastor being Monsieur Denis, father of Rear-admiral Sir Peter Denis, Baronet, my kind and best patron. He sailed with Aagon in the famous *Centurion*, and obtained his first promotion through that great seaman; and of course you will all remember that it was Captain Denis who brought our good Queen Charlotte to England (7th September, 1761),

after a stormy passage of nine days, from Strade. As a child I was taken to his house in great Ormond Street, Queen Square, London, and also to the admiral's country seat, Valence, near Westerham, in Kent, where Colonel Wolfe lived, father of the famous General James Wolfe, the glorious conqueror of Quebec.

[I remember well a saying of G—— Aug-st-s

Slw-n, "Mr. Wolfe was the *Height of Abraham*."]

My father, who was of a wandering disposition, happened to be at Dover in the year 1761, when the Commissioners passed through, who were on their way to sign the Treaty of Peace, known as the Peace of Paris. He had parted, after some hot words, I believe, from his mother, who was, like himself, of a quick temper, and he was on the look-out for employment when Fate threw these gentlemen in his way. Mr. Duval spoke English, French and German, his parents being of Alsace, and Mr. ——— having need of a confidential person to attend him, who was master of the languages, my father offered himself, and was accepted mainly through the good offices of Captain Denis, our patron, whose ship was then in the Downs. Being at Paris, father must needs visit Alsace, our native country, and having scarce one guinea to rub against another, of course chose to fall in love with my mother and marry her out of hand. *Mons. mon pere*, I fear, was a prodigal; but he was his parents' only living child, and when he came home to Winchelsea, hungry and penniless, with a wife in his hand, they killed their fattest calf, and took both wanderers in. A short while after her marriage my mother inherited some property from her parents in France, and most tenderly nursed my grandmother through a long illness, in which the good lady died.

Of these matters I knew nothing personally, being at the time a child of two or three years old, crying and sleeping, eating and drinking, growing, and having my infantile ailments, like other little darlings.

A violent woman was my mother, jealous, hot, and domineering, but generous, and knowing how to forgive. I fancy my papa gave her too many opportunities of exercising this virtue, for, during his brief life he was ever in scrapes and trouble. He met with an accident when fishing off the French coast, was brought home and died, and was buried at Winchelsea; but the cause of his death



EVIDENCE FOR THE DEFENSE.

Slw-n, Esq., regarding the General, which has not been told, as far as I know, in the anecdotes. A Macaroni guardsman, speaking of Mr. Wolfe, asked, "Was he a Jew? Wolfe was a Jewish name." "Certainly," says Mr.

cising this virtue, for, during his brief life he was ever in scrapes and trouble. He met with an accident when fishing off the French coast, was brought home and died, and was buried at Winchelsea; but the cause of his death

never knew until my good friend Sir Peter Denis told me in later years, when I had come to have troubles of my own.

I was born on the same day with His Royal Highness the Duke of York, viz. : the 13th of August, 1763, and used to be called the Bishop of Osnaburg by the boys in Winchelsea, where between us French boys and the English boys I promise you there was many a good battle. Besides being *ancien* and precentor of the French church at Winchelsea, grandfather was a perruquier and barber by trade, and, if you must know it, I have curled and powdered a gentleman's head before this, and taken him by the nose and shaved him. I do not brag of having used lather and brush : but what is the use of disguising anything? *Tout se sait*, as the French have it, and a great deal more, too. There is Sir Humphrey Howard, who served with me second-lieutenant in the *Meleager*—he says he comes from the N—f—lk Howards ; but his father was a shoemaker, and we always called him Humphrey Snob in the gun-room.

In France very few wealthy ladies are accustomed to nurse their children, and the little ones are put out to farmers' wives, and healthy nurses and perhaps better cared for than by their own meagre mothers. My mother's mother, an honest farmer's wife in Lorraine (for I am the first gentleman of my family, and chose my motto* of *fecimus ipsi* not with pride, but with humble thanks for my good fortune), had brought up Mademoiselle Clarisse de Viomesnil, a Lorraine lady, between whom and her foster-sister there continued a tender friendship long after the marriage of both. Mother came to England the wife of Monsieur mon papa; and Mademoiselle de Viomesnil married in her own country. She was of the Protestant branch of the Viomesnil, and all the poorer in consequence of her parents' fidelity to their religion. Other members of the family were of the Catholic religion, and held in high esteem at Versailles.

Some short time after my mother's arrival in England she heard that her dear foster-sister Clarisse was going to marry a Protestant gentleman of Lorraine, Vicomte de Barr, only son of M. le Comte de Saverne, a chamberlain to his Polish Majesty King Stanislas, father of the French Queen. M. de Saverne, on his son's marriage, gave up to the Vicomte de Barr his house at Saverne, and here for a while the newly-married couple lived. I do not say the young couple, for the Vicomte de Barr was five-and-twenty years older than his wife, who was but eighteen when her parents married her. As my mother's eyes were very weak, or, to say truth, she was not very skillful in reading, it used to be my lot as a boy to spell out my lady Viscountess's letters to her *sœur de lait*, her good Ursule : and many a smart rap with the rolling-pin have I had over my noddle from mother as I did my best to read. It was a word and a blow with mother. She did not spare the rod and spoil the child, and that I suppose is the reason why I am so well grown—six feet two in my stockings, and fifteen stone four last Tuesday, when I was weighed along with our pig. Mem.—My neighbor's hams at Rose Cottage are the best in all Hampshire.

I was so young that I could not understand all I read. But I remember mother used to growl in her rough way (she had a grenadier height and voice, and a pretty smart pair of black whiskers too)—my mother used to cry out, "She suffers—my Biche is unhappy—she has got a bad husband. He is a brute. All men are brutes;" and with this she would glare at grandpapa, who was a very humble little man, and trembled before his *bru*, and obeyed her most obsequiously. Then mother would vow she would go home, she would go and succor her *biche*; but who would take care of these two imbeciles? meaning me and my grandpapa.

* The admiral insisted on taking or on a bend sable, three razors displayed proper, with the above motto. The family have adopted the mother's coat of arms.

Besides, Madame Duval was wanted at home. She dressed many ladies' heads, with very great taste, in the French way, and could shave, friz, cut hair, and tie a queue along with the best barber in the country. Grandfather and the apprentice wove the wigs ; when I was at home I was too young for that work, and was taken off from it, and sent to a famous good school, Pocock's grammar-school at Rye, where I learned to speak English like a Briton—born as I am—and not as we did at home, where we used a queer Alsatian jargon of French and German. At Pocock's I got a little smattering of Latin, too, and plenty of fighting for the first month or two. I remember my patron coming to see me in uniform, blue and white laced with gold, silk stockings and white breeches, and two of his officers along with him. "Where is Denis Duval?" says he, peeping into our school-room, and all the boys looking round with wonder at the great gentleman. Master Denis Duval was standing on a bench at that very moment for punishment for fighting I suppose, with a black eye as big as an omelette. "Denis would do very well if he would keep his fist off other boys' noses," says the master, and the captain gave me a seven-shilling piece, and I spent it all but two-pence before the night was over, I remember. While I was at Pocock's Island I boarded with Mr. Rudge, a tradesman, who besides being a grocer at Rye, was in the sea-faring way, and part owner of a fishing-boat ; and he took some very queer fish in his nets, as you shall hear soon. He was a chief man among the Wesleyans, and I attended his church with him, not paying much attention to those most serious and sacred things in my early years, when I was a thoughtless boy, caring for nothing but lollipops, hoops, and marbles.

Captain Denis was a very pleasant, lively, gentleman, and on this day he asked the master, Mr. Coates, what was the Latin for a holiday, and hoped Mr. C. would give one to his boys. Of course we sixty boys shouted yes to that proposal ; and as for me, Captain Denis cried out, "Mr. Coates, I press this fellow with the black eye here, and intend to take him to dine with me at the Star." You may be sure I skipped off my bench and followed my patron. He and his two officers went to the Star, and after dinner called for a crown bowl of punch, and though I would drink none of it, never having been able to bear the taste of rum or brandy, I was glad to come out and sit with the gentlemen, who seemed to be amused with my childish prattle. Captain Denis asked me what I learned, and I dare say I bragged of my little learning ; in fact, I remember talking in a pompous way about Corderius and Cornelius Nepos, and I have no doubt gave myself very grand airs. He asked whether I liked Mr. Rudge, the grocer, with whom I boarded. I did not like him much, I said, but I hated Miss Rudge and Bevil the apprentice, most because they were always . . . here I stopped. "But there is no use in telling tales out of school," says I. "We don't do that at Pocock's, we don't." And what was my grandmother going to make of me? I said I should like to be a sailor, but a gentleman sailor, and fight for King George. And if I did I would bring all my prize-money home to Agnes—that is, almost all of it, only keep a little of it for myself.

"And so you like the sea, and go out sometimes?" asks Mr. Denis.

Oh yes, I went out fishing. Mr. Rudge had a half share of a boat along with my grandfather, and I used to help to clean her, and was taught to steer her, with many a precious slap on the head if I got her in the wind ; and they said I was a very good look-out. I could see well, and remember bluffs and headlands, and so forth ; and I mentioned several places, points of our coast, ay, and the French coast too well I know.

"And what do you fish for?" asks the captain.

"Oh, Sir, I'm not to say anything about that, Mr. Rudge says!" on which the gentlemen roared with laughter. They knew Master Rudge's game, though I in my innocence did not understand it.

"And so you won't have a drop of punch?" asks Captain Denis.

"No, sir ; I made a vow I would not, when I saw Miss Rudge so queer."

"Miss Rudge is often queer, is she?"

"Yes, the nasty pig! And she calls names, and slips down stairs, and knocks the cups and saucers about, and fights the apprentice, and—but I mustn't say anything more. I never tell tales, I don't!"

In this way I went on prattling with my patron and his friends, and they made me sing them a song in French, and a song in German, and they laughed and seemed amused at my antics and capers. Captain Denis walked home with me to our lodgings, and I told him how I liked Sunday the best day of the week that is, every other Sunday—because I went away quite early, and walked three miles to mother and grandfather at Winchelsea, and saw Agnes.

And who, pray, was Agnes? To-day her name is Agnes Duval, and she sits at her work-table hard by. The lot of my life has been changed by knowing her. To win such a prize in life's lottery is given but to very, very few. What I have done (of any worth) has been done in trying to deserve her. I might have remained, but for her, in my humble native lot, to be neither honest nor happy, but that my good angel yonder succored me: All I have I owe to her: but I pay with all I have, and what creature can do more?

CHAPTER II.

THE HOUSE OF SAVERNE.

MADemoiselle de SAVERNE came from Alsace, where her family occupied a much higher rank than that held by the worthy Protestant pastor from whom her humble servant is descended. Her mother was a Viomesnil, her father was of a noble Alsatian family, Counts of Barr and Saverne. The Old Count de Saverne was alive, and a chamberlain in the court of his Polish Majesty good King Stanislas at Nancy, when his son the Vicomte de Barr, a man already advanced in years, brought home his blooming young bride to that pretty little capital.

The Count de Saverne was a brisk and cheery old gentleman, and his son was gloomy and severe. The count's hotel at Nanci was one of the gayest of the little court. His Protestantism was by no means austere. He was even known to regret that there were no French convents for noble damsels of the Protestant confession, as there were across the Rhine, where his own two daughters might be bestowed out of the way. Mesdemoiselles de Saverne were ungainly in appearance, fierce and sour in temper, resembling, in these particulars, their brother Mons. le Baron de Barr.

In his youth Monsieur de Barr had served not without distinction, being engaged against Messieurs the English at Hastenbeck and Laufeldt, where he had shown both courage and capacity. His Protestantism prevented his promotion in the army. He left it, steadfast in his faith, but soured in his temper. He did not care for whist or music, like his easy old father. His appearance at the count's little suppers was as cheerful as a death's-head at a feast. M. de Barr only frequented these entertainments to give pleasure to his young wife, who pined and was wretched in the solitary family mansion of Saverne, where the Vicomte took up his residence when first married.

He was of an awful temper, and subject to storms of passion. Being a very conscientious man he suffered extremely after one of these

ebullitions of rage. Between his alternations of anger and remorse his life was a sad one; his household trembled before him, and especially the poor little wife whom he had brought out of her quiet country village to be the victim of his rage and repentances. More than once she fled to the old Count of Saverne at Nanci, and the kindly selfish old gentleman used his feeble endeavors to protect his poor little daughter-in-law. Quickly after these quarrels letters would arrive, containing vows of the most abject repentance on the baron's part. These matrimonial campaigns followed a regular course. First rose the outbreak of temper; then the lady's flight ensued to papa-in-law at Nanci; then came letters expressive of grief; then the repentant criminal himself arrived, whose anguish and cries of *mea culpa* were more insupportable than his outbreaks of rage. After a few years Madame de Barr lived almost entirely with her father-in-law at Nanci, and was scarcely seen in her husband's gloomy mansion of Saverne.

For some years no child was born of this most unhappy union. Just when poor King Stanislas came by his lamentable death (being burned at his own fire), the old Count de Saverne died, and his son found that he inherited little more than his father's name and title of Saverne, the family estate being greatly impoverished by the late count's extravagant and indolent habits, and much weighed down by the portions awarded to the Demoiselles de Saverne, the elderly sisters of the present elderly lord.

The town-house at Nanci was shut up for a while, and the new lord of Saverne retired to his castle with his sisters and wife. With his Catholic neighbors the stern Protestant gentleman had little communion; and the society which frequented his dull house chiefly consisted of Protestant clergymen who came from the other side of the Rhine. Along its left bank, which had only become French territory of late years, the French and German languages were spoken indifferently; in the latter language M. de Saverne was called the Herr von Zabern. After his father's death, Herr von Zabern may have melted a little, but he soon became as moody, violent, and ill-conditioned as ever the Herr von Barr had been.

Saverne was a little country town, with the crumbling old Hotel de Saverne in the centre of the place, and a straggling street stretching on either side. Behind the house were melancholy gardens, squared and clipped after the ancient French fashion, and, beyond the garden wall, some fields and woods, part of the estate of the Saverne family. These fields and woods were fringed by another great forest, which had once been the property of the house of Saverne, but had been purchased from the late easy proprietor, by Messieurs de Rohan, Princes of Empire, of France, and the Church, cardinals and archbishops of Strasbourg, between whom and their gloomy Protestant neighbor there was no good-will. Not only questions of faith separated them, but questions of *chasse*. The Count de Saverne, who loved shooting, and beat his meagre woods for game with a couple of lean dogs, and a fowling-piece over his shoulder, sometimes came in sight of the grand hunting parties of Monseigneur the Cardinal, who went to the chase like a prince as he was, with piqueurs and horn-blowers, whole packs of dogs, and a troop of gentlemen in his uniform. Not seldom his Eminence's keepers and M. de Saverne's solitary garde-chasse had quarrels. "Tell your master that I will shoot any red legs which come upon my land," M. de Saverne said, in one of these controversies, as he held up a partridge which he had just brought down; and the keeper knew the moody nobleman would be true to his word.

Two neighbors so ill-disposed toward one another were speedily at law; and in the courts at Strasbourg a poor provincial gentleman was likely to meet with scanty justice when op-

posed to such a powerful enemy as the Prince Archbishop of the province, one of the greatest noblemen of the kingdom. Boundary questions, in a land where there are no hedges, game, forest, and fishery questions—how can I tell, who am no lawyer, what set the gentlemen at loggerheads? In later days I met one M. Georgel, an abbe who had been a secretary of the prince cardinal, and he told me that M. de Saverne was a headlong, violent, ill-conditioned little *mauvais coucheur*, as they say in France, and ready to quarrel with or without a reason.

These quarrels naturally took the Count de Saverne to his advocates and lawyers at Strasbourg, and he would absent himself for days from home, where his poor wife was perhaps not sorry to be rid of him. It chanced on one of these expeditions to the chief town of his province, that he fell in with a former comrade in his campaigns of Hastenbeck and Laufeldt, an officer of Soubise's regiment, the Baron de la Motte.* Lamotte had been destined to the Church, like many cadets of good family; but his elder brother dying he was released from the tonsure and seminary, and entered the army under good protection. Mademoiselles de Saverne remembered this M. de la Motte at Nanci in old days. He bore the worst of characters; he was gambler, intriguer, duelist, profligate. I suspect that most gentlemen's reputations came off ill under the tongues of these old ladies, and have heard of other countries where *mesdemoiselles* are equally hard to please. "Well, have we not all our faults?" I imagine M. de Saverne saying, in a rage. "Is there no such thing as calumny? Are we never to repent, if we have been wrong? I know he has led a wild youth. Others may have done as much. But prodigals have been reclaimed ere now, and I for my part will not turn my back on this one." "Ah, I wish he had!" De la Motte said to me myself in later days, "but it was his fate, his fate!"

One day, then, the Count de Saverne returns home from Strasbourg with his new friend; presents the Baron de la Motte to the ladies of his house, makes the gloomy place as cheerful as he can for his guest, brings forth the best wine from his cave, and beats his best covers for game. I myself knew the baron some years later; a handsome, tall, sallow-faced man, with a shifty eye, a soft voice, and a grand manner. Monsieur de Saverne for his part was short, black, and ill-favored, as I have heard my mother say. But Mrs. Duval did not love him, fancying that he ill-treated her Biche. When she disliked people, my worthy parent would never allow them a single good quality; but she always averred that Monsieur de la Motte was a perfect fine gentleman.

The intimacy between those two gentlemen increased apace. M. de la Motte was ever welcome at Saverne: a room in the house was called his room: their visitor was an acquaintance of their enemy the cardinal also, and would often come from one chateau to the other. Laughingly he would tell how angry Monseigneur was with his neighbor. He wished he could make peace between the two houses. He gave quite good advice to Monsieur de Saverne, and pointed out the danger he ran in provoking so powerful an adversary. Men had been imprisoned for life for less reason. The cardinal might get a *lettre de cachet* against the obstinate opponent. He could, besides, ruin Saverne with fines and law-costs. The contest between the two was quite unequal, and the weaker party must inevitably be crushed, unless these unhappy disputes should cease. As far as the ladies of the house dared speak, they coincided in the opinion of M. de la Motte, and were for submission and reconciliation with their neighbors. Madame de Saverne's own relations heard of the feud, and implored the

*That unlucky Prince de Rohan was to suffer by another Delamotte, who, with his "Valois" of a wife, played such a notorious part in the famous "diamond necklace" business, but the two *worthies* were not, I believe, related.—D. D.

count to bring it to an end. It was one of these, the Baron de Vionnesnil, going to command in Corsica, who entreated M. de Saverne to accompany him on the campaign. Any where the count was safer than in his own house with an implacable and irresistible enemy at his gate. M. de Saverne yielded to his kinsman's importunities. He took down his sword and pistols of Laufeldt from the wall, where they had hung for twenty years. He set the affairs of his house in order, and after solemnly assembling his family, and on his knees confiding it to the gracious protection of Heaven, he left home to join the suite of the French general.

A few weeks after he left home—several years after his marriage—his wife wrote to inform him that she was likely to be a mother. The stern man, who had been very unhappy previously, and chose to think that his wife's barrenness was a punishment of Heaven for some crime of his or hers, was very much moved by this announcement. I have still at home a German Bible which he used, and in which is written in the German a very affecting prayer composed by him, imploring the Divine blessing upon the child about to be born, and hoping that this infant might grow in grace, and bring peace and love and unity into the household. It would appear that he made no doubt he should have a son. His hope and aim were to save in every possible way for this child. I have read many letters of his which he sent from Corsica to his wife, and which she kept. They were full of strange minute orders as to the rearing and education of this son that was to be born. He enjoined saving amounting to niggardliness in his household, and calculated how much might be put away in ten, in twenty years, so that the coming heir might have a property worthy of his ancient name. In case he should fall in action, he laid commands upon his wife to pursue a system of the most rigid economy, so that the child, at coming of age, might be able to appear creditably in the world. In these letters, I remember, the events of the campaign were dismissed in a very few words: the main part of the letters consisted of prayers, speculations, and prophecies regarding the child, and sermons couched in the language of the writer's stern creed. When the child was born, and a girl appeared in place of the boy, upon whom the poor father had set his heart, I hear the family was so dismayed that they hardly dared to break the news to the chief of the house.

Who told me? The same man who said he wished he had never seen M. de Saverne; the man for whom the unhappy gentleman, ordinarily reserved, had conceived a warm friendship—the man who was to bring a mysterious calamity upon those whom, as I do think, and in his selfish way he loved sincerely, and he spoke at a time when he could have little desire to deceive me.

The lord of the castle has gone on the campaign. The *chatelaine* is left alone in her melancholy tower with her two dismal duennas. My good mother, speaking in later days about these matters, took up the part of her Biche against the ladies of Barr and their brother, and always asserted that the tyranny of the duennas, and the meddling, and the verbosity, and the ill-temper of M. de Saverne himself, brought about the melancholy events which now presently ensued. The Count de Saverne was a little man (my mother said) who loved to hear himself talk, and who held forth from morning till night. His life was a fuss. He would weigh the coffee, and count the lumps of sugar, and have a finger in every pie in his frugal house. Night and morning he preached sermons to his family, and he continued to preach when not *en chaire*, laying down the law upon all subjects, untiringly voluble. Cheerfulness in the company of such a man was hypocrisy. Mesdames de Barr had to disguise their weariness, to assume an air of contentment, to appear to be interested when the count preached. As for the count's sisters, they were accus-

tomed to listen to their brother and lord with respectful submission. They had a hundred domestic occupations; they had baking and boiling, and pickling, and washing, and endless embroidery: the life of the little chateau was quite supportable to them. They knew no better. Even in their father's days, at Nanci, the ungainly women kept pretty much aloof from the world, and were little better than domestic servants in waiting on Monsieur.

And Madame de Saverne, on her first entrance into the family, accepted the subordinate position meekly enough. She spun and she bleached, and she worked great embroideries, and busied herself about her house, and listened demurely while Monsieur le Comte was preaching. But then there came a time when her duties interested her no more, when his sermons became especially wearisome, when sharp words passed between her and her lord, and the poor thing exhibited symptoms of impatience and revolt. And with the revolt rose awful storms and domestic battles; and after battles submission, reconciliation, forgiveness, hypocrisy.

It has been said that Monsieur de Saverne loved the sound of his own croaking voice, and to hold forth to his home congregation. Night after night he and his friend M. de la Motte would have religious disputes together in which the Huguenot gentleman flattered himself that he constantly had the better of the ex-pupil of the seminary. I was not present naturally, not sitting my foot on French ground until five-and twenty years after, but I can fancy the two gentlemen and madame the countess sitting at her tambor-frame, and the old duenna ladies at their cards, and the combat of the churches going on between these two champions in the little old saloon of the Hotel de Saverne. "As I hope for pardon," M. de la Motte said to me at a supreme moment of his life, "and to meet those whom on earth I loved and made unhappy, no wrong passed between Clarisse and me, save that wrong which consisted in disguising from her husband the regard we had for one another. Once, twice, thrice, I went away from their house, but that unhappy Saverne would bring me back, and I was only too glad to return. I would let him talk for hours—I own it—so that I might be near Clarisse. I had to answer from time to time, and rubbed up my old seminary learning to reply to his sermons. I must often have spoken at random, for my thoughts were far away from the poor man's *radotages*, and he could no more change my convictions than he could change the color of my skin. Hours and hours thus passed away. They would have been intolerably tedious to others: they were not so to me. I preferred that gloomy little chateau to the finest place in Europe. To see Clarisse was all I asked. Denis! There is a power irresistible impelling all of us. From the moment I first set eyes on her I knew she was my fate. I shot an English grenadier at Hastenbeck, who would have bayoneted poor Saverne but for me. As I lifted him up from the ground I thought, 'I shall have to repent of ever having seen that man.' I felt the same thing, Duval, when I saw you." And as the unhappy gentleman spoke I remembered how I, for my part, felt a singular and unpleasant sensation as of terror and approaching evil when first I looked at that handsome, ill-omened face.

I thankfully believe the words which M. de la Motte spoke to me at a time when he could have no cause to disguise the truth; and am assured of the innocence of the Countess de Saverne. Poor lady! If she erred in thought, she had to pay so awful a penalty for her crime that we humbly hope it has been forgiven her. She was not true to her husband, though she did him no wrong. If, while trembling before him, she yet had dissimulation enough to smile and be merry, I suppose no preacher or husband would be angry with her for that hypocrisy. I have seen a slave in the West Indies soundly

cuffed for looking sulky; we expect our negroes to be obedient and to be happy too.

Now when M. de Saverne went away to Corsica, I suspect he was strongly advised to take that step by his friend M. de la Motte. When he was gone, M. de la Motte did not present himself at the Hotel de Saverne, where an old school fellow of his, a pastor and preacher from Kehl, on the German Rhine bank, was installed in command of the little garrison, from which its natural captain had been obliged to withdraw; but there is no doubt that poor Clarisse had deceived this gentleman and her two sisters-in-law, and acted toward them with a very culpable hypocrisy.

Although there was a deadly feud between the two chateaux of Saverne—namely, the cardinal's new-built castle in the park, and the count's hotel in the little town—yet each house knew more or less of the other's doings. When the Prince Cardinal and his court were at Saverne, Mesdemoiselles de Barr were kept perfectly well informed of all the festivities which they did not share. In our little Fareport here, do not the Miss Prys, my neighbors, know what I have for dinner, the amount of my income, the price of my wife's last gown, and the items of my son's, Captain Scrape-grace's, tailor's bill? No doubt the ladies of Barr were equally well informed of the doings of the Prince Coadjutor and his court. Such gambling, such splendor, such painted hussies from Strasbourg, such plays, masquerades, and orgies that took place in that castle! Mesdemoiselles had the very latest particulars of all these horrors, and the Cardinal's castle was to them as the castle of a wicked ogre. From her little dingy tower at night, Madame de Saverne could look out, and see the Cardinal's sixty palace windows all aflame. Of summer nights gusts of unhallowed music would be heard from the great house, where dancing festivals, theatrical pieces even, were performed. Though Madame de Saverne was forbidden by her husband to frequent those assemblies, the towns-people were up in the palace from time to time, and Madame could not help hearing of the doings there. In spite of the count's prohibition, his gardener poached in the cardinal's woods; one or two of the servants were smuggled in to see a fete or a ball; then Madame's own woman went; then Madame herself began to have a wicked longing to go, as Madame's first ancestress had for the fruit of the forbidden tree. Is not the apple always ripe on that tree, and does not the tempter forever invite you to pluck and eat? Madame de Saverne had a lively little waiting-maid, whose bright eyes loved to look into neighbors' parks and gardens, and who had found favor with one of the domestics of the Prince Archbishop. This woman brought news to her mistress of the feasts, balls, banquets, nay, comedies, which were performed at the Prince Cardinal's. The Prince's gentlemen went hunting in his uniform. He was served on plate, and a lackey in his livery stood behind each guest. He had the French comedians over from Strasbourg. Oh, that M. de Moliere was a droll gentleman, and how grand the "Cid" was?

Now, to see these plays and balls, Marthe, the maid, must have had intelligence in and out of both the houses of Saverne. She must have deceived those old dragons, Mesdemoiselles. She must have had means of creeping out at the gate, and silently creeping back again. She told her mistress every thing she saw, acted the plays for her, and described the dresses of the ladies and gentlemen. Madame de Saverne was never tired of hearing her maid's stories. When Marthe was going to a fete Madame lent her some little ornament to wear, and yet when Pasteur Schnorr and Mesdemoiselles talked of the proceedings at Great Saverne, and as if the fires of Gomorrah were ready to swallow up that palace and all within it, the lady of Saverne sat demurely in silence, and listened to their croaking and sermons. Listened? The pastor exhorted the household, the old ladies talked night after

night, and poor Madame de Saverne never heeded. Her thoughts were away in Great Saverne; her spirit was forever hankering about those woods. Letters came now and again from M. de Saverne, with the army. They had been engaged with the enemy. Very good. He was unhurt. Heaven be praised; and then the grim husband read his poor little wife a grim sermon; and the grim sisters and the chaplain commented on it. Once, after an action at Calvi, Monsieur de Saverne, who was always specially lively in moments of danger, described how narrowly he had escaped with his life, and the chaplain took advantage of the circumstance, and delivered to the household a prodigious discourse on death, on danger, on preservation here and hereafter, and alas, and alas! poor Madame de Saverne found that she had not listened to a word of the homily. Her thoughts were not with the preacher, nor with the captain of Viomesnil's regiment before Calvi; they were in the palace at Great Saverne, with the balls, and the comedies, and the music, and the fine gentlemen from Paris and Strasbourg, and out of empire beyond the Rhine, who frequented the Prince's entertainments.

What happened where the wicked spirit was whispering, "eat," and the tempting apple hung within reach? One night when the household was at rest, and the infant had been nursed to sleep on its mother's breast, that luckless woman laid the child in its cradle, and, muffled in cloak and calash, with a female companion similarly disguised, tripped silently out of the back gate of the Hotel de Saverne, found a carriage in waiting, with a driver who apparently knew the road and the passengers he was to carry, and after half an hour's drive through the straight avenues or the Park at Great Saverne, alighted at the gates of the chateau, where the driver gave up the reins of the carriage to a domestic in waiting, and, by doors and passages which seemed perfectly well known to him, the coachman and the two women entered the castle together, and found their way to a gallery in a great hall, in which many lords and ladies were seated, and at the end of which was a stage, with curtain before it. Men and women came backward and forward on this stage, and recited a dialogue in verses. O mercy! it was a comedy they were acting, one of those wicked delightful plays which she was forbidden to see, and which she was longing to behold! After the comedy was to be a ball, in which the actors would dance in their stage habits. Some of the people were in masks already, and in that box near to the stage, surrounded by a little crowd of dominoes, sat Monseigneur the Prince Cardinal himself. Madame de Saverne had seen him and his cavalcade sometimes returning from hunting. She would have been as much puzzled to say what the play was about as to give an account of Pasteur Schnorr's sermon a few hours before. But Frontin made jokes with his masier Damis; and Geronte locked up the doors of his house, and went to bed grumbling; and it grew quite dark, and Mathurine threw a rope ladder out of the window, and she and her mistress Elmire came down the ladder; and Frontin held it, and Elmire, with a little cry fell into the arms of Mons. Damis; and master and man, and maid and mistress, sang a merry chorus together, in which human frailty was very cheerfully depicted; and when they had done, away they went to the gondola which was in waiting at the canal stairs, and so good night. And when old Geronte, wakened up by the disturbance, at last came forth in his night-cap, and saw the boat paddling away out of reach, you may be sure that the audience laughed at the poor impotent raging old wretch. It was a very merry play indeed, and is still popular and performed in France, and elsewhere.

After the play came a ball. Would madame dance? Would the noble Countess of Saverne dance with a coachman? There were others below on the dancing floor dressed in mask and domino as she was. Whoever said she had a

mask and domino? You see it has been stated that she was muffled in cloak and calash. Well, is not a domino a cloak? and has it not a hood or calash appended to it? and, pray, do not women wear masks at home as well as the Ridotto?

Another question arises here. A high-born lady intrusts herself to a charioteer, who drives her to the cattle of a prince her husband's enemy. Who was her companion? Of course he could be no other than that luckless Monsieur de la Motte. He had never been very far away from Madame de Saverne since her husband's departure. In spite of chaplains, and duennas, and guards, and locks and keys, he had found means of communicating with her. How? By what lies and stratagems? By what arts and bribery? These poor people are both gone to their account. Both suffered a fearful punishment. I will not describe their follies, and don't care to be Mons. Figaro, and hold the ladder and lantern, while the count scales Rosina's window. Poor, frightened, erring soul! She suffered an awful penalty for what, no doubt, was a great wrong.

A child almost, she was married to M. de Saverne, without knowing him, without liking him, because her parents ordered her, and because she was bound to comply with their will. She was sold, and went to her slavery. She lived at first obediently enough. If she shed tears, they were dried; if she quarreled with her husband, the two were presently reconciled. She bore no especial malice, and was as gentle, subordinate a slave as ever you shall see in Jamaica or Barbadoes. Nobody's tears were sooner dried, as I should judge: none would be more ready to kiss the hand of the overseer who drove her. But you don't expect sincerity and subservience too, I know, for my part, a lady who only obeys when she likes; and faith! it may be it is I who am the hypocrite, and have to tremble and smile, and swindle before her.

When Madame de Saverne's time was nearly come, it was ordered that she should go to Strasbourg, where the best medical assistance is to be had: and here, six months after her husband's departure for Corsica, their child Agnes de Saverne was born.

Did secret terror and mental disquietude and remorse now fall on the unhappy lady? She wrote to my mother, at this time her only confidante, (and yet not a confidante of all!)—"Ursule! I dread this event. Perhaps I shall die. I think I hope I shall. In these long days, since he has been away, I have got so to dread his return that I believe I shall go mad when I see him. Do you know, after the battle before Calvi, when I read that many officers had been killed, I thought it was de Saverne killed? And I read the list down, and his name was not there: and, my sister, my sister, I was not glad! Have I come to be such a monster as to wish my own husband—No. I wish I was. I can't speak to Mr. Schnorr about this. He is so stupid. He doesn't understand me. He is like my husband; forever preaching me his sermons."

"Listen, Ursule! speak it to nobody? I have been to hear a sermon. Oh, it was indeed divine! It was not from one of our pastors. Oh, how they weary me! It was from a good bishop of the French Church—not our German Church—the Bishop of Amiens—who happens to be here on a visit to the Cardinal Prince. The bishop's name is M. de la Motte. He is a relative of a gentlemen of whom we have seen a great deal lately—of a great friend of M. de Saverne, who saved my husband's life in the battle M. de S. is always talking about."

"How beautiful the cathedral is! It was night when I went. The church was lighted like the stars, and the music was like Heaven. Ah, how different from M. Schnorr at home, from—*from somebody else* at my new home who is *always* preaching—that is, when he is at home! Poor man! I wonder whether he preaches to them in Corsica! I pity them if he does. Don't mention the cathedral if you write to me. The dragons don't know anything about it. How they would scold if they did! Oh, how they ennuient me, the dragons! Be-

hold them! They think I am writing to my husband. Ah, Ursule! When I write to him, I sit for hours before the paper. I say nothing; and what I say seems to be lies. Whereas when I write to you, my pen runs—runs! The paper is covered before I think I have begun. So it is when I write to..... I do believe that *vilain dragon* is peering at my note with her spectacles! Yes, my good sister, I am writing to M. le Comte!"

To this letter a postscript is added, as by the countess's command, in the German language, in which Madame de Saverne's medical attendant announces the birth of a daughter, and that the child and mother are doing well.

That daughter is sitting before me now—with spectacles on nose too—very placidly spelling the Portsmouth paper, where I hope she will soon read the promotion of Monsieur Scapegrace, her son. She has exchanged her noble name for mine, which is only humble and honest. My dear! your eyes are not so bright as once I remember them, and the raven locks are streaked with silver. To shield thy head from dangers has been the blessed chance and duty of my life. When I turn toward her, and see her moored in our harbor of rest, after our life's checkered voyage, calm and happy, a sense of immense gratitude fills my being, and my heart says a hymn of praise.

The first days of the life Agnes de Saverne were marked by incidents which were strangely to influence her career. Around her little cradle a double, a triple tragedy was about to be enacted. Strange that death, crime, revenge, remorse, mystery, should attend round the cradle of one so innocent and pure—as pure and innocent I pray heaven, now, as upon that day when, at scarce a month old, the adventures of her life began.

That letter to my mother, written by Madame de Saverne on the eve of her child's birth, and finished by her attendant, bears date, November 25, 1768. A month later Martha Seebach, her attendant, wrote (in German) that her mistress had suffered slightly from fever, so much so that her reason left her for some time, and her life was despaired of. Mesdemoiselles de Barr were for bringing up the child by hand, but not being versed in nursery practices, the infant had ailed sadly until restored to its mother. Madame de Saverne was now tranquil. Madame was greatly better. She had suffered most fearfully. In her illness she was constantly calling for her foster-sister to protect her from some danger, which, as she appeared to fancy, menaced madame.

Child as I was at the time when these letters were passing, I remember the arrival of the next. It lies in yonder drawer, and was written by a poor fevered hand which is now cold, in ink which has faded after fifty years.* I remember my mother screaming out in German, which she always spoke when strongly moved, "Dear Heaven; my child is mad—is mad!" And indeed that poor faded letter contains a strange rhapsody.

"Ursule!" she wrote (I do not care to give at length the words of the poor wandering creature), "after my child was born the demons wanted to take her from me. But I struggled and kept her quite close, and now they can no longer hurt her. I took her to church. Martha went with me, and He was there—he always is—to defend me from the demons, and I had her christened Agnes, and I was christened Agnes too. Think of my being christened at twenty-two! Agnes the First, and Agnes the Second. But though my name is changed, I am always the same to my Ursule, and my name now is, Agnes Clarisse de Saverne. Born de Viomesnil."

She had actually, when not quite mistress of her own reason, been baptized into the Roman

Catholic Church with her child. Was she sane when she so acted? Had she thought of the step before taking it? Had she known Catholic clergymen at Saverne, or had she other reasons for her conversion than those which were furnished in the conversations which took place between her husband and M. de la Motte? In this letter the poor lady says, "Yesterday two persons came to my bed with gold crowns round their heads. One was dressed like a priest: one was beautiful, and covered with arrows, and they said, 'We are Saint Fabian and Saint Sebastian; and to-morrow is the day of Saint Agnes; and she will be at church to receive you there.'"

What the real case was I never knew. The Protestant clergymen whom I saw in after-days could only bring his book to show that he had christened the infant, not Agnes but Augustine. Martha Muller is dead. Lamotte, when I conversed with him, did not touch upon this part of the poor lady's history. I conjecture that the images and pictures which she had seen in the churches operated upon her fevered brain; that, having procured a Roman Calendar and Missal, she knew saints' days and feasts; and, not yet recovered from her delirium or quite responsible for the actions which she performed, she took her child to the cathedral, and was baptized there.

And now, no doubt, the poor lady had to practice more deceit and concealment. The "demons" were the old maiden sisters left to watch over her. She had to hoodwink these. Had she not done so before—when she went to the cardinal's palace at Saverne! Wherever the poor thing moved I fancy those ill-omened eyes of Lamotte glimmering upon her out of the darkness. Poor Eve—not lost quite, I pray and think—but that serpent was ever trailing after her, and she was to die poisoned on its coil. Who shall understand the awful ways of fate? A year after that period regarding which I write, a lovely Imperial Princess rode through the Strasbourg streets radiant and blushing, amidst pealing bells, roaring cannon, garlands and banners, and shouting multitudes. Did any one ever think that the last stage of that life's journey was to be taken in a hideous tumbrel, and to terminate on a scaffold? The life of Madame de Saverne was to last but a year more; and her end to be scarcely less tragical.

Many physicians have told me how often after the birth of a child the brain of the mother will be affected. Madame de Saverne remained for some time in this febrile condition, if not unconscious of her actions, at least not accountable for all of them. At the end of three months she woke up as out of a dream, having a dreadful recollection of the circumstances which had passed. Under what hallucinations we never shall know, or yielding to what persuasions, the wife of a stern Protestant nobleman had been to a Roman Catholic church, and had been christianed there with her child. She never could recall that step. A great terror came over her as she thought of it—a great terror and a hatred of her husband, the cause of all her grief and her fear. She began to look out lest he should return; she clutched her child to her breast, and barred and bolted all doors for fear people should rob her of the infant. The Protestant chaplain, the Protestant sisters-in-law looked on with dismay and anxiety; they thought justly that Madame de Saverne was not yet quite restored to her reason; they consulted the physicians who agreed with them; who arrived, who prescribed; who were treated by the patient with scorn, laughter, insult sometimes; sometimes with tears and terror according to her wayward mode. Her condition was most puzzling. The sisters wrote from time to time guarded reports respecting her to her husband in Corsica. He, for his part, replied instantly with volumes of his wonted verbose commonplace. He acquiesced in the decrees of Fate, when informed that a daughter was born to him; and presently wrote whole reams of instructions regarding her nurture, dress, and physi-

* The memoirs appear to have been written in the years '20, '21. Mr. Duval was gazetted Rear-admiral and K. C. B., in the promotion on the accession of King George IV.

cal and religious training. The child was called Agnes? He would have preferred Barbara, as being his mother's name. I remember in some of the poor gentleman's letters there were orders about the child's pap, and instructions as to the nurses diet. He was coming home soon. The Corsicans had been defeated in every action. Had he been a Catholic he would have been a knight of the king's orders long ere this. M. de Viomesnil hoped still to get for him the order of Military Merit (the Protestant order which his Majesty had founded ten years previously). These letters (which were subsequently lost by an accident at sea*) spoke modestly enough of the count's personal adventures. I hold him to have been a very brave man, and only not tedious and prolix when he spoke of his own merits and services.

The count's letters succeeded each other post after post. The end of the war was approaching, and with it his return was assured. He exulted in the thought of seeing his child, and leading her in the way she should go—the right way, the true way. As the mother's brain cleared her terror grew greater—her terror and loathing of her husband. She could not bear the thought of his return, or to face him with the confession which she knew she must make. His wife turn Catholic and baptize his child? She felt he would kill her, did he know what had happened. She went to the priest who had baptized her. M. Georgel (his eminence's secretary) knew her husband. The Prince Cardinal was so great and powerful a prelate, Georgel said, that he would protect her against all the wrath of all the Protestants in France. I think she must have had interviews with the Prince Cardinal, though there is no account of them in any letters to my mother.

The campaign was at an end. M. de Vaux, M. de Viomesnil, both wrote in highly eulogistic terms of the conduct of the Count de Saverne. Their good wishes would attend him home Protestant as he was, their best interest should be exerted in his behalf.

The day of the count's return approached. The day arrived; I can fancy the brave gentleman with beating heart ascending the steps of the homely lodging where his family have been living at Strasbourg ever since the infant's birth. How he has dreamed about that child: prayed for her and his wife at night-watch and bivouac—prayed for them as he stood, calm and devout, in the midst of the battle.

When he enters the room, he sees only two frightened domestics and the two ghastly faces of his scared sisters.

"Where are Blanche and the child?" he asks.

The child and the mother were gone. The aunts knew not where.

A stroke of palsy could scarcely have smitten the unhappy gentleman more severely than did the news which his trembling family was obliged to give him. In later days I saw M. Schnorr, the German pastor from Kehl, who has been mentioned already, and who was installed in the count's house as tutor and chaplain during the absence of the master. "When Madame de Saverne went to make her *coucher* at Strasbourg" (M. Schnorr said to me), "I retired to my duties at Kehl, glad enough to return to the quiet of my home; for the noble lady's reception of me was anything but gracious; and I had to endure much female sarcasm and many unkind words from Madame le Comtesse, whenever, as in duty bound, I presented myself at her table. Sir, that most unhappy lady used to make sport of me before her domestics. She used to call me her jailer. She used to mimic my ways of eating and drinking. She would yawn in the midst of my exhortations, and cry out, 'Oh, que c'est bete!' And, when I gave out a psalm, would utter little cries, and say, 'Pardon me, M. Schnorr, but you sing so out of tune you

make my head ache;' so that I could scarcely continue that portion of the service, the very domestic laughing at me when I began to sing. My life was a martyrdom, but I bore my tortures meekly, out of a sense of duty, and my love for M. le Comte. When her ladyship kept her chamber I used to wait almost daily upon mesdemoiselles the count's sisters, to ask news of her and her child. I christened the infant; but her mother was too ill to be present, and sent me out word by Mademoiselle Marthe that she should call the child Agnes, though I might name it what I please. This was on the 21st January, and I remember being struck, because in the Roman calendar the feast of St. Agnes is celebrated on that day.

"Haggard and actually grown gray, from a black man which he was, my poor lord came to me, with wildness and agony of grief in all his features and actions, to announce to me that Madame the Countess had fled, taking her infant with her. And he had a scrap of paper with him, over which he wept and raged as one demented; now pouring out fiercer imprecations, now bursting into passionate tears and cries, calling upon his wife, his darling, his prodigal, to come back, to bring him his child, when all should be forgiven. As he thus spoke his screams and groans were so piteous that I myself was quite unmanned, and my mother, who keeps house for me (and who happened to be listening at the door), was likewise greatly alarmed by my poor lord's passion of grief. And when I read on that paper that my lady countess had left the faith to which our fathers gloriously testified in the midst of trouble, slaughter, persecution, and bondage, I was scarcely less shocked than my good lord himself.

"We crossed the bridge to Strasbourg back again, and went to the Cathedral Church, and, entering there, we saw the Abbe Georgel coming out of a chapel where he had been to perform his devotions. The abbe, who knew me, gave a ghastly smile as he recognized me, and for a pale man his cheek blushed up a little when I said, 'This is Monsieur the Comte de Saverne.'

"Where is she?" asked my poor lord, clutching the abbe's arm.

"Who?" asks the abbe, stepping back a little.

"Where is my child? where is my wife?" cries the count.

"Silence, Monsieur!" says the abbe. "Do you know in whose house you are?" and the chant from altar, where the service was being performed, came upon us, and smote my poor lord as though a shot had struck him. We were standing, he tottering against a pillar in the nave, close by the christening font, and over my lord's head was a picture of Saint Agnes.

"The agony of the poor gentleman could not but touch any one who witnessed it. 'M. le Comte,' says the abbe, 'I feel for you. This great surprise has come upon you unprepared—I—I pray that it may be for your good.'

"You know, then, what has happened?" asked M. Saverne; and the abbe was obliged to stammer a confession that he *did* know what had occurred. He was, in fact, the very man who had performed the rite which separated my unhappy lady from the church of her fathers.

"Sir," he said, with some spirit, 'this was a service which no clergyman could refuse. I would to Heaven Monsieur, that you too might be brought to ask it from me.'

"The poor count, with despair in his face, asked to see the register which confirmed the news, and there we saw that on the 21st of January, 1769, being the Feast of St. Agnes, the noble lady, Clarisse, Countess of Saverne, born de Viomesnil, aged twenty-two years, and Agnes, only daughter of the same Count of Saverne and Clarisse his wife, were baptized and received into the Church in the presence of two witnesses (clerics), whose names were signed.

"The poor count knelt over the registry book with an awful grief in his face, and in a

mood which I heartily pitied. He bent down, uttering what seemed an imprecation rather than a prayer; and at this moment it chanced the service at the chief altar was concluded, and Monseigneur and his suite of clergy came into the sacristy. Sir, the Count de Saverne, starting up, clutching his sword in his hand, and shaking his fist at the cardinal, uttered a wild speech calling down imprecations upon the church of which the prince was a chief; 'Where is my lamb that you have taken from me?' he said, using the language of the prophet toward the king who had despoiled him.

"The cardinal haughtily said the conversion of Madame de Saverne was of Heaven, and no act of his; and adding, 'Bad neighbor as you have been to me, Sir, I wish you so well that I hope you may follow her.'

"At this the count, losing all patience, made a violent attack upon the Church of Rome, denounced the cardinal, and called down maledictions upon his head; said that a day should come when his abominable pride should meet with a punishment and fall; and spoke, as in fact the poor gentleman was able to do only too readily and volubly, against Rome and all its errors.

"The Prince Louis de Rohan replied with no little dignity, as I own. He said that such words in such a place were offensive and out of all reason: that it only depended on him to have M. de Saverne arrested, and punished for blasphemy and insult to the Church; but that, pitying the count's unhappy condition, the cardinal would forget the hasty and insolent words he had uttered—as he would know how to defend Madame de Saverne and her child after the righteous step which she had taken. And he swept out of the sacristy with his suite, and passed through the door which leads into his palace, leaving my poor count still in his despair and fury.

"As he spoke with those Scripture phrases which M. de Saverne ever had at command, I remember how the Prince Cardinal tossed up his head and smiled. I wonder whether he thought of the words when his own day of disgrace came, and the fatal affair of the diamond necklace which brought him to ruin.*

"Not without difficulty" (M. Schnorr resumed) "I induced the poor count to quit the church where his wife's apostasy had been performed. The outer gates and walls are decorated with numberless sculptures of saints of the Roman Calendar: and for a moment or two the poor man stood on the threshold shouting imprecations in the sunshine, and calling down woe upon France and Rome. I hurried him away. Such language was dangerous, and could bring no good to either of us. He was almost a madman. When I conducted him back to his home, where the ladies, his sisters, scared with his wild looks, besought me not to leave him.

"Again he went into the room which his wife and child had inhabited, and as he looked at the relics of both which still were left there, gave way to bursts of grief which were pitiable indeed to witness. I speak of what happened near forty years ago, and remember the scene as though yesterday: the passionate agony of the poor gentleman, the sobs and prayers. On a chest of drawers there was a little cap belonging to the infant. He seized it, kissed it, wept over it; calling upon the mother to bring the child back and he would forgive all. He thrust the little cap into his breast; opened every drawer, book, and closet seeking for some indications of the fugitives. My opinion was, and that even of the ladies, sisters of M. le Comte, that madame had taken refuge in a convent with the child; that the cardinal knew where she was, poor and friendless; and that the Protestant gentleman would in vain seek for her. Perhaps, when tired of that place—I, for my part, thought Madame la Comtesse a light-minded,

* My informant, Protestant though he was, did not, as I remember, speak with very much asperity against the Prince Cardinal. He said that the prince lived an edifying life after his fall, succoring the poor, and doing every thing in his power to defend the cause of royalty.—D. D.

* The letter from Madame de Saverne to my mother at Rye were not subject to this mishap, but were always kept by Madame Duval in her own *escritoire*.

wilful person, who certainly had no vocation, as the Catholics call it, for a religious life—thought she might come out after a while, and gave my patron such consolation as I could devise upon this faint hope. He who was all forgiveness at one minute was all wrath at the next. He would rather see his child dead than receive her as a Catholic. He would go to the king, surrounded by harlots as he was, and ask for justice. There were still Protestant gentlemen left in France whose spirit was not altogether trodden down, and they would back him in demanding reparation for this outrage.

"I had some vague suspicion—which, however, I dismissed from my mind as unworthy—that there might be a third party cognizant of madame's flight; and this was a gentleman, once a great favorite of M. le Comte, and in whom I myself was not a little interested. Three or four days after, when the Comte de Saverne went away to the war, as I was meditating on a sermon which I proposed to deliver, walking at the back of my lord's house of Saverne, in the fields which skirt the wood where the Prince Cardinal's great Schloss stands, I saw this gentleman with a gun over his shoulder, and recognized him—the Chevalier de la Motte, the very person who had saved the life of M. de Saverne in the campaign against the English.

"M. de la Motte said he was staying with the cardinal, and trusted that the ladies of Saverne were well. He sent his respectful compliments to them; in a laughing way said he had been denied the door when he came to a visit, which he thought was an unkind act toward an old comrade; and at the same time expressed his sorrow at the count's departure—for, Herr Pfarres,' said he, 'you know I am a good Catholic,' and in many most important conversations which I had with the Comte de Saverne, the difference between our two churches was the subject of our talk, and I do think I should have converted him to ours. I, humble village pastor as I am, was not afraid to speak in such a cause, and we straightway had a most interesting conversation together, in which, as the gentleman showed, I had not the worst of the argument. It appeared he had been educated for the Roman Church, but afterwards entered the army. He was a most interesting man, and his name was Le Chevalier de la Motte. You look as if you had known him, M. le Capitaine—will it please you to replenish your pipe, and take another glass of my beer?"

I said I had *effectivement* known M. de la Motte; and the good old clergyman (with many compliments to me for speaking French and German so glibly) proceeded with his artless narrative. "I was even a poorer horseman: and when I came to be chaplain and major-domo at the Hotel de Saverne, in the Count's absence madame more than once rode entirely away from me, saying that she could not afford to go at my clerical jog-trot. And being in a scarlet amazon, and a conspicuous object, you see, I thought I saw her at a distance talking to a gentleman on a schimmel horse, in a grass-green coat. When I asked her to whom she spoke, she said, 'M. le Pasteur, your radotez with your gray horse and your green coat! If you are set to be a spy over me, ride faster, or bring out the old ladies to bark at your side.' The fact is, the countess was forever quarreling with those old ladies, and they were a yelping, ill-natured pair. They treated me, a pastor of the Reformed Church of the Augsburg Confession, as no better than a lackey, Sir, and made me eat the bread of humiliation; whereas Madame le Comtesse, though often haughty, flighty and passionate, could also be so winning and gentle that no one could resist her. Ah, Sir!" said the pastor, "that woman had a coaxing way with her when she chose, and when her flight came I was in such a way that the jealous old sister-in-law said I was in love with her myself. Pfui! For a month before my Lord's arrival I had been knocking at all doors to see if I could find my poor wandering lady be-

hind them. She, her and child, and Martha, her maid, were gone, and we knew not whither.

"On that very first day of his unhappy arrival, M. le Comte discovered what his sisters, jealous and curious as they were, what I, a man of no inconsiderable acumen, had failed to note. Among torn papers and chiffons, in her ladyship's bureau, there was a scrap with one line in her handwriting. *Ursule, Ursule, le tyran rev . . .* and no more."

"Ah! M. le Comte said, 'She has gone to her foster-sister in England? Quick, quick, horses! And before two hours were passed he was on horseback, making the first stage of that long journey.'"

CHAPTER III.

THE TRAVELERS.

THE poor gentleman was in such haste that the old proverb was realized in his case, and his journey was any thing but speedy. At Nanci he fell ill of a fever, which had nearly carried him off, and in which he unceasingly raved about his child, and called upon his faithless wife to return her. Almost before he was convalescent he was on his way again. It was May before he reached Boulogne, and saw the English coast on which he rightly conjectured his fugitive wife was sheltered.

And here, from my boyish remembrance, which, respecting these early days, remains extraordinary clear, I can take up the story, in which I was myself a very young actor, playing in the strange, fantastic, often terrible, drama which ensued a not insignificant part. As I survey it now, the curtain is down, and the play long over; as I think of its surprises, disguises, mysteries, eacapes, and dangers, I am amazed myself, and sometimes inclined to be almost as great a fatalist as M. de la Motte, who vowed that a superior Power ruled our actions for us, and declared that he could no more prevent his destiny from accomplishing itself than he could prevent his hair from growing. What a destiny it was! What a fatal tragedy was now about to begin!

One evening in our Mid-summer holidays, in the year 1769, I remember being seated in my little chair at home, with a tempest of rain beating down the street. We had customers on most evenings, but there happened to be none on this night: and I remember I was puzzling over a bit of Latin grammar to which mother used to keep me stoutly, when I came home from school.

It is fifty years since.* I have forgotten who knows how many events of my life, which are not much worth the remembering; but I have as clearly before my eyes now a little scene which occurred on this momentous night, as though it had been acted within this hour. As we are sitting at our various employments, we hear steps coming up the street which was empty, and silent but for the noise of the wind and rain. We hear steps—several steps—along the pavement, and they stop at our door.

"Madame Duval. It is Gregson!" cries a voice from without.

"Ah, bon Dieu!" says mother, starting up and turning quite white. And then I heard the cry of an infant. Dear heart! How well I remember that little cry!

As the door opens, a great gust of wind sets out two candles flickering, and I see enter . . .

A gentleman giving his arm to a lady who is veiled in cloaks and wraps, an attendant carrying a crying child, and Gregson, the boatman, after them.

My mother gives a great horse shriek, and crying out, "Blanche, Blanche!" rushes up to the lady, and hugs and embraces her passionately. The child cries and wails. The nurse strives to soothe the infant. The gentleman

takes off his hat and wrings the wet from it, and looks at me. It was then I felt a strange shock and terror. I have felt the same shock once or twice in my life: and once, notably, the person so affecting me has been my enemy, and has come to a dismal end.

"We have had a very rough voyage," says the gentleman (in French) to my grandfather. "We have been fourteen hours at sea. Madame has suffered greatly, and is much exhausted."

"Thy rooms are ready," says mother, fondly. "My poor Biche, thou shalt sleep in comfort to-night, and need fear nothing, nothing!"

A few days before I had seen mother and her servant mightily busy in preparing the rooms on the first floor, and decorating them. When I asked whom she was expecting, she boxed my ears, and bade me be quiet; but these were evidently the expected visitors; and, of course, from the names which mother used, I knew that the lady was the Countess of Saverne.

"And this is thy son, Ursule?" says the lady. "He is a great boy! My little wretch is always crying."

"Oh, the little darling," says mother, seizing the child, which fell to crying louder than ever, "scared by the nodding plume and bristling crest" of Madame Duval, who wore a great cap in those days, and indeed looked as fierce as any Hector.

When the pale lady spoke so harshly about the child, I remember myself feeling a sort of surprise and displeasure. Indeed, I have loved children all my life, and am a fool about them (as witness my treatment of my own rascal), and no one can say that I was ever a tyrant at school, or ever fought there except to hold my own.

My mother produced what food was in the house, and welcomed her guests to her humble table. What trivial things remain impressed on the memory! I remember laughing in my boyish way because the lady said, "*Ah! c'est ca du the! je n'en ai jamais goute. Mais c'est tres mauvais, n'est ce pas, M. le Chevalier!*" I suppose they had not learned to drink tea in Alsace yet. Mother stopped by laughing with her usual appeal to my ears. I was daily receiving that sort of correction from the good soul. Grandfather said, if madam the countess would like a little tass of real Nants brandy after her voyage, he could supply her; but she would have none of that either, and retired soon to her chamber, which had been prepared for her with my mother's best sheets and diapers, and in which was a bed for her maid Martha, who had retired to it with the little crying child. For M. le Chevalier de la Motte an apartment was taken at Mr. Billis's the baker's, down the street:—a friend who gave me many a plum-cake in my childhood, and whose wigs grandfather dressed, if you must know the truth.

At morning and evening we used to have prayers, which grandfather spoke with much eloquence; but on this night, as he took out his great Bible, and was for having me read a chapter, my mother said, "No. This poor Clarisse is fatigued, and will go to bed." And to bed accordingly the stranger went. And as I read my little chapter, I remember how tears fell down mother's cheeks, and how she cried, "Ah, mon Dieu, mon Dieu! ayez pitie d'elle," and when I was going to sing our evening hymn, "Nun ruhen alle Walder," she told me to hush. Madame up stairs was tired, and wanted to sleep. And she went up stairs to look after madame, and bade me be a little guide to the strange gentleman, and show him the way to Billis's house. Off I went, prattling by his side; I dare say I soon forgot the terror which I felt when I first saw him. You may be sure all Winchelsea knew that a French lady, and her child, and her maid, were come to stay with Madame Duval, and a French gentleman to lodge over the baker's.

I never shall forget my terror and as-

*The narrative seems to have been written about the year 1820.

tonishment when my mother told me that this lady who came to us was a Papist. There were two gentlemen of that religion living in our town, at a handsome house called the Priory; but they had little to do with persons in my parents' humble walk of life, though of course my mother would dress Mrs. Weston's head as well as any other lady's. I forgot also to say that Mrs. Duval went out sometimes as ladies' nurse, and in that capacity had attended Mrs. Weston, who, however, lost her child. The Westons had a chapel in their house, in the old grounds of the Priory, and clergymen of their persuasion used to come over from my lord Newburgh's of Slindon, or from Arundel, where there is another great Papist house; and one or two Roman Catholics—there were very few of them in our town—were buried in a part of the old gardens of the Priory, where a monk's burying-place had been before Harry VIII.'s time.

The new gentleman was the first Papist to whom I had ever spoken; and as I trotted about the town with him, showing him the old gates, the church, and so forth, I remember saying to him, "And have you burned any Protestants?"

"Oh yes!" says he, giving a horrible grin, "I have roasted several, and eaten them afterward." And I shrank back from him and his pale grinning face; feeling once more that terror which had come over me when I first beheld him. He was a queer gentleman; he was amused by my simplicity and odd sayings. He was never tired of having me with him. He said I should be his little English master; and indeed he learned the language surprisingly quick, whereas poor Madame de Saverne never understood a word of it.

She was very ill—pale, with a red spot on either cheek, sitting for whole hours in silence and looking round frightened, as if a prey to some terror. I have seen my mother watching her, and looking almost as scared as the countess herself. At times madame could not bear the crying of the child, and would order it away from her. At other times she would clutch it, cover it with cloaks, and lock her door, and herself into the chamber with her infant. She used to walk about the house of a night. I had a little room near mother's, which I occupied during the holidays and on Saturdays and Sundays, when I came over from Rye. I remember quite well waking up one night, and hearing madame's voice at mother's door, crying out, "Ursula, Ursula! quick! horses! I must go away. He is coming; I know he is coming!" And then there were remonstrances on mother's part, and madame's maid came out of her room, with entreaties to her mistress to return. At the cry of the child the poor mother would rush away from whatever place she was in, and hurry to the infant. Not that she loved it. At the next moment she would cast the child down on the bed, and go to the window again and look to the sea. For hours she sat at that window, with a curtain twisted round her, as if hiding from some one. Ah! how have I looked up at that window since, and the light twinkling there! I wonder does the house remain yet? I don't like now to think of the passionate grief I have passed through, as I looked up to yon glimmering lattice.

It was evident our poor visitor was in a deplorable condition. The apothecary used to come and shake his head and order medicine. The medicine did little good. The sleeplessness continued. She was a prey to constant fever. She would make incoherent answers to questions put to her, laugh and weep at odd times and places; push her meals away from her, though they were the best my poor mother could supply; order my grandfather to go and sit in the kitchen, and not have the impudence to sit down before her; coax and scold my mother by turns, and take her up very sharply when she rebuked me. Poor Madame Duval was scared by her foster-sister. She, who ruled every body, became humble before the poor crazy lady. I can see them both now, the lady in white, listless and silent as she

would sit for hours taking notice of no one, and mother watching her with terrified dark eyes.

The Chevalier de la Motte had his lodgings, and came and went between his house and ours. I thought he was the lady's cousin. He used to call himself her cousin. I did not know what our pastor M. Borel meant when he came to mother one day, and said, "Fi donc, what a pretty business thou hast commenced, Madame Denis, thou an elder's daughter of our Church!"

"What business?" says mother.

"That of harboring crime and sheltering iniquity," says he, naming the crime, viz., No. VII. of the Decalogue.

Being a child, I did not then understand the word he used. But as soon as he had spoken, mother, taking up the sauce-pan of soup, cried out, "Get out of there, Monsieur, all pastor as you are, or I will send this soup at thy ugly head, and the sauce-pan afterward." And she looked so fierce that I am not surprised the little man trotted off.

Shortly afterward grandfather comes home, looks almost as frightened as his commanding officer, M. Borel. Grandfather expostulated with his daughter-in-law. He was in a great agitation. He wondered how she could speak so to the pastor of the Church. "All the town," says he, "is talking about you and this unhappy lady."

"All the town is an old woman," replies Madame Duval, stamping her foot and twisting her mustache, I might say, almost. "What? These white beaks of French cry out because I receive my foster-sister? What? It is wrong to shelter a poor foolish dying woman? O the cowards, the cowards! Listen, petit-papa; if you hear a word said at the club against your *bru*, and do not knock the man down, I will." And, faith, I think grandfather's *bru* would have kept her word.

I fear my own unlucky simplicity brought part of the opprobrium down upon my poor mother, which she had now to suffer in our French colony; for one day a neighbor, Madame Crochu by name, stepping in and asking, "How is your boarder, and how is her cousin, the count?"

"Madame Clarisse is no better than before," said I (shaking my head wisely), "and the gentleman is not a count, and he is not her cousin, Madame Crochu!"

"Oh, he is no relation?" says the mantua-maker. And that story was quickly told over the little town, and when we went to church next Sunday, M. Borel preached a sermon which made all the congregation look to us, and poor mother sat boiling red, like a lobster fresh out of the pot. I did not quite know what I had done; I know what mother was giving me for my pains, when our poor patient, entering the room, hearing, I suppose, the hissing of the stick (and never a word from me: I used to bite a bullet, and hold my tongue), rushed into the room, whisked the cane out of mother's hand, flung her to the other end of the room with a strength quite surprising, and clasped me up in her arms and began pacing up and down the room, and glaring at mother. "Strike your own child—monster, monster!" says the poor lady. "Kneel down and ask pardon: or, as sure as I am the queen, I will order your head off!"

At dinner she ordered me to come and sit by her. "Bishop!" she said to grandfather, "my lady of honor has been naughty. She whipped the little prince with a scorpion. I took it from her hand. Duke! if she does it again, there is a sword, I desire you to cut the countess's head off!" And then she took a carving knife and waved it, and gave one of her laughs, which always set poor mother a-crying. She used to call us dukes and princes—I don't know what—poor soul! It was the Chevalier de la Motte whom she generally styled duke, holding out her hand, and saying, "Kneel, Sir, kneel, and kiss our royal hand." And M. de la Motte would kneel with a sad, sad face, and go through this hapless ceremony. As for grandfather,

who was very bald, and without his wig, being one evening below her window culling a salad in his garden, she beckoned him to her smiling, and when the poor old man came, she upset a dish of tea over his bald pate, and said, "I appoint you and anoint you Bishop of St. Denis!"

The woman Martha, who had been the companion of the Countess de Saverne in her unfortunate flight from home—I believe that since the birth of her child the poor lady had never been in her right senses at all—broke down under the ceaseless watching and care her mistress's condition necessitated, and I have no doubt found her duties yet more painful and difficult when a second mistress, and a very harsh, imperious, and jealous one, was set over her in the person of worthy Madame Duval. My mother was for ordering every body who would submit to her orders, and entirely managing the affairs of all those whom she loved. She put the mother to bed and the baby in her cradle; she prepared food for both of them, dressed one and the other with an equal affection, and loved that unconscious mother and child with a passionate devotion. But she loved her own way, was jealous of all who came between her and the objects of her love, and no doubt led her subordinates an uncomfortable life.

Three months of Madame Duval tired out the countess's Alsatian maid, Martha. She revolted, and said she would go home. Mother said she was an ungrateful wretch, but was delighted to get rid of her. She always averred the woman stole articles of dress, and trinkets, and laces, belonging to her mistress, before she left us; and in an evil hour this wretched Martha went away. I believed she really loved her mistress, and would have loved the child had my mother's rigid arms not pushed her from its cot. Poor little innocent, in what tragic gloom did thy life begin! But an unseen power was guarding that helpless innocence; and sure a good angel watched it in its hour of danger!

So Madame Duval turned Martha out of her tent as Sarah thrust out Hagar. Are women pleased after doing these pretty tricks? Your ladyships know best. Madame D. not only thrust out Martha, but flung stones after Martha all her life. She went away, not blameless perhaps, but wounded to the quick with ingratitude which had been shown to her, and a link in that mysterious chain of destiny which was binding all these people—me the boy of seven years old; yonder little speechless infant of as many months; that poor wandering lady bereft of reason; that dark inscrutable companion of hers who brought evil with him wherever he came.

From Dungeness to Boulogne is but six-and-thirty miles, and our boats, when war was over, were constantly making journeys there. Even in war time the little harmless craft left each other alone, and, I suspect, carried on a great deal of peaceable and fraudulent trade together. Grandfather had share of a "fishing" boat with one Thomas Gregson, of Lydd. When Martha was determined to go, one of our boats was ready to take her to the place from whence she came, or transfer her to a French boat, which would return into its own harbor.* She was carried back to Boulogne and landed. I know the day full well from a document now before me, of which the dismal writing and signing were occasioned by that very landing.

As she stepped out from the pier (a crowd of people, no doubt, tearing the poor wretch's slender luggage from her to carry it to the Customs) almost the first person on whom the woman's eyes fell was her master, the Count de Saverne. He had actually only reached the place on that very day, and walked the pier, looking toward England, as many a man has done from the same spot, when he saw the

* There were points for which our boats used to make, and meet the French boats, when not disturbed, and do a great deal more business than I could then understand.—D. D.

servant of his own wife come up the side of the pier.

He rushed to her as she started back, screaming and almost fainting, but the crowd of beggars behind her prevented her retreat. "The child!—does the child live?" asked the poor count, in the German tongue, which both spoke.

The child was well. Thank God, thank God! The poor father's heart was freed from that terror, then! I can fancy the gentleman saying, "Your mistress is at Winchelsea, with her foster-sister?"

"Yes, M. le Comte."

"The Chevalier de la Motte is always at Winchelsea."

"Ye—oh no, no, M. le Comte!"

"Silence, liar! He made the journey with her. They stopped at the same inns. M. le Brun, merchant, aged 34; his sister, Madame Dubois, aged 24, with a female infant in arms, and a maid, left this port on 20th July, in the English fishing-boat *Mary* of Rye. Before embarking they slept at the Ecu de France. I knew I should find them."

"By all that is sacred I never left Madame once during the voyage!"

"Never till to-day? Enough. How was the fishing-boat called which brought you to Boulogne?"

One of the boat's crew was actually walking behind the unhappy gentleman at the time, with some packet which Ursule had left in it.* It seemed as if fate was determined upon suddenly and swiftly bringing the criminal to justice, and under the avenging sword of the friend he had betrayed. He bade the man follow him to the hotel. There should be a good drink-money for him.

"Does he treat her well?" asked the poor gentleman, as he and the maid walked on.

"Dame! No mother can be more gentle than he is with her!" Where Martha erred was in not saying that her mistress was utterly deprived of reason, and had been so almost since the child's birth. She owned that she had attended her lady to the cathedral when the countess and infant were christened, and that M. de la Motte was also present. "He has taken body and soul too," no doubt the miserable gentleman thought.

He happened to alight at the very hotel where the fugitives of whom he was in search had had their quarters four months before (so that for two months at least poor M. de Saverne must have lain ill at Nanci at the commencement of his journey). The boatman, the luggage people, and Martha the servant followed the count to the hotel; and the femme de chambre remembered how Madame Dubois and her brother had been at the hotel—a poor sick lady, who sat up talking the whole night. Her brother slept in the right wing across the court. Monsieur has the lady's room. How the child did cry! See, the windows look on the port.

"Yes, this was the lady's room."

"And the child lay on which side?"

"On that side."

M. de Saverne looked at the place which the woman pointed out, stooped his head toward the pillow, and cried as if his heart would break. The fisherman's tears rolled down too over his brown face and hands. Le pauvre homme! le pauvre homme!

"Come into my sitting-room with me," he said to the fisherman. The man followed him and shut the door.

His burst of feeling was now over. He became entirely calm.

"You know the house from which this woman came, at Rye, in England?"

"Yes."

"You took a gentleman and a lady thither?"

"Yes."

"You remember the man?"

"Perfectly."

"For thirty louis will you go to sea to-

night, take a passenger, and deliver a letter to M. la Motte?"

The man agreed: and I take out from my secretary that letter, in its tawny ink of fifty years' date, and read it with a strange interest always.

"To the Chevalier Francois Joseph de la Motte, at Winchelsea, in England."

"I knew I should find you. I never doubted where you were. But for a sharp illness which I made at Nanci, I should have been with you two months earlier. After what has occurred between us, I know this invitation will be to you as a command, and that you will hasten as you did to my rescue from the English bayonets at Hastenbeck. Between us, M. le Chevalier, it is to life or death. I depend upon you to communicate this to no one, and to follow the messenger, who will bring you to me."

"COUNT DE SAVERNE."

This letter was brought to our house one evening as we sat in the front shop. I had the child on my knee, which would have no other play-fellow but me. The countess was pretty quiet that evening—the night calm and the windows open. Grandfather was reading his book. Mother was dozing. The countess and M. de la Motte were at cards, though, poor thing, she could scarce play for ten minutes at a time; and there comes a knock, at which grandfather puts down his book.*

"All's well," says he. "Entrez. Comment, c'est vous, Bidois?"

"Oui, c'est bien moi, patron!" says Mons. Bidois, a great fellow in boots and petticoat, with an eel skin queue hanging down to his heels. "C'est la le petit du pauvre Jean Louis? Est-il genti le pti patron!" And as he looks at me he rubs a hand across his nose.

At this moment Madame la Comtesse gave one, two; three screams, a laugh, and cries—

"Ah, c'est mon mari qui revient de la guerre. Il est la; a la croisee. Bonjour, M. le Comte! Bonjour. Vous avez une petite fille bien laide, bien laide, que je n'aime pas du tout, pas du tout, pas du tout! He is there. I saw him at the window. There, there! Hide me from him. He will kill me, he will kill me," she cried.

"Calmez vous, Clarisse," says the chevalier, who was weary, no doubt, of the poor lady's endless outcries and follies.

"Calmez vous, ma fille," sings out mother, from the inner room, where she was washing.

"Ah, monsieur, is the Chevalier de la Motte?" says Bidois.

"Apres, monsieur," says the chevalier, looking haughtily up from the cards.

"In that case, I have a letter for M. le Chevalier," and the sailor handed to the Chevalier de la Motte that letter which I have translated, the ink of which was black and wet then though now it is sere and faded.

This chevalier had faced death and danger in a score of dare-devil expeditions. At the game of steel and lead there was no cooler performer. He put the letter which he had received quietly into his pocket, finished his game with the countess, and, telling Bidois to follow him to his lodgings, took leave of the company. I dare say the poor countess built up a house with the cards, and took little more notice. Mother, going to close the shutters, said, "It was droll, that little man, friend to Bidois, was still standing in the street." You see we had all sorts of droll friends. Sea-faring men, speaking a jargon of English, French, Dutch, were constantly dropping in upon us. Dear Heaven! when I think in what a company I have lived, and what a *galere* I rowed in, is it not a wonder that I did not finish where some of my friends did?

I made a *drole de metier* at this time. I was

set by grandfather to learn his business. Our apprentice taught me the commencement of the noble art of wig-weaving. As soon as I was tall enough to stand to a gentleman's nose I was promised to be promoted to be a shaver. I trotted on mother's errands with her handboxes, and what not; and I was made dry nurse to poor Madame's baby, who, as I said, loved me most of all in the house, and who would put her little dimpled hands out and crow with delight to see me. The first day I went out with this little baby in a little wheel chair mother got for her the town-boys made rare fun of me; and I had to fight on, as poor little Agnes sat sucking her little thumb in her chair, I suppose; and while the battle was going on, who should come up but Doctor Barnard, the English rector of Saint Philip's, who lent us French Protestants the nave of his church for our service, while our tumble-down old church was being mended. Doctor Barnard (for a reason which I did not know at that time, but which I am compelled to own now was a good one) did not like grandfather, nor mother, nor our family. You may be sure our people abused him in return. He was called a haughty priest—a villain beeg-veg, mother used to say, in her French-English. And perhaps one of the causes of her dislike to him was, that his *big wig*—a fine cauliflower it was—was powdered at another barber's. Well, while the battle royal was going on between me and Tom Caffin (dear heart! how well I remember the fellow, though—let me see—it is fifty-four years since we punched each other's noses), Doctor Barnard walks up to us boys and stops the fighting. "You little rogues! I'll have you all put in the stocks and whipped by my beadle," says the doctor, who was a magistrate too: "as for this little French barber he is always in mischief."

"They laughed at me and called me Dry-nurse, and wanted to upset the little cart, Sir, and I wouldn't bear it. And it's my duty to protect a poor child that can't help itself," said I, very stoutly. "Her mother is ill. Her nurse has ran away, and she has nobody—nobody to protect her but me—and 'Notre Pere qui est aux cieux,' and I held up my little hand as grandfather used to do; and if those boys hurt the child I will fight for her."

The Doctor rubbed his hand across his eyes; and felt in his pocket and gave me a dollar.

"And come to see us all at the Rectory, child," Mrs. Barnard says, who was with the doctor; and she looked at the little baby that was in its cot, and said, "Poor thing, poor thing!"

And the doctor, turning round to the English boys, still holding me by the hand, said. "Mind all, you boys! If I hear of you being such cowards again as to strike this little lad for doing his duty, I will have you whipped by my beadle as sure as my name is Thomas Barnard. Shake hands, you Thomas Caffin, with the French boy," and I said, "I would shake hands or fight it out whenever Tom Caffin liked;" and so took my place as pony again, and pulled my little cart down Sandgate.

These stories got about among the townspeople, and fishermen, and sea-faring folk, I suppose, and the people of our little circle; and they were the means, God help me, of bringing me in those very early days a legacy which I have still. You see, the day after Bidois, the French fisherman, paid us his visit, as I was pulling my little cart up the hill to a farmer's house where grandfather and a partner of his had some pigeons, of which I was very fond as a boy, I met a little dark man whose face I can not at all recall to my mind, but who spoke French and German to me like grandfather and grandmother. "That is the child of Madame von Zebern?" says he, trembling very much.

"Ja, Herr!" says the little boy....

Oh, Agnes, Agnes! How the years roll away! What strange events have befallen

* I had this from the woman herself, whom we saw when we paid our visit to Lorraine and Alsace in 1814.

* There was a particular knock, as I learned later, in use among grandpapa's private friends, and Mons. Bidois no doubt had this signal.

us: what passionate griefs have we had to suffer: what a merciful Heaven has protected us, since that day when your father knelt over the little car in which his child lay sleeping! I have the picture in my mind now. I see a winding road leading down to one of the gates of our own town; the blue marsh-land, and yonder, across the marsh, Rye towers and gables; a great silver sea stretching beyond; and that dark man's figure stooping and looking at the child asleep. He never kissed the infant or touched her. I remember it woke smiling, and held out its little arms, and he turned away with a sort of groan.

Bidois, the French fisherman I spoke of as having been to see us on the night before, came up here with another companion, an Englishman, I think. "Ah! we seek for you every where, Monsieur le Comte," says he. "The tide serves, and it is full time."

"Monsieur le Chevalier is on board?" says the Count de Saverne.

"Il est bien la," says the fisherman. And they went down the hill through the gate without turning to look back.

Mother was quite quiet and gentle all that day. It seemed as if something scared her. The poor countess prattled and laughed, or cried in her unconscious way. But grandfather, at evening prayer that night, making the exposition rather long, mother stamped her foot, and said, "Assez bavarde comme ça, mon pere," and sank back in her chair with her apron over her face.

She remained all next day very silent, crying often, and reading in our great German Bible which we brought from home in the '86. She was kind to me that day. I remember her saying, in her deep voice, "Thou art a brave boy, Denikin." It was seldom she patted my head so softly.

That night our patient was very wild; and laughing a great deal, and singing so that the people would stop in the streets to listen.

Doctor Barnard again met me that day, dragging my little carriage, and he fetched me into the Rectory for the first time, and gave me cake and wine, and the book of the "Arabian Nights," and the ladies admired the little baby, and said it was a pity it was a little Papist, and the doctor hoped I was not going to turn Papist, and I said, "Oh, never." Neither mother nor I liked that darkling Roman Catholic clergyman who was fetched over from our neighbors at the Priory by M. de la Motte. The chevalier was very firm himself in that religion. I little thought then that I was to see him on a day when his courage and his faith were both to have an awful trial.

... I was reading then in this fine book of Monsieur Galland which the doctor had given me. I had no orders to go to bed, strange to say, and I dare say was peeping into the cave of the Forty Thieves along with Master Ali Baba, when I heard the clock whirring previously to striking twelve, and steps coming rapidly up our empty street.

Mother started up looking quite haggard, and undid the bolt of the door. "C'est lui!" says she, with her eyes starting, and the Chevalier de la Motte came in, looking as white as a corpse.

Poor Madame de Saverne up stairs, awakened by the striking clock perhaps, began to sing overhead, and the chevalier gave a great start, looking more ghastly than before, as my mother with an awful face looked at him.

"Il l'a voulu," says M. de la Motte, hanging down his head; and again poor madame's crazy voice began to sing.

REPORT.—"On the 27th June of this year, 1769, the Comte de Saverne arrived at Boulogne-sur-Mer, and lodged at the Ecure de France, where also was staying M. le Marquis du Quesne Menneville, Chef d'Escadron of the Naval Armies of his Majesty. The Comte de Saverne was previously unknown to the Marquis du Quesne, but recalling to M. du Quesne's remembrance the fact that his illustrious

ancestor the Admiral Duquesne professed the reformed religion, as did M. de Saverne himself, M. de Saverne entreated the Marquis du Quesne to be his friend in a rencontre which deplorable circumstances rendered unavoidable.

"At the same time, M. de Saverne stated to M. le Marquis du Quesne the causes of his quarrel with the Chevalier Francis Henry de la Motte, late officer of the regiment of Soubise, at present residing in England, in the town of Rye, in the county of Sussex. The statement made by the Comte de Saverne was such as to convince M. du Quesne of the count's right to exact a reparation from the Chevalier de la Motte.

"A boat was dispatched on the night of the 29th June, with a messenger bearing the note of M. le Comte de Saverne. And in this boat, on the 1st of November, M. de la Motte returned from England.

"The undersigned Count de Berigny, in garrison at Boulogne, and an acquaintance of M. de la Motte, consented to serve as his witness in the meeting with M. de Saverne.

"The meeting took place at seven o'clock in the morning, on the sands at half a league from the port of Boulogne; and the weapons chosen were pistols. Both gentlemen were perfectly calm and collected, as one might expect from officers distinguished in the King's service, who had faced the enemies of France as comrades together.

"Before firing, M. le Chevalier de la Motte advanced four steps, and holding his pistol down, and laying his hand on his heart, he said—'I swear, on the faith of a Christian, and the honor of a gentleman, that I am innocent of the charge laid against me by Monsieur de Saverne.'

"The Count de Saverne said—'M. le Chevalier de la Motte, I have made no charge; and if I had, a lie costs you nothing.'

"M. de la Motte, saluting the witnesses courteously, and with grief rather than anger visible upon his countenance, returned to his line on the sand which was marked out as the place where he was to stand, at a distance of ten paces from his adversary.

"At the signal being given both fired simultaneously. The ball of M. de Saverne grazed M. de la Motte's side curl, while his ball struck M. de Saverne in the right breast. M. de Saverne stood a moment, and fell.

"The seconds, the surgeon, and M. de la Motte advanced toward the fallen gentleman: and M. de la Motte, holding up his hand, again said—'I take Heaven to witness the person is innocent.'

"The Comte de Saverne seemed to be about to speak. He lifted himself from the sand, supporting himself on one arm; but all he said was, 'You, you—' and a great issue of blood rushed from his throat, and he fell back, and, with a few convulsions, died.

(Signed)

"MARQUIS DU QUESNE MENNEVILLE,
"Chef d'Escadre aux Armes Navales du Roy.
"COMTE DE BERIGNY,
"Brigadier de Cavalerie."

SURGEON'S REPORT.—"I, Jean Batiste Drouot, surgeon-major of the Regiment Royal Cravate, in garrison at Boulogne-sur-Mer, certify that I was present at the meeting which ended so lamentably. The death of the gentleman who succumbed was immediate, the ball passing to the right of the middle of the breast-bone, penetrated the lung and the large artery supplying it with blood, and caused death by immediate suffocation."

CHAPTER IV.

OUT OF THE DEPTHS.

THAT last night which he was to pass upon earth M. de Saverne spent in a little tavern in Winchelsea, frequented by fishing people, and known to Bidois, who, even during the war,

was in the constant habit of coming to England, upon errands in which Mons. Grandpapa was very much interested—precentor, elder, perruquier, as he was.

The Count de Saverne had had some talk with the fisherman during the voyage from Boulogne, and more conversation took place on this last night, when the count took Bidois partly into his confidence; and without mentioning the precise cause of his quarrel with M. de la Motte, said that it was inevitable; that the man was a villain who ought not to be allowed to pollute the earth; and that no criminal was ever more righteously executed than this chevalier would be on the morrow, when it was agreed that the two were to meet.

The meeting would have taken place on that very night, but M. de la Motte demanded, as indeed he had a right to do, some hours for the settlement of his own affairs; and preferred to fight on French ground rather than English, as the survivor of the quarrel would be likely to meet with very rough treatment in this country.

La Motte betook himself then to arranging his papers. As for the Count de Saverne, he said all his dispositions were made. A dowry—that which his wife brought—would go to her child. His own property was devised to own relations, and he could give the child nothing. He had only a few pieces in his purse, and, "Tenez," says he, "this watch. Should anything befall me, I desire it may be given to the little boy who saved my—that is, her child." And the voice of M. le Comte broke as he said these words, and the tears ran over his fingers. And the seaman wept too, as he told the story to me years after, nor were some of mine wanting, I think, for that poor heart-broken, wretched man, writhing in helpless agony, as the hungry sand drank his blood. Assuredly the guilt of that blood was on thy head, Francis de la Motte.

The watch is ticking on the table before me as I write. It has been my companion of half a century. I remember my childish delight when Bidois brought it to me, and told my mother the tale of the meeting of the two gentlemen.

"You see her condition," M. de la Motte said to my mother at this time. "We are separated forever, as hopelessly as though one or other were dead. My hand slew her husband. Perhaps my fault destroyed her reason. I transmit misfortunes to those I love and would serve. Shall I marry her? I will if you think I can serve her. As long as a guinea remains to me I will halve it with her. I have but very few left now. My fortune has crumbled under my hands, as have my friendships, my once bright prospects, my ambitions. I am a doomed man; somehow, I drag down those who love me into my doom."

And so indeed there was a Cain mark, as it were, on this unhappy man. He did bring wreck and ruin on those who loved him. He was as a lost soul, I somehow think, whose tortures had begun already. Predestined to evil, to crime, to gloom; but now and again some one took pity upon this poor wretch, and among those who pitied him was my stern mother.

And here I may relate how it happened that I "saved" the child, for which act poor M. de Saverne rewarded me. Bidois no doubt told that story to M. le Comte in the course of their gloomy voyage. Mrs. Martha, the countess's attendant, had received or taken leave of absence one night, after putting the child and the poor lady, who was no better than a child, to bed. I went to my bed, and to sleep as boys sleep; and I forget what business called away my mother likewise, but when she came back to look for her poor Biche and the infant in its cradle—both were gone.

I have seen the incomparable Siddons, in the play, as, white and terrified, she passed through the darkened hall after King Duncan's murder. My mother's face wore a look of terror to the full as tragical when, starting up from my boyish sleep, I sat up in bed and

saw her. She was almost beside herself with terror. The poor insane lady and her child were gone—who could say where? Into the marshes—into the sea—into the darkness—it was impossible to say whither the countess had fled.

"We must get up, my boy, and find them," says mother, in a hoarse voice; and I was sent over to Mr. Bliss's the grocer's in East Street, where the chevalier lived, and where I found him sitting (with two priests, by-the-way, guests, no doubt, of Mr. Weston at the Priory) and all these, and mother, on her side, with me following her, went out to look for the fugitives.

We went by pairs, taking different roads. Mother's was the right one as it appeared, for we had not walked many minutes when we saw a white figure coming toward us, glimmering out of the dark, and heard a voice singing.

"Ah, mon Dieu!" says mother, and "Gott sey dank," and I knew not what exclamations of gratitude and relief. It was the voice of the countess.

As we came up she knew us with our light, and began to imitate, in her crazy way, the cry of the watchman, whom the poor sleepless soul had often heard under her windows. "Past twelve o'clock, a starlight night!" she sang and gave one of her sad laughs.

When we came up to her we found her in a white wrapper, her hair flowing down her back and over her poor pale face, and again she sang, "Past twelve o'clock."

The child was not with her. Mother trembled in every limb. The lantern shook so in her hand I thought she would drop it.

She put it down on the ground. She took her shawl off her back, and covered the poor lady with it, who smiled in her childish way, and said, "*C'est bon; c'est chaud ça ah! que c'est bien!*"

As I chanced to look down at the lady's feet I saw one of them was naked. Mother, herself in a dreadful agitation, embraced and soothed Madame de Saverne. "Tell me, my angel, tell me, my love, where is the child?" says mother, almost fainting.

"The child—what child? That little brat who always cries? I know nothing about children," says the poor thing. "Take me to my bed this moment, madam! How dare you bring me into the streets with naked feet!"

"Where have you been walking, my dear?" says poor mother, trying to soothe her.

"I have been to Great Saverne. I wore a domino. I knew the coachman quite well, though he was muffled up all but his nose. I was presented to Monseigneur the Cardinal. I made him such a courtesy—like this. Oh, my foot hurts me!"

She often rambled about this ball and play, and hummed snatches of tunes and little phrases of dialogue which she may have heard there. Indeed, I believe it was the only play and ball the poor thing ever saw in her life—her brief life, her wretched life. 'Tis pitiful to think how unhappy it was. When I recall it, it tears my heart-strings somehow, as it doth to see a child in pain.

As she held up the poor bleeding foot, I saw that the edge of her dress was all wet, and covered with sand.

"Mother, mother," said I, "she has been to the sea!"

"Have you been to the sea, Clarisse?" asks mother.

"J'ai été au bal; j'ai dansé; j'ai chanté. J'ai bien reconnu mon cocher. J'ai été au bal chez le Cardinal. But you must not tell M. de Saverne. Oh no, you mustn't tell him!"

A sudden thought came to me. And, whenever I remember it, my heart is full of thankfulness to the gracious Giver of all good thoughts. Madame, of whom I was not afraid, and who sometimes was amused by my prattle, would now and then take a walk accompanied with Martha her maid, who held the infant, and myself, who liked to draw it in its little carriage. We used to walk down to

the shore, and there was a rock there, on which the poor lady would sit for hours.

"You take her home, mother," says I, all in a tremble. "You give me the lantern, and I'll go—I'll go—" I was off before I said where. Down I went, through Westgate; down I ran along the road toward the place I guessed at. When I had gone a few hundred yards I saw in the road something white. It was the countess's slipper that she had left there. I knew she had gone that way.

I got down to the shore, running, running with all my little might. The moon had risen by this time, shining gloriously over a great silver sea. A tide of silver was pouring in over the sand. Yonder was that rock where we often had sat. The infant was sleeping on it under the stars unconscious. He who loves little children had watched over it . . . I scarce can see the words as I write them down. My little baby was waking. She had known nothing of the awful sea coming nearer with each wave; but she knew me as I came, and smiled, and warbled a little infant welcome. I took her up in my arms, and trotted home with my pretty burden. As I paced up the hill, M. de la Motte and one of the French clergymen met me. By ones and twos the other searchers after my little wanderer came home from their quest. She was laid in her little crib, and never knew, until years later, the danger from which she had been rescued.

My adventures became known in our town, and I made some acquaintances who were very kind to me, and were the means of advancing me in after-life. I was too young to understand much what was happening round about me; but now, if the truth must be told, I must confess that old grandfather, besides his business of perruquier, which you will say is no very magnificent trade, followed others which were far less reputable. What do you say, for instance, of a church elder who lends money *à la petite semaine*, and at great interest? The fisherman, the market-people, nay, one or two farmers and gentlemen round about, were beholden to grandfather for supplies, and they came to him to be shaved in more ways than one. No good came out of his gains, as I shall presently tell: but meanwhile his hands were forever stretched out to claw other folks' money toward himself; and it must be owned that *madame sa bru* loved a purse too, and was by no means scrupulous as to the way of filling it. Monsieur la Chevalier de la Motte was free-handed and grand in his manner. He paid a pension, I know not how much, for the maintenance of poor Madame de Saverne. He had brought her to the strait in which she was, poor thing! Had he not worked on her she never would have left her religion: she never would have fled from her husband: that fatal duel would never have occurred: right or wrong, he was the cause of her calamity, and he would make it as light as it might be. I know how, for years, extravagant and embarrassed as he was, he yet supplied means for handsomely maintaining the little Agnes when she was presently left an orphan in the world, when mother and father both were dead, and her relatives at home disowned her.

The ladies of Barr, Agnes's aunts, totally denied that the infant was their brother's child, and refused any contribution towards her maintenance. Her mother's family equally disavowed her. They had been taught the same story, and I suppose we believe willingly enough what we wish to believe. The poor lady was guilty. Her child had been born in her husband's absence. When his return was announced, she fled from her home, not daring to face him; and the unhappy Count de Saverne died by the pistol of the man who had already robbed him of his honor. La Motte had to bear this obloquy, or only protest against it by letters from England. He could not go home to Lorraine, where he was plunged in debt. "At least, Duval," said he to me, when I shook hands with him, and with all my heart forgave him, "mad and reckless as I

have been, and fatal to all whom I loved, I have never allowed the child to want, and have supported her in comfort, when I was myself almost without a meal." A bad man no doubt this was; and yet not utterly wicked: a great criminal, who paid an awful penalty. Let us be humble, who have erred too; and thankful if we have a hope that we have found mercy.

I believe it was some braggart letter, which La Motte wrote to a comrade in M. de Vaux's camp; and in which he boasted of making the conversion of a petite Protestante at Strasbourg, which came to the knowledge of poor M. de Saverne, hastened his return home, and brought about this dreadful end. La Motte owned as much, indeed, in the last interview I ever had with him.

Who told Madame Saverne of her husband's death? It was not for years after that I myself (unlucky chatter-box, whose tongue was always blabbing) knew what had happened. My mother thought that she must have overheard Bidois, the boatman, who told the whole story over his glass of Geneva in our parlor. The countess's chamber was overhead, and the door left open. The poor thing used to be very angry at the notion of a locked door, and since that awful escapade to the sea-shore my mother slept in her room, or a servant whom she liked pretty well supplied mother's place.

In her condition the dreadful event affected her but little; and we never knew that she was aware of it until one evening when it happened that a neighbor, one of us French people of Rye, was talking over the tea-table, and telling us of a dreadful thing he had seen on Penenden Heath as he was coming home. He there saw a woman burned at the stake for the murder of her husband. The story is in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for the year 1769, and that will settle pretty well the date of the evening when our neighbor related the horrible tale to us.

Poor Madame de Saverne (who had a very grand air, and was perfectly like a lady) said quite simply, "In this case, my good Ursule, I shall be burned too. For you know I was the cause of my husband being killed. M. le Chevalier went and killed him in Corsica." And she looked round with a little smile, and nodded; and arranged her white dress with her slim hot hands.

When the poor thing spoke, the chevalier sank back as if he had been shot himself.

"Good night, neighbor Marion," groans mother: "she is very bad to-night. Come to bed, my dear, come to bed." And the poor thing followed mother, courtesying very finely to the company, and saying, quite softly, "Oui, oui, oui, they will burn me, they will burn me."

This idea seized upon her mind and never left it. Madame la Comtesse passed a night of great agitation, talking incessantly. Mother and her maid were up with her all night. All night long we could hear her songs, her screams, her terrible laughter: . . . Oh, pitiful was thy lot in this world, poor guiltless, harmless lady! In thy brief years, how little happiness! For thy marriage portion only gloom, and terror, and submission, and captivity. The awful Will above us ruled it so. Poor frightened spirit! it has woke under serenest skies now, and passed out of reach of our terrors, and temptations, and troubles.

At my early age I could only be expected to obey my elders and parents, and to consider all things were right which were done round about me. Mother's cuffs on the head I received without malice, and if the truth must be owned, had not seldom to submit to the major operation which my grandfather used to perform with a certain rod which he kept in a locked cupboard, and accompany with long wearisome sermons between each cut or two of his favorite instrument. These good people, as I gradually began to learn, bore an indifferent reputation in the town which they inhabited, and were neither liked by the French of their own colony, nor by the Eng-

lish among whom we dwelt. Of course, being a simple little fellow, I honored my father and mother as became me—my grandfather and mother, that is—father being dead some years.

Grandfather, I knew, had a share in a fishing boat, as numbers of people had, both at Rye and Winchelsea. Stokes, our fisherman, took me out once or twice, and I liked the sport very much; but it appeared that I ought to have said nothing about the boat and fishing—for one night when we pulled out only a short way beyond a rock which we used to call the Bull Rock, from a pair of horns which stuck out of the water, and there we were hailed by my old friend Bidois, who had come from Boulogne in his lugger—and then—well then, I was going to explain the whole matter artlessly to one of our neighbors who happened to step into supper, when grandpapa (who had made a grace of five minutes long before taking the dish-cover off) fetched me a slap across the face which sent me reeling off my perch. And the chevalier who was supping with us only laughed at my misfortune.

This being laughed at somehow affected me more than the blows. I was used to those, from grandfather and mother too; but when people once had been kind to me I could not bear a different behavior from them. And this gentleman certainly was. He improved my French very much, and used to laugh at my blunders and bad pronunciation. He took a good deal of pains with me when I was at home, and made me speak French like a little gentleman.

In a very brief time he learned English himself, with a droll accent to be sure, but so as to express himself quite intelligibly. His headquarters were at Winchelsea, though he would frequently be away at Deal, Dover, Canterbury, even London. He paid mother a pension for little Agnes, who grew apace, and was the most winning child I ever set my eyes on. I remember, as well as yesterday, the black dress which was made for her after poor mother's death, her pale cheeks, and the great solemn eyes gazing out from under the black curling ringlets which fell over her forehead and face.

Why do I make zigzag journeys? 'Tis the privilege of old age to be garrulous, and its happiness to remember early days. As I sink back in my arm-chair, safe and sheltered *post tot discrimina*, and happier than it has been the lot of most fellow-sinners to be, the past comes back to me—the stormy past, the strange unhappy yet happy past—and I look at it scared and astonished sometimes; as huntsmen look at the gaps and ditches over which they have leaped, and wonder how they are alive.

My good fortune in rescuing that little darling child caused the chevalier to be very kind to me; and when he was with us, I used to hang on to the skirts of his coat, and prattle for hours together, quite losing all fear of him. Except my kind namesake, the captain and admiral, this was the first gentleman I ever met in intimacy—a gentleman with many a stain, nay crime, to reproach him; but not all lost, I hope and pray. I own to having a kindly feeling toward that fatal man. I see myself a child prattling at his coat-skirts, and trotting along our roads and marshes with him. I see him with his sad pale face, and a kind of *blighting* look he had, looking at that unconscious lady, at that little baby. My friends the Neapolitans would have called his an evil eye, and exorcised it accordingly. A favorite walk we had was to a house about a mile out of Winchelsea, where a grazing farmer lived. My delight then was to see, not his cattle, but his pigeons, of which he had a good stock, of croppers, pouters, runts, and turbits; and among these, I was told there were a sort of pigeon called carriers, which would fly for prodigious distances, returning from the place to which they were taken, though it were ever so distant, to that where they lived and were bred.

While I was at Mr. Perreau's, one of these pigeons actually came in flying from the sea, as it appeared to me; and Perreau looked at it, and fondled it, and said to the chevalier, "There is nothing. It is to be at the old place." On which M. le Chevalier only said, "C'est bien," and as we walked away told me all he knew about pigeons, which, I dare say, was no great knowledge.

Why did he say there was nothing? I asked in the innocence of my prattle. The chevalier told me that these birds sometimes brought messages, written on a little paper, and tied under their wings, and that Perreau said there was nothing because there was nothing.

Oh, then! he sometimes does have messages with his birds? The chevalier shrugged his shoulder, and took a pinch out of his fine snuff-box. "What did papa Duval do to you the other day when you began to talk too fast?" says he. "Learn to hold thy little tongue, Denis, mon garçon! If thou livest a little longer, and tellest all thou seest, the Lord help thee!" And I suppose our conversation ended here, and he strode home, and I trotted after him.

I narrate these things occurring in childhood by the help of one or two marks which have been left behind—as ingenious Tommy Thumb found his way home by the pebbles which he dropped along his line of march. Thus I happen to know the year when poor Madame de Saverne must have been ill, by referring to the date of the execution of the woman whom our neighbor saw burned on Penenden Heath. Was it days, was it weeks after this that Madame de Saverne's illness ended as all our illness will end one day?

During the whole course of her illness, whatever its length might have been, those priests from Slindon (or from Mr. Weston's the Popish gentleman's at the Priory) were constantly in our house, and, I suppose, created a great scandal among the Protestants of the town. M. de la Motte showed an extraordinary zeal in this business, and, sinner as he was, certainly was a most devout sinner, according to his persuasion. I do not remember, or was not cognizant, when the end came; but I remember my astonishment, as, passing by her open chamber door, I saw candles lighted before her bed, and some of those clergy watching there, and the Chevalier de la Motte kneeling in the passage in an attitude of deep contrition and grief.

On that last day there was, as it appeared, a great noise and disturbance round our house. The people took offense at the perpetual coming in and out of the priests, and on the very night when the coffin was to be taken from our house, and the clergymen were performing the last services there, the windows of the room where the poor lady lay were broken in by a great volley of stones, and a roaring mob shouting, "No Popery! down with the priests!"

Grandfather lost all courage at these threatening demonstrations, and screamed out at his *bru* for bringing all this persecution and danger upon her. "Silence, miserable!" said she. "Go sit in the back kitchen, and count your money-bags!" She at least did not lose her courage.

M. de la Motte, though not frightened, was much disturbed. The matter might be very serious. I did not know at the time how furiously angry our townspeople were with my parents for harboring a papist. Had they known that the lady was a converted Protestant they would doubtless have been more violent still.

We were in a manner besieged in our house—the garrison being: the two priests, in much terror; my grandfather, under the bed for what I know, or somewhere where he would be equally serviceable; my mother and the chevalier, with their wits about them; and little Denis Duval, no doubt very much in the way. When the poor lady died it was thought advisable to send her little girl out of the way; and Mrs. Weston at the Priory took her

in, who belonged, as has before been said, to the ancient faith.

We looked out with no little alarm for the time when the hearse should come to take the poor lady's body away, for the people would not leave the street, and barricaded either end of it, having perpetrated no actual violence beyond the smashing of the windows as yet, but ready no doubt for more mischief.

Calling me to him, M. de la Motte said, "Denis, thou rememberest about the carrier-pigeon the other day with nothing under his wing?" I remembered, of course.

"Thou shalt be my carrier-pigeon. Thou shalt carry no letter, but a message. I can trust thee now with a secret." And I kept it, and will tell it now that the people are quite out of danger from that piece of intelligence, as I can promise you.

"You know Mr. Weston's house?" Know the house where Agnes was—the best house in the town? Of course I did. He named eight or ten houses besides Weston's, at which I was to go and say, "The mackerel are coming in. Come as many of you as can." And I went to the houses, and said the words; and when the people said, "Where?" I said, "Opposite our house," and so went on.

The last and handsomest house (I had never been in it before) was Mr. Weston's, at the Priory: and there I went and called to see him. And I remember Mrs. Weston was walking up and down a gallery over the hall with a little crying child who would not go to sleep.

"Agnes, Agnes!" says I, and that baby was quiet in a minute, smiling, and crowing, and flinging out her arms. Indeed, mine was the first name she could speak.

The gentlemen came out of their parlor, where they were over their pipes, and asked me, surely enough, "What I wanted?" I said, "The mackerel were out, and the crews were wanted before Peter Duval's, the barber's." And one of them, with a scowl on his face, and an oath, said they would be there, and shut the door in my face.

As I went away from the Priory, and crossed the church-yard by the Rectory gate, who should come up but Doctor Barnard in his gig, with lamps lighted; and I always saluted him after he had been so kind to me, and had given me the books and the cake. "What!" says he; "my little shrimper. Have you fetched any fish off the rocks to-night?"

"Oh no, sir," says I. "I have been taking messages all around."

"And what message, my boy?"

I told him the message about the mackerel, etc.; but added that I must not tell the names, for the chevalier had desired me not to mention them. And then I went on to tell how there was a great crowd in the street, and they were breaking windows at our house.

"Breaking windows? What for?" I told him what had happened. "Take Dolly to the stables. Don't say anything to your mistress, Samuel; and come along with me, my little shrimper," says the doctor. He was a very tall man in a great white wig. I see him now skipping over the tombstones, by the great ivy tower of the church, and so through the church-yard gate toward our house.

The hearse had arrived by this time. The crowd had increased, and there was much disturbance and agitation. As soon as the hearse came a yell rose up from the people. "Silence! Shame! Hold your tongue! Let the poor woman go in quiet!" a few people said. These were the men of the mackerel fishery, whom the Weston gentleman presently joined. But the fishermen were a small crowd; the townspeople were many and very angry. As we passed by the end of the Port Street (where our house was) we could see the people crowding at either end of the street, and in the midst the great hearse with its black plumes before our door.

It was impossible that the hearse could pass through the crowd at either end of the street, if the people were determined to bar the way. I went in, as I had come, by the back gate of the garden, where the lane was still quite soli-

tary, Doctor Barnard following me. We were awfully scared as we passed through the back kitchen (where the oven and boiler are) by the sight of an individual who suddenly leaped out of the copper, and who cried out, "O mercy! mercy! save me from the wicked men!" This was my grandpapa, and, with all respect for grandpapas (being of their age and standing myself now), I can not but own that mine on this occasion cut rather a pitiful figure.

"Save my house! Save my property!" shouts my ancestor, and the doctor turns away from him scornfully, and passes on.

In the passage out of this back kitchen we met Monsieur de la Motte, who says, "Ah, c'est toi, mon garçon. Thou hast been on thy errands. Our people are well there!" and he makes a bow to the doctor, who came in with me, and who replied by a salutation equally stiff. M. de la Motte reconnoitering from the upper room, had no doubt seen his people arrive. As I looked toward him I remarked that he was armed. He had a belt with pistols in it, and a sword by his side.

In the back room were the two Roman Catholic clergymen, and four men who had come with the hearse. They had been fearfully assailed as they entered the house with curses, shouts, hustling, and I believe even sticks and stones. My mother was serving them with brandy when we came in. She was astonished when she saw the rector make his appearance in our house. There was no love between his reverence and our family.

He made a very grand obeisance to the Roman Catholic clergymen. "Gentlemen," said he, "as rector of this parish, and magistrate of the county, I have come to keep the peace; and if there is any danger, to share it with you. The lady will be buried in the old church-yard, I hear. Mr. Trestles, are you ready to move?"

The men said they would be prepared immediately, and went to bring down their melancholy burden. "Open the door, you!" says the doctor. The people within shrank back. "I will do it," says mother.

"Et moi, parbleu!" says the chevalier, advancing, his hand on his hilt.

"I think, Sir, I shall be more serviceable than you," says the doctor, very coldly. "If these gentlemen my confreres are ready, we will go out; I will go first, as rector of this parish." And mother drew the bolts, and he walked out and took off his hat.

A Babel roar of yells, shouts, curses, came pouring into the hall as the door opened, and the doctor remained on the steps, bareheaded and undaunted.

"How many of my parishioners are here? Stand aside all who come to my church!" he called out very bold.

At this arose immense roars of "No Popery! down with the priest! down with them! drown them!" and I know not what more words of hatred and menace.

"You men of the French church," shouted out the doctor, "are you here?"

"We are here; down with Popery!" roar the Frenchmen.

"Because you were persecuted a hundred years ago, you want to persecute in your turn. Is that what your Bible teaches you? Mine doesn't. When your church wanted repair I gave you my nave, where you had your service, and were welcome. Is this the way you repay kindness which has been shown to you, you who ought to know better? For shame on you! I say, for shame! Don't try and frighten me. Roger Hooker, I know you, you poaching vagabond! Who kept your wife and children when you were at Lewes Jail? How dare you be persecuting anybody, Thomas Flint? As sure as my name is Barnard, if you stop this procession I will commit you to-morrow!"

Here was a cry of "Huzzay for the doctor! huzzay for the rector!" which I am afraid came from the mackerels, who were assembled by this time, and were not mum, as fish generally are.

"Now, gentlemen, advance, if you please!" This he said to the two foreign clergymen, who came forward courageously enough, the Chevalier de la Motte walking behind them. "Listen, you friends and parishioners, Churchmen and Dissenters! These two foreign dissenting clergymen are going to bury, in a neighboring church-yard, a departed sister, as you foreign dissenters have buried your own dead without harm or hindrance; and I will accompany these gentlemen to the grave prepared for the deceased lady, and I will see her laid in peace there, as surely as I hope myself to lie in peace."

Here the people shouted; but it was with admiration for the rector. There was no outcry any more. The little procession fell into an orderly rank, passed through the streets, and round the Protestant church to the old burying ground behind the house of the Priory. The rector walked between the two Roman Catholic clergymen. I imagine the scene before me now—the tramp of the people, the flicker of a torch or two; and then we go in at the gate of the Priory ground into the old grave yard of the monastery, where a grave had been dug, on which the stone still tells that Clarissa, born de Viomesnil, and widow of Francis Stanislas, Count of Saverne and Barr in Lorraine, lies buried beneath.

When the service was ended the Chevalier de la Motte (by whose side I stood, holding by his cloak) came up to the doctor. "Monsieur le Docteur," says he, "you have acted like a gallant man; you have prevented bloodshed—"

"I am fortunate, sir," says the doctor.

"You have saved the lives of these two worthy ecclesiastics, and rescued from insult the remains of one—"

"Of whom I know the sad history," says the doctor, very gravely.

"I am not rich, but will you permit me to give this purse for your poor?"

"Sir, it is my duty to accept it," replied the doctor. The purse contained a hundred louis, as he afterward told me.

"And may I ask to take your hand, Sir?" cries the poor chevalier, clasping his own together.

"No, Sir!" said the doctor, putting his own hands behind his back. "Your hands have that on them which the gift of a few guineas cannot wash away." The doctor spoke a very good French. "My child, good-night; and the best thing I can wish thee is to wish thee out of the hands of that man."

"Monsieur!" says the chevalier, laying his hand on his sword mechanically.

"I think, Sir, the last time it was with the pistol you showed your skill!" says Doctor Barnard, and went in at his own wicket as he spoke, leaving poor La Motte like a man who has just been struck with a blow; and then he fell to weeping and crying that the curse—the curse of Cain was upon him.

"My good boy," the old rector said to me in after-days, while talking over these adventures, "thy friend the chevalier was the most infernal scoundrel I ever set eyes on, and I never looked at his foot without expecting to see it was cloven."

"And could he tell me anything about the poor countess?" I asked. He knew nothing. He saw her but once, he thought. "And faith," says he, with an arch look, "it so happened that I was not too intimate with your own worthy family."

CHAPTER V.

I HEAR THE SOUND OF BOW BELLS.

WHATEVER may have been the rector's dislike to my parents, in respect of us juniors and my dear little Agnes de Saverne he had no such prejudices, and both of us were great favorites with him. He considered himself to be a man entirely without prejudices; and toward Roman Catholics he certainly was most liberal. He sent his wife to see Mrs. Weston, and an

acquaintance was made between the families, who had scarcely known each other before. Little Agnes was constantly with these Westons, with whom the Chevalier de la Motte also became intimate. Indeed, we have seen that he must have known them already, when he sent me on the famous "mackerel" message which brought together a score at least of townspeople. I remember Mrs. Weston as a frightened-looking woman, who seemed as if she had a ghost constantly before her. Frightened, however, or not, she was always kind to my little Agnes.

The younger of the Weston brothers (he who swore at me the night of the burial) was a red-eyed, pimple-faced, cock-fighting gentleman, forever on the trot, and known, I dare say not very favorably, all the country round. They were said to be gentlemen of good private means. They lived in a very genteel way, with a poist-chaise for the lady, and excellent nags to ride. They saw very little company: but this may have been because they were Roman Catholics, of whom there were not many in the county, except at Arundel and Slindon, where the lords and ladies were of too great quality to associate with a pair of mere fox-hunting, horse-dealing squires. M. de la Motte, who was quite the fine gentleman, as I have said, associated with these people freely enough: but then he had interests in common with them, which I began to understand when I was some ten or a dozen years old, and used to go to see my little Agnes at the Priory. She was growing apace to be a fine lady. She had dancing-masters, music-masters, language-masters (those foreign *tousured* gentry who were always about the Priory), and was so tall that mother talked of putting powder in her hair. Ah, belle dame! another hand hath since whitened it, though I love it, ebony or silver!

I continued at Rye School, boarding with Mr. Rudge and his dram-drinking daughter, and got a pretty fair smattering of such learning as was to be had at the school. I had a fancy to go to sea, but Dr. Barnard was strong against that wish of mine; unless, indeed, I should go out of Rye and Winchelsea altogether—get into a King's ship, and perhaps on the quarter-deck, under the patronage of my friend, Sir Peter Denis, who ever continued to be kind to me.

Every Saturday night I trudged home from Rye, as gay as school-boy could be. After Madame de Saverne's death, the Chevalier de la Motte took our lodgings on the first floor. He was of an active disposition; and found business in plenty to occupy him. He would be absent from his lodgings for weeks and months. He made journeys on horseback into the interior of the country; went to London often; and sometimes abroad with our fishermen's boats. As I have said, he learned our language well, and taught me his. Mother's German was better than her French, and my book for reading the German was Doctor Luther's Bible; indeed that very volume in which poor M. de Saverne wrote down his prayer for the child whom he was to see only twice in this world.

Though Agnes's little chamber was always ready at our house, where she was treated like a little lady, having a servant specially attached to her, and all the world to spoil her, she passed a great deal of her time with Mrs. Weston, of the Priory, who took a great affection for the child, even before she lost her own daughter. I have said that good masters were here found for her. She learned to speak English, as a native, of course, and French and music from the fathers who were always about the house. Whatever the child's expenses or wants were, M. de la Motte generously defrayed them. After his journeys he would bring her back toys, sweat-meats, nicknacks fit for a little duchess. She lorded it over great and small in the Priory, in the *Perruquery*, as we may call my mother's house—aye, and in the Rectory, too, where Dr. and Mrs. Barnard were her very humble servants, like all the rest of us.

And here I may as well tell you that I was made to become a member of the Church of England, because mother took huff at our French Protestants who would continue persecuting her for harboring the papists, and insisted that between the late poor Countess and the Chevalier there had been an unlawful intimacy. M. Borel, our pastor, preached at poor mother several times, she said. I did not understand his innuendoes, being a simple child, I fear not caring much for sermons in those days. For grandpapa's I know I did not; he used to give us half an hour at morning, and half an hour at evening. I could not help thinking of grandfather skipping out of the copper, and calling on us to spare his life on that day of the funeral; and his preaching went in at one ear and out at t'other. One day—*apropos* of some pomatum which a customer wanted to buy, and which I know mother made with lard and bergamot herself—I heard him tell such a fib to a customer that somehow I never could respect the man afterward. He actually said the pomatum had just come to him from France direct—from the Dauphin's own hair-dresser; and our neighbor I dare say would have bought it, but I said, "Oh, grandpapa, you must mean some other pomatum! I saw mother make this with her own hands." Grandfather actually began to cry when I said this. He said I was being his death. He asked that somebody should fetch him out and hang him that moment. Why is there no bear, says he, to eat that little monster's head off, and destroy that prodigy of crime? Nay, I used to think I *was* a monster sometimes; he would go on so fiercely about my wickedness and perverseness.

Doctor Barnard was passing by our pole one day, and our open door, when grandfather was preaching upon this sin of mine, with a strap in one hand, laying over my shoulders in the intervals of the discourse. Down goes the strap in a minute as the doctor's lean figure makes its appearance at the door; and grandfather begins to smirk and bow, and hope his reverence was well. My heart was full. I had had sermon in the morning, and sermon at night, and strapping every day that week; and Heaven help me, I loathed that old man, and loathe him still.

"How can I, sir," says I, bursting out into a passion of tears; "how can I honor my grandfather and mother, if grandfather tells such d—lies as he does?" And I stamped with my feet, trembling with wrath and indignation at the disgrace put upon me. I then burst out with my story, which there was no controverting; and I will say grandfather looked at me as if he would kill me; and I ended my tale, sobbing, at the doctor's knees.

"Listen, Mr. Duval," says Dr. Barnard, very sternly; "I know a great deal more than you think about you and your doings. My advice to you is to treat this child well, and to leave off some practices which will get you into trouble, as sure as your name is what it is. I know where your pigeons go to, and where they come from. And some day, when I have you in my justice-room, we shall see whether I will show you any more mercy than you have shown to this child. I know you to be—" and the doctor whispered something into grandfather's ear, and stalked away.

Can you guess by what name the doctor called my grandfather? If he called him hypocrite, *ma foi*, he was not far wrong. But the truth is, he called him smuggler, and that was a name which fitted hundreds of people along our coast, I promise you. At Hythe, at Folkestone, at Dover, Deal, Sandwich, there were scores and scores of these gentry. All the way to London they had depots, friends, and correspondents. Inland and along the Thames there were battles endless between them and the revenue people. Our friends "the mackerel," who came out at Monsieur de la Motte's summons, of course were of this calling. One day when he came home from one of his expeditions, I remember jumping forward to welcome him, for he was at one

time very kind to me, and as I ran into his arms he started back, and shrieked out an oath and a *sacred-blue* or two. He was wounded in the arm. There had been a regular battle at Deal between the dragoons and revenue officers on the one side, and the smugglers and their friends. Cavalry had charged cavalry, and Monsieur de la Motte (his smuggling name, he told me afterward, was Mr. Paul or Pole) had fought on the *mackerel* side.

So were my gentlemen at the Priory of the Mackerel party. Why, I could name you great names of merchants and bankers at Canterbury, Dover, Rochester, who were engaged in this traffic. My grandfather, you see, howled with the wolves; but then he used to wear a smug *lamb's-skin* over his wolf's hide. Ah, shall I thank Heaven like the Pharisee, that I am not as those men are! I hope there is no harm in being thankful that I have been brought out of temptation; that I was not made a rogue at a child's age; and that I did not come to the gallows as a man. Such a fate has befallen more than one of the precious friends of my youth, as I shall have to relate in due season.

That habit I had of speaking out everything that was on my mind brought me, as a child, into innumerable scrapes, but I do thankfully believe has preserved me from still greater. What could you do with a little chatter-box, who, when his grandfather offered to sell a pot of pomatum as your true Pommade de Cythere, must cry out, "No, grandpapa, mother made it with marrow and bergamot?" If anything happened which I was not to mention, I was sure to blunder out some account of it. Good Doctor Barnard, and my patron Captain Denis (who was a great friend of our rector), I suppose, used to joke about this propensity of mine, and would laugh for ten minutes together as I told my stories; and I think the doctor had a serious conversation with my mother on the matter; for she said, "He has reason. The boy shall not go any more. We will try and have one honest man in the family."

Go any more *where*? Now I will tell you (and I am much more ashamed of this than of the barber's pole, Monsieur mon fils, that I can promise you). When I was boarding at the grocer's at Rye, I and other boys were constantly down at the water, and we managed a boat pretty early. Rudge did not go out himself, being rheumatic and lazy, but his apprentice would be absent frequently all night; and on more than one occasion I went out as odd boy in the boat to put my hand to anything.

Those pigeons I spoke of anon came from Boulogne. When one arrived he brought a signal that our Boulogne correspondent was on his way, and we might be on the look-out. The French boat would make for a point agreed upon, and we lie off until she came. We took cargo from her: barrels without number, I remember. Once we saw her chased away by a revenue cutter. Once the same ship fired at us. I did not know what the balls were which splashed alongside of us; but I remember the apprentice of Rudge's (he used to make love to Miss R., and married her afterward) singing out "Lord, have mercy!" in an awful consternation; and the chevalier crying out, "Hold your tongue, miserable! You were never born to be drowned or shot!" He had some hesitation about taking me out on this expedition. He was engaged in running smuggled goods, that is the fact; and "smuggler" was the word which Doctor Barnard whispered in my grandfather's ear. If we were hard pressed at certain points which we knew, and could ascertain by cross-bearings which we took, we would sink our kegs till a more convenient time, and then return and drag for them, and bring them up with line and grapnel.

I certainly behaved much better when we were fired at than that oaf of a Bevil, who lay howling his "Lord, have mercy upon us!" at the bottom of the boat; but somehow

the chevalier discouraged my juvenile efforts in the smuggling line, from his fear of that unlucky tongue of mine, which would blab everything I knew. I may have been out *a-fishing* half a dozen times in all; but especially after we had been fired at La Motte was for leaving me at home. My mother was averse, too, to my becoming a seaman (a smuggler) by profession. Her aim was to make a gentleman of me, she said, and I am most unfeignedly thankful to her for keeping me out of mischief's way. Had I been permitted to herd along with the black sheep, Dr. Barnard would never have been so kind to me as he was; and, indeed, that good man showed me the greatest favor. When I came home from school he would often have me to the Rectory and hear me my lessons, and he was pleased to say I was a lively boy of good parts.

The doctor received rents for his college at Oxford, which has considerable property in these parts, and twice a year would go to London and pay the moneys over. In my boyish times these journeys to London were by no means without danger; and if you will take a *Gentleman's Magazine* from the shelf you will find a highway robbery or two in every month's chronicle. We boys at school were never tired of talking of highwaymen and their feats. As I often had to walk over to Rye from home of a night (so as to be in time for early morning school) I must needs buy a little brass-barreled pistol, with which I practiced in secret, and which I had to hide, lest mother, or Rudge, or the school-master, should take it away from me. Once, as I was talking with a school-fellow, and vamping about what we would do, were we attacked, I fired my pistol and shot away a piece of his coat. I might have hit his stomach, not his coat—Heaven be good to us!—and this accident made me more careful in the use of my artillery. And now I used to practice with small shot instead of bullets, and pop at sparrows whenever I could get a chance.

At Michaelmas, in the year 1776 (I promise you I remember the year), my dear and kind friend, Doctor Barnard, having to go to London with his rents, proposed to take me to London to see my other patron, Sir Peter Denis, between whom and the doctor there was a great friendship; and it is to those dear friends that I owe the great good fortune which has befallen me in life. Indeed, when I think of what I might have been, and of what I have escaped, my heart is full of thankfulness for the great mercies which have fallen to my share. Well, at this happy and eventful Michaelmas of 1776, Doctor Barnard says to me, "Denis, my child, if thy mother will grant leave, I have a mind to take thee to see thy godfather, Sir Peter Denis, in London. I am going up with my rents; my neighbor Weston will share the horses with me, and thou shalt see the Tower and Mrs. Salmons's wax-work before thou art a week older."

You may suppose that this proposition made Master Denis Duval jump for joy. Of course I had heard of London all my life, and talked with people who had been there; but that I should go myself to Admiral Sir Peter Denis's house, and see the play, St. Paul's, and Mrs. Salmons, here was a height of bliss I never had hoped to attain. I could not sleep for thinking of my pleasure. I had some money, and I promised to buy as many toys for Agnes as the chevalier used to bring her. My mother said I should go like a gentleman, and turned me out in a red waistcoat with plate buttons, a cock to my hat, and ruffles to my shirts. How I counted the hours of the night before our departure! I was up before the dawn, packing my little valise. I got my little brass barreled pocket pistol, and I loaded it with shot. I put it away into my breast pocket, and if we met with a highwayman I promised myself he should have my charge of lead in his face.

The doctor's post-chaise was at his stables not very far from us. The stable lanterns

were alight, and Brown, the doctor's man, cleaning the carriage, when Mr. Denis Duval comes up to the stable door, lugging his portmanteau after him through the twilight. Was ever daylight so long a-coming? Ah! There come the horses at last; the horses from the King's Head, and old Pascoe, the one-eyed postillion. How well I remember the sound of their hoofs in that silent street! I can tell everything that happened on that day; what we had for dinner—viz.: veal cutlets and French beans at Maidstone; where we changed horses, and the color of the horses. "Here, Brown! Here's my portmanteau! I say, where shall I stow it?" My portmanteau was about as large as a good-sized apple-pie. I jump into the carriage, and we drive up to the Rectory; and I think the doctor will never come out. There he is at last, with his mouth full of buttered toast, and I bob my head to him a hundred times out of the chaise window. Then I must jump out, forsooth. "Brown, shall I give you a hand with the luggage?" says I; and I dare say they all laugh. Well, I am so happy that any body may laugh who likes. The doctor comes out, his precious box under his arm. I see dear Mrs. Barnard's great cap nodding at us out of the parlor window as we drive away from the Rectory door to stop a hundred yards farther on at the Priory.

There at the parlor window stands my dear little Agnes, in a white frock, in a great cap with a blue ribbon and bow, and curls clustering over her face. I wish Sir Joshua Reynolds had painted thee in those days, my dear. But thou wert the very image of one of his little ladies, that one who became Duchess of Buccleugh afterward. There is my Agnes, and now presently comes out Mr. Weston's man and luggage, and it is fixed on the roof. Him his master, Mr. Joseph Weston, follows. This was the most good-natured of the two, and I shall never forget my sensation of delight when I saw him bring out two holster pistols, which he placed each in a pocket of the chaise. Is Tommy Chapman, the apothecary's son of Westgate, alive yet, and does he remember my wagging my head to him as our chaise whirled by? He was shaking a mat at the door of his father's shop as my ladyship, accompanied with my noble friends, passed by.

First stage, Ham Street. The Bear. A gray horse and a bay to change, I remember them. Second stage, Ashford. Third stage..... I think I am asleep about the third stage: and no wonder, a poor little wretch who had been awake half the night before, and no doubt many nights previous, thinking of this wonderful journey. Fourth stage, Maidstone, the Bell. "And here we will stop to dinner, Master Shrimpcatcher," says the doctor, and I jump down out of the carriage nothing loth. The doctor followed with his box, of which he never lost sight.

The doctor liked his ease in his inn, and took his sip of punch so comfortably, that I, for my part, thought he never would be gone. I was out in the stables and looking at the horses, and talking to the hostler who was rubbing his nag down. I dare say I had a peep into the kitchen, and at the pigeons in the inn-yard, and at all things which were to be seen at the Bell, while my two companions were still at their interminable punch. It was an old fashioned inn, with a gallery round the court-yard. Heaven bless us! Falstaff and Bardolph may have stopped there on the road to Gadshill. I was in the stable looking at the nags, when Mr. Weston comes out of the inn, looks round the court, opens the door of the post-chaise, takes out his pistols, looks at the priming, and puts them back again. Then we are off again, and time enough too. It seemed to me many hours since we had arrived at that creaking old Bell. And away we go through Addington, Eynesford, by miles and miles of hop-gardens. I dare say I did not look at the prospect much, beautiful though it might be, my young eyes being forever on the look-out for Saint Paul's and London.

For a great part of the way Doctor Barnard

and his companion had a fine controversy about their respective religions, for which each was alike zealous. Nay: it may be the rector invited Mr. Weston to take a place in his post-chaise in order to have this battle, for he never tired of arguing the question between the two churches. Toward the close of the day Master Denis Duval fell asleep on Dr. Barnard's shoulder, and the good-natured clergyman did not disturb him.

I woke up with the sudden stoppage of the carriage. The evening was falling. We were upon a lonely common, and a man on horseback was at the window of the post-chaise.

"Give us out that there box! and your money!" I heard him say in a gruff voice. Oh, Heavens! we were actually stopped by a highwayman! It was delightful.

Mr. Weston jumped at his pistols very quick. "Here's our money, you scoundrel!" says he, and he fired point-blank at the rogue's head. Confusion! The pistol missed fire. He aimed the second, and again no report followed!

"Some scoundrel has been tampering with these," says Mr. Weston, aghast.

"Come," says Captain Macheath, "come, your—"

But the next word the fellow spoke was a frightful oath; for I took up my little pistol which was full of shot, and fired it into his face. The man reeled, and I thought would have fallen out of his saddle. The postillion, frightened, no doubt, clapped spurs to his horse, and began to gallop. "Sha'n't we stop and take that rascal, Sir," said I to the doctor. On which Mr. Weston gave a peevish kind of push at me, and said, "No, no. It is getting quite dark. Let us push on." And, indeed, the highwayman's horse had taken fright, and we could see him galloping away across the common.

I was so elated to think that I, a little boy, should have shot a live highwayman, that, I daresay, I bragged outrageously of my action. We set down Mr. Weston at his inn in the Borough, and crossed London Bridge, and there I was in London at last. Yes, and that was the Monument, and then we came to the Exchange, and yonder, yonder was St. Paul's. We went up Holborn, and so to Ormond Street, where my patron lived in a noble mansion; and where his wife, my Lady Dennis, received me with a great deal of kindness. You may be sure the battle with the highwayman was fought over again, and I got due credit from myself and others for my gallantry.

Sir Peter and his lady introduced me to a number of their acquaintances as the little boy who shot the highwayman. They received a great deal of company, and I was frequently had in to their dessert. I suppose I must own that my home was below in the housekeeper's room with Mrs. Jellicoe; but my lady took such a fancy to me that she continually had me up stairs, took me out driving in her chariot, or ordered one of the footmen to take me to the sights of the town, and sent me in his charge to the play. It was the last year Garrick performed; and I saw him in the play of Macbeth, in a gold-laced blue coat, with scarlet plush waist-coat and breeches. Ormond street, Bloomsbury, was on the outskirts of the town then, with open country behind, stretching as far as Hampstead. Bedford House, north of Bloomsbury Square, with splendid gardens, was close by, and Montague House, where I saw stuffed camel-leopards, and all sorts of queer things from foreign countries. Then there were the Tower, and the Wax-work, and Westminster Abbey, and Vauxhall. What a glorious week of pleasure it was! At the week's end the kind doctor went home again, and all those dear kind people gave me presents, and cakes, and money, and spoiled the little boy who shot the highwayman.

The affair was actually put into the newspapers, and who should come to hear of it but my gracious sovereign himself. One day Sir Peter Denis took me to see Kew Gardens and the new Chinese pagoda her Majesty had put

up. While walking here, and surveying this pretty place, I had the good fortune to see his M-j-sty, walking with our most gracious Qu-n, the Pr-nce of W-s, the Bishop of Osnaburg, my namesake, and, I think, two, or it may be three, of the Princesses. Her M-j-sty knew Sir Peter from having sailed with him, saluted him very graciously, and engaged him in conversation. And the Best of Monarchs, looking toward his humblest subject and servant, said, "What, what? Little boy shot the highwayman. Shot him in the face. Shot him in the face!" On which the youthful Pr-nces graciously looked toward me, and the King asking Sir Peter what my profession was to be, the admiral said I hoped to be a sailor and serve his Majesty.

I promise you I was a mighty grand personage when I went home; and both at Rye and Winchelsea scores of people asked me what the King said. On our return we heard of an accident which had happened to Mr. Sam Weston, which ended most unhappily for that gentleman. On the very day when we set out for London he went out shooting—a sport of which he was very fond: but in climbing a hedge, and dragging his gun incautiously after him, the lock caught in a twig, and the piece discharged itself into the poor gentleman's face, lodging a number of shot into his left cheek, and into his eye, of which he lost the sight, after suffering much pain and torture.

"Bless my soul! A charge of small shot in his face! What an extraordinary thing!" cries Dr. Barnard, who came down to see mother and grandfather the day after our return home. Mrs. Barnard had told him of the accident at supper on the night previous. He had been shot or shot himself, the doctor could scarce have looked more scared. He put me in the mind of Mr. Garrick, whom I had just seen at the playhouse, London, when he comes out after murdering the king.

"You look, docteur, as if you done it yourself," says M. de la Motte, laughing, and in his English jargon. "Two time, three time, I say, Weston, you shoot yourself, you carry you gun that way, and he say he not born to be shot, and he swear!"

"But my good chevalier, Doctor Blades picked some bits of crape out of his eye, and thirteen or fourteen shot. What is the size of your shot, Denny, with which you fired at the highwayman?"

"*Quid autem vides festucam in oculo fratris tui, doctor?*" says the chevalier; "that is good doctrine—Protestant or Popish, eh?" On which the doctor held down his head, and said, "Chevalier, I am corrected; I was wrong—very wrong."

"And as for crape," Lamotte resumed, "Weston is in mourning. He go to funeral at Canterbury four days ago. Yes, he tell me so. He and my friend Lutterloh go." This Mr. Lutterloh was a German living near Canterbury, with whom M. de la Motte had dealings. He had dealings with all sorts of people; and very queer dealings, too; as I began to understand, now that I was a stout boy approaching fourteen years of age, and standing pretty tall in my shoes.

De la Motte laughed then at the doctor's suspicions. "Parsons and women all the same, save your respect, ma bonne Madame Duval, all tell tales; all believe evil of their neighbors, I tell you I see Weston shoot twenty, thirty time. Always drag his gun through hedge."

"But the crape—?"

"Bah! Always in mourning, Weston is! For shame of your *cancans*, little Denis! Never think such thing again. Don't make Weston your enemy. If a man say that of me, I would shoot him myself, parbleu!"

"But if he has done it?"

"Parbleu! I would shoot him so much *ze mor!*" says the chevalier, with a stamp of his foot. And the first time he saw me alone he reverted to the subject. "Listen, Denisol!" says he; "thou becomest a great boy. Take my counsel, and hold thy tongue. This sus-

picion against Mr. Joseph is a monstrous crime, as well as a folly. A man say that of me—right or wrong—I burn him the brain. Once, I come home, and you run against me, and I cry out, and swear and pest. I was wounded myself, I deny it not."

"And I said nothing, Sir," I interposed.

"No, I do thee justice; thou didst say nothing. You know the metier we make sometimes? That night in the boat" ("zat night in ze boat," he used to say), "when the revenue cutter fire, and your poor grandpapa howl—ah, how he howl! You don't suppose we were there to look for lobster-pot, eh? Tu n'as pas bronche, toi. You did not crane; you show yourself a man of heart. And now, petit, apprends a te taire!" And he gave me a shake of the hand, and a couple of guineas in it too, and went off to his stables on his business. He had two or three horses now, and was always on the trot; he was very liberal with his money, and used to have handsome entertainments in his up-stairs room, and never quarreled about the bills, which mother sent in. "Hold thy tongue, Denisol," said he. "Never tell who comes in or who goes out. And mind thee, child, if thy tongue wags, little birds come whisper me, and say, 'He tell.'"

I tried to obey his advice, and to rein in that truant tongue of mine. When Dr. and Mrs. Barnard themselves asked me the question I was mum, and perhaps rather disappointed the good old lady and the rector too by my reticence. For instance, Mrs. Barnard would say, "That was a nice goose I saw going from market to your house, Denny."

"Goose is very nice, ma'am," says I.

"The chevalier often has dinners?"

"Dines every day regular, ma'am."

"Sees the Westons a great deal?"

"Yes, ma'am," I say, with an indescribable heart-pang. And the cause of that pang I may as well tell. You see, though I was only thirteen years old, and Agnes but eight, I loved that little maid with all my soul and strength. Boy or man, I never loved any other woman. I write these very words by my study fire in Fareport with madam opposite dozing over her novel till the neighbors shall come to tea and their rubber. When my ink is run out, and my little tale is written, and yonder church that is ringing to seven o'clock prayer shall toll for a certain D. D., you will please, good neighbors, to remember that I never loved any but yonder lady, and keep a place by Darby for Joan when her turn shall arrive.

Now in the last year or two, since she had been adopted at the Priory, Agnes came less and less often to see us. She did not go to church with us, being a Catholic. She learned from the good fathers her tutors. She learned music and French and dancing to perfection. All the country could not show a finer little lady. When she came to our shop it was indeed a little countess honoring us with a visit. Mother was gentle before her—grandfather obsequious—I, of course, her most humble little servant. Wednesday (a half-holiday), and half Saturday, and all Sunday I might come home from school; and how I used to trudge, and how I longed to see that little maiden, any gentleman may imagine who has lost his heart to an Agnes of his own.

The first day of my arrival at home, after the memorable London journey, I presented myself at the Priory, with my pocket full of presents for Agnes. The footman let me into the hall civilly enough; but the young lady was out with Mrs. Weston in a post-chaise. I might leave my message.

I wanted to give my message. Somehow, in that fortnight's absence from home, I had so got to long after Agnes that I never had my little sweet-heart quite out of my mind. It may have been a silly thing, but I got a little pocket-book, and wrote in French a journal of all I saw in London. I daresay there were some pretty faults in grammar. I remember a fine paragraph about my meeting the royal personage at Dew, and all their names written

down in order; and this little pocket-book I must needs send to Mademoiselle de Saverne.

The next day I called again. Still Mademoiselle de Saverne was not to be seen; but in the evening a servant brought a little note from her, in which she thanked her dear brother for his beautiful book. That was some consolation. She liked the pocket-book anyhow. I wonder, can you young people guess what I did to it before I sent it away? Yes, I did. "One, tree, feefy time," as the chevalier would say. The next morning quite early, I had to go back to school, having promised the doctor to work hard after my holiday; and work I did with a will, at my French and my English and my Navigation. I thought Saturday would never come; but it did at last, and I trotted as quick as legs would carry me from school to Winchelsea. My legs were growing apace now; and especially as they took me homeward few could outrun me.

All good women are match-makers at heart. My dear Mrs. Barnard saw quite soon what my condition of mind was, and was touched by my boyish fervor. I called once, twice, thrice, at the Priory, and never could get a sight of Miss Agnes. The servant used to shrug his shoulder and laugh at me in an insolent way, and the last time—"You need not call any more. We don't want our hair cut here, nor no pomatum, nor no soap, do you understand that?" and he slammed the door in my face. I was stunned by this insolence, and beside myself with rage and mortification. I went to Mrs. Barnard and told her what had happened to me. I burst into tears of passion and grief as I flung myself on a sofa by the good lady. I told her how I had rescued little Agnes, how I loved the little thing better than all the world. I spoke my heart out, and eased it somewhat, for the good lady wiped her eyes more than once, and finished by giving me a kiss. She did more; she invited me to tea with her on the next Wednesday, when I came home from school, and who should be there but little Agnes. She blushed very much. Then she came toward me. Then she held up her little cheek to be kissed, and then she cried—oh, how she did cry!

There were three people whimpering in that room. (How well I recollect it opening into the garden, and the little old blue dragon tea-cups and silver pot!) There were three persons, I say, crying; a lady of fifty, a boy of thirteen, and a little girl of seven years of age. Can you guess what happened next? Of course the lady of fifty remembered that she had forgotten her spectacles, and went up stairs to fetch them; and then the little maiden began to open her heart to me, and told her dear Denny how she had been longing to see him, and how they were very angry with him at the Priory; so angry that his name was never to be spoken. "The chevalier said that, and so did the gentlemen—especially Mr. Joseph, who had been dreadful since his accident, and one day (says my dear) when you called, he was behind the door with a great horsewhip, and said he would let you in, and flog your soul out of your body, only Mrs. Weston cried, and Mr. James said, 'Don't be a fool, Joe.' But something you have done to Mr. Joseph, dear Denny, and when your name is mentioned, he rages and swears so that it is dreadful to hear him. What can make the gentlemen so angry with you?"

"So he actually was waiting with a horsewhip, was he? In that case I know what I would do. I would never go about without my pistol. I have hit one fellow," said I, "and if any other man threatens me I will defend myself."

My dear Agnes said that they were very kind to her at the Priory, although she could not bear Mr. Joseph—that they gave her good masters, that she was to go to a good school kept by a Catholic lady at Arundel. And oh, how she wished her Denny would turn Catholic, and she prayed for him always, always! And for that matter I know some one who never night or morning on his knees has for-

gotten that little maiden. The father used to come and give her lessons three or four times in the week, and she used to learn her lessons by heart, walking up and down in the great green walk in the kitchen garden every morning at eleven o'clock. I knew the kitchen garden! the wall was in North Lane, one of the old walls of the convent; at the end of the green walk there was a pear tree. And that was where she always went to learn her lessons.

And here, I suppose, Mrs. Barnard returned to the room, having found her spectacles. And as I take mine off my nose and shut my eyes, that well-remembered scene of boyhood passes before them—the garden basking in the autumn evening—that little maiden with peachy cheeks and glistening curls, that dear and kind old lady, who says, "'Tis time now, children, you should go home."

I had to go to school that night; but before I went I ran up to North Lane and saw the old wall and the pear-tree behind it. And do you know I thought I would try and get up the wall, and easy enough it was to find a footing between those crumbling old stones; and when on the top I could look down from the branches of the tree into the garden below and see the house at the farther end. So that was the broad walk where Agnes learned her lessons? Master Denis Duval pretty soon had that lesson by heart.

Yes; but one day in the Christmas holidays, when there was a bitter frost, and the stones and the wall were so slippery that Mr. D. D. tore his fingers and his small-clothes in climbing to his point of observation, it happened that little Agnes was not sitting under the tree learning her lessons, and none but an idiot would have supposed that she would have come out on such a day.

But who should be in the garden, pacing up and down the walk all white with hoar-frost, but Joseph Weston with his patch over his eye. Unluckily he had one eye left with which he saw me; and the next moment I heard the report of a tremendous oath, and then a brickbat came whizzing at my head, so close that, had it struck me, it would have knocked out my eye and my brains too.

I was down the wall in a moment; it was slippery enough; and two or three more brickbats came a *nom adresse*, but luckily failed to hit their mark.

CHAPTER VI.

I ESCAPE FROM A GREAT DANGER.

I SPOKE of the affair of the brickbats, at home, to Monsieur de la Motte only, not caring to tell mother lest she should be inclined to resume her box-on-the-ear practice, for which I thought I was growing too old. Indeed, I had become a great boy. There were not half a dozen out of the sixty at Pocock's who could beat me when I was thirteen years old, and from these champions, were they ever so big, I never would submit to a thrashing, without a fight on my part, in which, though I might get the worst, I was pretty sure to leave some ugly marks on my adversary's nose and eyes. I remember one lad especially, Tom Parrot, by name, who was three years older than myself, and whom I could no more beat than a frigate can beat a seventy-four; but we engaged nevertheless, and after we had had some rounds together, Tom put one hand in his pocket, and, with a queer face and a great black eye I had given him, says—"Well, Denny, I could do it—you know I could; but I'm so lazy I don't care about going on." And one of the bottle-holders beginning to jeer, Tom fetches him such a rap on the ear that I promise you he showed no inclination for laughing afterward. By-the-way, that knowledge of the noble art of fisticuffs which I learned at school, I had to practice at sea presently in the cockpit of more than one of his Majesty's ships of war.

In respect of the slapping and caning at home I think M. de la Motte remonstrated with my mother, and represented to her that I was now too old for that kind of treatment. Indeed, when I was fourteen, I was as tall as grandfather, and in a tussle I am sure I could have tripped his old heels up easily enough, and got the better of him in five minutes. Do I speak of him with undue familiarity? I pretend no love for him; I never could have any respect. Some of his practices which I knew of made me turn from him, and his loud professions only increased my distrust. *Monsieur mon fils*, if ever you marry, and have a son, I hope the little chap will have an honest man for a grandfather, and that you will be able to say, "I loved him," when the daisies cover me.

La Motte, then, caused "the abolition of torture" in our house, and I was grateful to him. I had the queerest feeling toward that man. He was a perfect fine gentleman when he so wished; of his money most liberal, witty (in a dry, *crue* sort of way)—most tenderly attached to Agnes. *Eh bien!* As I looked at his yellow, handsome face, cold shudders would come over me, though at this time I did not know that Agnes' father had fallen by his fatal hand.

When I informed him of Mr. Joe Weston's salute of brickbats he looked very grave. And I told him then, too, a thing which had struck me most forcibly—viz., that the shout which Weston gave, and the oath which he uttered when he saw me on the wall, were precisely like the oath and execration uttered by *the man with the craped face*, at whom I fired from the post-chaise.

"*Bah, betise!*" says La Motte. "What didst thou on the wall? One does not steal pears at thy age."

I dare say I turned red. "I heard somebody's voice," I said. "In fact, I heard Agnes singing in the garden, and—and I got on the wall to see her."

"What, you—you, a little barber's boy, climb a wall to speak to Mademoiselle Agnes de Saverne, of one of the most noble houses of Lorraine?" La Motte yelled, with a savage laugh. "*Parbleu!* Monsieur Weston has well done!"

"Sir!" said I in a towering rage. "Barber as I am, my fathers were honorable Protestant clergymen in Alsace, and we are as good as highwaymen, at any rate! Barber, indeed!" I say again. "And now I am ready to swear that the man who swore at me, and the man I shot on the road, are one and the same; and I'll go to Dr. Barnard's, and swear it before him!"

The chevalier looked aghast and threatening for a while, "*Tu me menaces, je crois, petit manant!*" says he, grinding his teeth. "This is too strong. Listen, Denis Duval! Hold thy tongue, or evil will come to thee. Thou wilt make for thyself enemies the most unscrupulous and the most terrible—do you hear? I have placed Mademoiselle Agnes de Saverne with that admirable woman, Mistress Weston, because she can meet at the Priory with society more fitting her noble birth than that which she will find under her grandfather's pole—*parbleu*. Ah, you dare mount on wall to look for Mademoiselle de Saverne? *Car aux manstraps, mon garçon!* *Vive Dieu*. If I see thee on that wall I will fire on thee, *moi le premier!* You pretend to Mademoiselle Agnes. Ha! ha! ha!" And he grinned and looked like that cloven-footed gentlemen of whom Dr. Barnard talked.

I felt that henceforward there was war between La Motte and me. At this time I had suddenly shot up to be a young man, and was not the obedient, prattling child of last year. I told grandfather that I would bear no more punishment, such as the old man had been accustomed to bestow upon me; and once, when my mother lifted her hand, I struck it up, and gripepd it so tight that I frightened her. From that very day she never raised a hand to me. Nay, I think she was not ill pleased, and soon actually began to spoil me. Nothing was too good for me. I know where the silk came

from which made my fine new waistcoat, and the cambric for my ruffled shirts, but very much doubt whether they ever paid any duty. As I walked to church, I dare say I cocked my hat and strutted very consequentially. When Tom Billis, the baker's boy, jeered at my fine clothes, "Tom," says I, "I will take my coat and waistcoat off for half an hour on Monday, and give thee a beating if thou hast a mind; but to-day let us be at peace and go to church."

On the matter of church I am not going to make any boast. That awful subject lies between a man and his conscience. I have known men of lax faith pure and just in their lives, as I have met very loud-professing Christians loose in their morality, and hard and unjust in their dealings. There was a little old man at home—Heaven help him!—who was of this sort, and who, when I came to know his life, would put me into such a rage of revolt while preaching his daily and nightly sermons, that it was a wonder I was not enlisted among the scoffers and evil-doers altogether. I have known many a young man fall away, and become utterly reprobate, because the bond of discipline was tied too tightly upon him, and because he has found the preacher who was perpetually prating over him lax in his own conduct. I am thankful, then, that I had a better instructor than my old grandfather with his strap and his cane; and was brought (I hope and trust) to a right state of thinking by a man whose brain was wise, as his life was excellently benevolent and pure. This was my good friend Dr. Barnard, and to this day I remember conversations I had with him, and am quite sure they influenced my future life. Had I been altogether reckless and as lawless as many people of our acquaintance and neighborhood, he would have ceased to feel any interest in me; and instead of wearing his Majesty's epaulets (which I trust I have not disgraced), I might have been swabbing a smuggler's boat, or riding in a night caravan, with kegs beside me and pistols and cutlasses to defend me, as that unlucky La Motte owned for his part that he had done. My good mother, though she gave up the practice of smuggling, never could see the harm in it; but looked on it as a game where you played your stake, and lost or won it. She ceased to play, not because it was wrong, but it was expedient no more; and Mr. Denis, her son, was the cause of her giving up this old trade.

For me, I thankfully own that I was taught to see the matter in a graver light, not only by our doctors' sermons (two or three of which, on the text of "Render unto Cæsar," he preached to the rage of a great number of his congregation), but by many talks which he had with me; when he showed me that I was in the wrong to break the laws of my country to which I owed obedience, as did every good citizen. He knew (though he never told me, and his reticence in this matter was surely very kind) that my poor father had died of wounds received in a smuggling encounter; but he showed me how such a life must be loose, lawless, secret, and wicked; must bring a man among desperate companions, and compel him to resist Cæsar's lawful authority by rebellion, and possibly murder. "To thy mother I have used other arguments, Denny my boy," he said, very kindly. "I and the Admiral want to make a gentleman of thee. Thy old grandfather is rich enough to help us if he chooses. I won't stop to inquire too strictly where all his money came from;* but 'tis clear we can not make a gentleman of a smuggler's boy, who may be transported any day, or, in case of armed resistance, may be—" And here my good doctor puts his hand to his ear, and indicates the punishment for piracy which was very common in my young time. "My Denny does not want to ride with a crape over his face, and fire pistols at revenue officers! No! I pray you will ever show an honest countenance to the world. You will ren-

der unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and—the rest, my child, you know."

Now, I remarked about this man, that when he approached a certain subject an involuntary awe came over him, and he hushed as it were at the very idea of that sacred theme. It was very different with poor grandfather prating his sermons (and with some other pastors I have heard), who used his name as familiarly as any other, and.....but who am I to judge? and, my poor old grandfather, is there any need at this distance of time that I should be picking out the *trabem in oculo tuo?*.....Howbeit, on that night, as I was walking home after drinking tea with my dear doctor, I made a vow that I would strive henceforth to lead an honest life; that my tongue should speak the truth; and my hand should be sullied by no secret crime. And as I spoke I saw my dearest little maiden's light glimmering in her chamber, and the stars shining overhead, and felt—who could feel more bold and happy than I?

That walk schoolward by West Street certainly was a *detour*. I might have gone a straighter road, but then I should not have seen a certain window: a little twinkling window in a gable of the Priory House, where the light used to be popped out at nine o'clock. T'other day, when we took over the King of France to Calais (his Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence being in command), I must needs hire a post-chaise from Dover, to look at that old window in the Priory House at Winchelsea. I went through the old tears, despairs, tragedies. I sighed as sentimentally, after forty years, as though the *infandi dolores* were fresh upon me, as though I were the school-boy trudging back to his task, and taking a last look at his dearest joy. I used as a boy to try and pass that window at nine, and I know a prayer was said for the inhabitant of yonder chamber. She knew my holidays, and my hours of going to school and returning thence. If my little maid hung certain signals in that window (such as a flower, for example, to indicate all was well, a cross-curtain, and so forth), I hope she practiced no very unjustifiable stratagems. We agreed to consider that she was a prisoner in the hands of the enemy; and we had few means of communication save these simple artifices, which are allowed to be fair in love or war. Monsieur de la Motte continued to live at our house, when his frequent affairs did not call him away thence; but, as I said, few words passed between us after that angry altercation already described, and he and I were never friends again.

He warned me that I had another enemy, and facts strangely confirmed the chevalier's warning. One Sunday night, as I was going to school, a repetition of the brickbat assault was made upon me, and this time the smart cocked hat which mother had given me came in for such a battering as effectually spoiled its modish shape. I told Dr. Barnard of this second attempt, and the good doctor was not a little puzzled. He began to think that he was not very wrong in espying a beam in Joseph Weston's eye. We agreed to keep the matter quiet, however, and a fortnight after, on another Sunday evening, as I was going on my accustomed route to school, whom should I meet but the doctor and Mr. Weston walking together! A little way beyond the town gate there is a low wall round a field; and Dr. Barnard, going by this field a quarter of an hour before my usual time for passing, found Mr. Joseph Weston walking there behind the stone inclosure!

"Good-night, Denny," says the doctor, when he and his companion met me; but surly Mr. Weston said nothing. "Have you had any more brickbats at your head, my boy?" the rector continued.

I said I was not afraid. I had got a good pistol, and a bullet in it this time.

"He shot that scoundrel on the same day you were shot, Mr. Weston," says the doctor.

"Did he?" growls the other.

"And your gun was loaded with the same-

* About where a part of it went to I shall have to say presently.—D. D.

sized shot which Denis used to pepper his rascal," continues the doctor. "I wonder if any of the crape went into the rascal's wound?"

"Sir," said Mr. Weston, with an oath, "what do you mean for to hint?"

"The very oath the fellow used whom Denny hit when your brother and I traveled together. I am sorry to hear you use the language of such scoundrels, Mr. Weston."

"If you dare to suspect me of anything unbecoming a gentleman, I'll have the law of you, Mr. Parson, that I will!" roars the other.

"*Denis, mon garçon, tire ton pistolet de suite, et vise moi bien cet homme là,*" says the doctor; and gripping hold of Weston's arm, what does Dr. Barnard do but plunge his hand into Weston's pocket, and draw thence another pistol! He said afterward he saw the brass butt sticking out of Weston's coat, as the two were walking together.

"What!" shrieks Mr. Weston; "is that young miscreant to go about armed, and tell every body he will murder me; and ain't I for to defend myself? I walk in fear of my life for him!"

"You seem to me to be in the habit of traveling with pistols, Mr. Weston, and you know when people pass sometimes with money in their post-chaises."

"You scoundrel, you—you boy! I call you to witness the words this man have spoken. He have insulted me, and libeled me, and I'll have the law on him as sure as I am born!" shouts the angry man.

"Very good, Mr. Joseph Weston," replied the other, fiercely. "And I will ask Mr. Blades, the surgeon, to bring the shot which he took from your eye, and the scraps of crape adhering to your face, and we will go to law as soon as you like!"

Again I thought with a dreadful pang how Agnes was staying in that man's house, and how this quarrel would more than ever divide her from me; for now she would not be allowed to visit the rectory—the dear neutral ground where I sometimes hoped to see her.

Weston never went to law with the doctor, as he threatened. Some awkward questions would have been raised, which he would have found a difficulty in answering; and though he averred that his accident took place on the day before our encounter with the *beau masque* on Dartford Common, a little witness on our side was ready to aver that Mr. Joe Weston left his house at the Priory before sunrise on the day when we took our journey to London, and that he returned the next morning with his eye bound up, when he sent for Mr. Blades the surgeon of our town. Being awake, and looking from her window, my witness saw Weston mount his horse by the stable-lantern below, and heard him swear at the groom as he rode out at the gate. Curses used to drop naturally out of this nice gentleman's lips; and it is certain in his case that bad words and bad actions went together.

The Westons were frequently absent from home, as was the chevalier our lodger. My dear little Agnes was allowed to come and see us at these times; or slipped out by the garden-door, and ran to see her nurse Duval, as she always called my mother. I did not understand for a while that there was any prohibition on the Westons' part to Agnes visiting us, or knew that there was such mighty wrath harbored against me in that house.

I was glad, for the sake of a peaceable life at home, as for honesty's sake too, that my mother did not oppose my determination to take no share in that smuggling business in which our house still engaged. Any one who opposed mother in her own house had, I promise you, no easy time; but she saw that if she wished to make a gentleman of her boy, he must be no smuggler's apprentice; and when M. le Chevalier, being appealed to, shrugged his shoulders and said he washed his hands of me—"Eh bien, M. de la Motte!" says she, "we shall see if we can't pass ourselves off as you and our patronage. I imagine that people are not always the better of it."

"No," replied he, with a groan, and one of his gloomy looks, "my friendship may do people harm, but my enmity is worse—*entendez vous?*"

"Bah, bah!" says the stout old lady. "Denisot has a good courage of his own. What do you say to me about enmity to a harmless boy, M. le Chevalier?"

I have told how, on the night of the funeral of Madame de Saverne, Monsieur de la Motte sent me out to assemble his Mackerel men. Among these was the father of one of my own town-play-fellows, by name Hookham, a sea-faring man, who had met with an accident at his business—strained his back—and was incapable of work for a time. Hookham was an improvident man; the rent got into arrears. My grandfather was his landlord, and, I fear me, not the most humane creditor in the world. Now, when I returned home after my famous visit to London, my patron, Sir Peter Denis, gave me two guineas, and my lady made me a present of another. No doubt I should have spent this money had I received it sooner in London; but in our little town of Winchelsea there was nothing to tempt me in the shops, except a fowling-piece at the pawnbroker's, for which I had a great longing. But Mr. Triboulet wanted four guineas for the gun, and I had but three, and would not go into debt. He would have given me the piece on credit, and frequently tempted me with it, but I resisted manfully, though I could not help hankering about the shop, and going again and again to look at the beautiful gun. The stock fitted my shoulder to a nicety. It was of the most beautiful workmanship. "Why not take it now, Master Duval?" Monsieur Triboulet said to me; "and pay me the remaining guinea when you please. Ever so many gentlemen have been to look at it; and I should be sorry now, indeed I should, to see such a beauty go out of the town." As I was talking to Triboulet (it may have been for the tenth time), some one came in with a telescope to pawn, and went away with fifteen shillings. "Don't you know who that is?" says Triboulet (who was a chatter-box of a man). "That is John Hookham's wife. It is but hard times with them since John's accident. I have more of their goods here, and, *entre nous*, John has a hard landlord, and quarter-day is just at hand." I knew well enough that John's landlord was hard, as he was my own grandfather. "If I take my three pieces to Hookham," thought I, "he may find the rest of the rent;" and so he did; and my three guineas went into my grandfather's pocket out of mine; and I suppose some one else bought the fowling-piece for which I had so longed.

"What, it is you who have given me this money, Master Denis?" says poor Hookham, who was sitting in his chair, groaning and haggard with his illness. "I can't take it—I ought not to take it."

"Nay," said I; "I should only have brought a toy with it, and if it comes to help you in distress I can do without my plaything."

There was quite a chorus of benedictions from the poor family in consequence of this act of good nature; and I dare say I went away from Hookham's mightily pleased with myself and my own virtue.

It appears I had not been gone long when Mr. Joe Weston came in to see the man, and when he heard that I had relieved him, broke out into a flood of abuse against me, cursed me for a scoundrel and impertinent jackanapes, who was always giving myself the airs of a gentleman, and flew out of the house in a passion. Mother heard of the transaction, too, and pinched my ear with a grim satisfaction. Grandfather said nothing, but pocketed my three guineas when Mrs. Hookham brought them; and, though I did not brag about the matter much, every thing is known in a small town, and I got a great deal of credit for a very ordinary good action.

And now, strangely enough, Hookham's boy confirmed to me what the Slindon priests had hinted to good Dr. Barnard. "Swear," says Tom (with that wonderful energy we used to

have as boys)—"swear, Denis, 'So help you, strike you down dead!' you never will tell!"

"So help me, strike me down dead!" said I.

"Well, then, those—you know who—the gentlemen—want to do you some mischief."

"What mischief can they do to an honest boy?" I asked.

"Oh, you don't know what they are!" says Tom. "If they mean a man harm, harm will happen to him. Father says no man ever comes to good who stands in Mr. Joe's way. Where's John Wheeler, of Rye, who had a quarrel with Mr. Joe? He's in jail. Mr. Barnes, of Playden, had words with him at Hastings market: and Mr. Barnes's ricks were burned down before six months were over. How was Thomas Berry taken, after deserting from the man-of-war? He is an awful man, Mr. Joe Weston is. Don't get into his way. Father says so. But you are not to tell—no, never, that he spoke about it. Don't go alone to Rye of nights, father says. Don't go on any—and you know what not—any *fishing* business, except with those you know." And so Tom leaves me with a finger to his lips and terror in his face.

As for the *fishing*, though I loved a sail dearly, my mind was made up by good Dr. Barnard's advice to me. I would have no more night-fishing such as I had seen sometimes as a boy; and when Rudge's apprentice one night invited me, and called me a coward for refusing to go, I showed him I was no coward as far as fisticuffs went, and stood out a battle with him, in which I do believe I should have proved conqueror, though the fellow was four years my senior, had not his ally, Miss Sukey Rudge, joined him in the midst of the fight, and knocked me down with the kitchen bellows, when they both belabored me, as I lay kicking on the ground. Mr. Elder Rudge came in at the close of this dreadful combat, and his abandoned hussy of a daughter had the impudence to declare that the quarrel arose because I was rude to her—I, an innocent boy, who would soon have made love to a negress as to that hideous, pock-marked, squinting, crooked, tipsy Sukey Rudge. I fall in love with Miss Squintum, indeed! I knew a pair of eyes at home so bright, innocent, and pure, that I should have been ashamed to look in them had I been guilty of such a rascally treason. My little maid of Winchelsea heard of this battle, as she was daily hearing slanders against me from those *worthy* Mr. Westons; but she broke into a rage at the accusation, and said to the assembled gentlemen (as she told my good mother in after-days), "Denis Duval is not wicked. He is brave and he is good. And it is not true, the story you tell against him. It is a lie!"

And now, once more it happened that my little pistol helped to confound my enemies, and was to me, indeed, a *gude Wehr und Waffjen*. I was forever popping at marks with this little piece of artillery. I polished, oiled, and covered it with the utmost care, and kept it in my little room in a box, of which I had the key. One day, by a most fortunate chance, I took my school-fellow, Tom Parrot, who became a great crony of mine, into the room. We went up stairs, by the private door of Rudge's house, and not through the shop, where Mademoiselle Figs and Monsieur the apprentice were serving their customers, and arrived in my room, we boys opened my box, examined the precious pistol, screw, barrel, flints, powder-horn, etc., locked the box and went away to school, promising ourselves a good afternoon's sport on that half-holiday. Lessons over, I returned home to dinner. To find black looks from the inmates of the house where I lived, from the grocer, his daughter, his apprentice, and even the little errand-boy who blacked the boots and swept the shop stared at me impertinently, and said, "Oh, Denis, ain't you going to catch it?"

"What is the matter?" I asked, very haughtily.

"Oh, my lord! We'll soon show your lordship what is the matter? (This was a silly

nickname I had in the town and at school, where, I believe, I gave myself not a few airs since I had worn my fine new clothes, and paid my visit to London.) "This accounts for his laced waistcoat, and his guineas which he dings about. Does your lordship know these here shillings and this half-crown? Look at them, Mr. Beales! See the marks on them which I scratched with my own hand before I put them into the till from which my lord took 'em."

"Shillings—till? What did they mean? 'How dare you ask, you little hypocrite!' screams out Miss Rudge. 'I marked them shillings and that half-crown with my own needle, I did; and of that I can take my Bible oath.'

"Well, and what then?" I asked, remembering how this young woman had not scrupled to bear false witness in another charge against me.

"What then? They were in the till this morning, young fellow; and you know well enough where they were found afterward," says Mr. Beales. "Come, come. This is a bad job. This is a sessions job, my lad."

"But where were they found?" again I asked.

"We'll tell you that before Squire Boroughs and the magistrates, you young vagabond!"

"You little viper, that have turned and stung me!"

"You precious young scoundrel!"

"You wicked, little, story telling, good-for-nothing little thief!" cry Rudge, the apprentice, and Miss Rudge in a breath. And I stood bewildered by their outcry, and, indeed, not quite comprehending the charge which they made against me.

"The magistrates are sitting at Town Hall now. We will take the little villain there at once," says the grocer. "You bring the box along with you, constable. Lord! Lord! what will his poor grandfather say?" And, wondering still at the charge made against me, I was made to walk through the streets to the Town Hall, passing on the way by at least a score of our boys, who were enjoying their half holiday. It was market-day, too, and the town full. It is forty years ago, but I dream about that dreadful day still; and, an old gentleman of sixty, fancy myself walking through Rye market, with Mr. Beale's fist clutching my collar!

A number of our boys joined this dismal procession, and accompanied me into the magistrates' room. "Denis Duval up for stealing money!" cries one. "This accounts for his fine clothes," sneers another. "He'll be hung," says a third. The market people stare, and crowd round, and jeer. I feel as if in a horrible nightmare. We pass under the pillars of the Market House, up the steps, to the Town Hall, where the magistrates were, who chose market-day for their sittings.

How my heart throbbed, as I saw my dear Dr. Barnard seated among them!

"Oh, doctor," cries poor Denis, clasping his hands, "you don't believe me guilty?"

"Guilty of what?" cries the doctor, from the raised table round which the gentlemen sat.

"Guilty of stealing."

"Guilty of robbing my till."

"Guilty of taking two half-crowns, three shillings, and twopenny in copper, all marked," shriek out Rudge, the apprentice, and Miss Rudge, in a breath.

"Denis Duval steal sixpences!" cries the doctor: "I would as soon believe he stole the dragon off the church-steeple!"

"Silence, you boys! Silence in the court, there; or flog 'em and turn 'em all out!" says the magistrate's clerk. Some of our boys—friends of mine—who had crowded into the place, were hurrahing at my kind Doctor Barnard's speech.

"It is a most serious charge," says the clerk.

"But what is the charge, my good Mr. Hickson? You might as well put me into the dock as that—"

"Pray, Sir, will you allow the business of

the court to go on?" asks the clerk, testily. "Make your statement, Mr. Rudge, and don't be afraid of any body. You are under the protection of the court, Sir."

And now for the first time I heard the particulars of the charge made against me. Rudge, and his daughter after him, stated (on oath, I am shocked to say) that for some time past they had missed money from the till; small sums of money, in shillings and half-crowns, they could not say how much. It might be two pounds, three pounds in all; but the money was constantly going. At last, Miss Rudge said, she was determined to mark some money, and did so; and that money was found in that box which belonged to Denis Duval, and which the constable brought into court.

"Oh, gentlemen!" I cried out, in an agony, "it's a wicked, wicked lie, and it's not the first she has told about me. A week ago she said I wanted to kiss her, and she and Bevil both set on me; and I never wanted to kiss the nasty thing, so help me—"

"You did, you lying, wicked boy!" cries Miss Sukey. "And Edward Bevil came to my rescue; and you struck me, like a low, mean coward; and we beat him well, and served him right, the little abandoned boy."

"And he kicked one of my teeth out—you did, you little villain!" roars Bevil, whose jaw had indeed suffered in that scuffle in the kitchen, when his precious sweetheart came to his aid with the bellows.

"He called me a coward, and I fought him fair, though he is ever so much older than me," whimpers out the prisoner. "And Suk-ey Rudge set upon me, and beat me too; and if I kicked him, he kicked me."

"And since this kicking match they have found out that you stole their money, have they?" says the doctor, and turns round, appealing to his brother magistrates.

"Miss Rudge, please to tell the rest of your story," calls out the justices' clerk.

The rest of the Rudge's story was, that having their suspicions roused against me, they determined to examine my cupboards and boxes in my absence, to see whether the stolen objects were to be found, and in my box they discovered the two marked half-crowns, the three marked shillings, a brass-barreled pistol which were now in court. "Me and Mr. Bevil, the apprentice, found the money in the box; and we called my papa from the shop, and we fetched Mr. Beales, the constable, who lives over the way; and when that little monster came back from school we seized upon him and brought him before your worships, and hanging is what I said he would always come to," shrieks my enemy, Miss Rudge.

"Why, I have the key of that box in my pocket now!" I cried out.

"We had means of opening of it," says Miss Rudge, looking very red.

"Oh, if you have another key—" interposes the Doctor.

"We broke it open with the tongs and poker," says Miss Rudge, "me and Edward did—I mean Mr. Bevil, the apprentice."

"When," said I, in a great tremor.

"When? When you was at school, you little miscreant! Half an hour before you came back to dinner."

"Tom Parrot, Tom Parrot!" I cried. "Call Tom Parrot, gentlemen. For goodness-sake call Tom!" I said, my heart beating so that I could hardly speak.

"Here I am, Denny!" pipes Tom in the crowd; and presently he comes up to their honors on the bench.

"Speak to Tom, Doctor, dear Doctor Barnard!" I continued. "Tom, when did I show you my pistol?"

"Just before ten o'clock school."

"What did I do?"

"You unlocked your box, took the pistol out of a handkerchief, showed it to me, and two flints, a powder horn, a bullet mould and some bullets, and put them back again, and locked the box."

"Was there any money in the box?"

"There was nothing in the box but the pistol and the bullets and things. I looked into it. It was as empty as my hand."

"And Denis Duval has been sitting by you in school ever since?"

"Ever since—except when I was called up and caned for my Corderius," says Tom, with a roguish look; and there was a great laughter and shout of applause from our boys of Pocock's when this testimony was given in their school-fellow's favor.

My kind doctor held his hand over the railing to me, and when I took it my heart was so full that my eyes overflowed. I thought of little Agnes. What would she have felt if her Denis had been committed as a thief? I had such a rapture of thanks and gratitude that I think the pleasure of the acquittal was more than equivalent to the anguish of the accusation. What a shout all Pocock's boys set up as I went out of the justice-room! We trooped joyfully down the stairs, and there were fresh shouts and huzzahs as we got down to the market. I saw Mr. Joe Weston buying corn at a stall. He only looked at me once. His grinding teeth and his clenched riding-whip did not frighten me in the least now.

CHAPTER VII.

THE LAST OF MY SCHOOL-DAYS.

As our joyful procession of boys passed by Partlett's, the pastry-cook's, one of the boys—Samuel Arbin—I remember the fellow well—a greedy boy, with a large beard and whiskers, though only fifteen years old—insisted that I ought to stand treat, in consequence of my victory over my enemies. As for a groat went, I said I was ready; for that was all the money I had.

"Oh you story-teller!" cried the other. "What have you done with your three guineas which you were bragging about and showing to the boys at school? I suppose they were in the box when it was broken open." This Samuel Arbin was one of the boys who had jeered when I was taken in charge by the constable, and would have liked me to be guilty, I almost think. I am afraid I had bragged about my money when I possessed it, and may have shown my shining gold pieces to some of the boys in school.

"I know what he has done with his money!" broke in my steadfast crony Tom Parrot. "He has given away every shilling of it to a poor family who wanted it, and nobody ever knew you to give away a shilling, Samuel Arbin," he says.

"Unless he could get eighteenpence by it!" sang out another little voice.

"Tom Parrot, I'll break every bone in your body, as sure as my name is Arbin!" cried the other, in a fury.

"Sam Arbin," said I, "after you have finished Tom, you must try me; or we'll do it now, if you like." To say the truth, I had long had an inclination to try my hand against Arbin. He was an ill friend to me, and among the younger boys a bully and a usurer to boot. The rest called out, "A ring! a ring! Let us go on the green and have it out!" being in their innocent years always ready for a fight.

But this one was never to come off; and (except in later days, when I went to revisit the old place and ask for a half-holiday for my young successors at Pocock's) I was never again to see the ancient school-room. While we boys were brawling in the market-place before the pastry-cook's door, Dr. Barnard came up, and our quarrel was hushed in a moment.

"What! fighting and quarreling already?" says the doctor, sternly.

"It wasn't Denny's fault, Sir!" cried out several of the boys. "It was Arbin began." And, indeed, I can say for myself that in all my quarrels I have had in life, and they have

not been few, I consider I *always* have been in the right.

"Come along with me, Denny," says the doctor, taking me by the shoulder: and he led me away and we took a walk in the town together: and as we passed old Ypres Tower, which was built by King Stephen, they say, and was a fort in old days, but is used as the town prison now, "Suppose you had been looking from behind those bars now, Denny, and awaiting your trial at the assizes? Yours would not have been a pleasant plight," Dr. Barnard said.

"But I was innocent, Sir! You know I was!"

"Yes. Praise be where praise is due. But if you had not providentially been able to prove your innocence—if you and your friend Parrot had not happened to inspect your box, you would have been in yonder place. Hal! there is the bell ringing for afternoon service, which my good friend, Dr. Wing, keeps up. What say you? Shall we go and—offer up our thanks, Denny—for the—immense peril from which—you have been—delivered?"

I remember how my dear friend's voice trembled as he spoke, and two or three drops fell from his kind eyes on my hand, which he held. I followed him into the church. Indeed and indeed I was thankful for my deliverance from a great danger, and even more thankful so have the regard of the true gentleman, the wise and tender friend, who was there to guide, and cheer, and help me.

As we read the last psalm appointed for that evening service, I remember how the good man, bowing his own head, out his hand upon mine; and we recited together the psalm of thanks to the Highest who had had respect upon the lowly, and who had stretched forth His hand upon the furiousness of my enemies, and whose right hand had saved me.

Dr. Wing recognized and greeted his comrade when service was over; and the one doctor presented me to the other, who had been one of the magistrates on the bench at the time of my trial. Dr. Wing asked us into his house, where dinner was served at four o'clock and of course the transactions of the morning were again discussed. What could be the reason of the persecution against me? Who instigated it? There were matters connected with this story regarding which I *could* not speak. Should I do so, I must betray secrets which were not mine, and which implicated I knew not whom, and regarding which I must hold my peace. Now, they are secrets no more. That old society of smugglers is dissolved long ago; nay, I shall have to tell presently how I helped myself to break it up. Grandfather Rudge, the chevalier, the gentlemen of the Priory, were all connected in that great smuggling society of which I have spoken; which had its depots all along the coast and inland, and its correspondents from Dunkirk to Havre de Grace. I have said as a boy how I had been on some of these "fishing" expeditions; and how, mainly by the effect of my dear doctor's advice, I had withdrawn from all participation in this lawless and wicked life. When Bevil called me a coward for refusing to take a share in a night-cruise, a quarrel ensued between us, ending in that battle royal which left us all sprawling, and cutting and kicking each other on the kitchen floor. Was it rage at the injury to her sweetheart's teeth, or hatred against myself which induced my sweet Miss Sukey to propagate calumnies against me? The provocation I had given certainly did not seem to warrant such a deadly animosity as a prosecution and a perjury showed must exist. Howbeit, here was a reason for the anger of the grocer's daughter and apprentice. They would injure me in any way they could; and (as in the before-mentioned case of the bellows) take the first weapon at hand to overthrow me.

As magistrates of the county, and knowing a great deal of what was happening round about them, and the character of their par-

ishioners and neighbors, the two gentlemen could not, then, press me too closely. Smuggled silk and lace, rum and brandy? Who had not these in his possession along the Sussex and Kent coast?

"And, Wing, will you promise me there are no ribbons in your house but such as have paid duty?" asks one doctor of the other.

"My good friend, it is lucky my wife has gone to her tea-table," replies Dr. Wing, "or I should not answer for the peace being kept."

"My dear Wing," continues Dr. Barnard, "this brandy-punch is excellent, and is worthy of being smuggled. To run an anker of brandy seems no monstrous crime; but when men engage in these lawless ventures at all, who knows how far the evil will go? I buy ten kegs of brandy from a French fishing boat, I land it under a lie on the coast, I send it inland ever so far, be it from here to York, and all my consignees lie and swindle. I land it, and lie to the revenue officer. Under a lie (that is a mutual secrecy) I sell it to the landlord of the 'Bell' at Maidstone, say—where a good friend of ours, Denny, looked at his pistols. You remember the day when his brother received the charge of shot in his face? My landlord sells it to a customer under a lie. We are all engaged in crime, conspiracy, and falsehood; nay, if the revenue looks too closely after us, we out with our pistols, and to crime and conspiracy add murder. Do you suppose men engaged in lying every day, will scruple about a false oath in a witness-box? Crime engenders crime, Sir. Round about us, Wing, I know there exists a vast confederacy of fraud, greed, and rebellion. I name no names, Sir. I fear men high placed in the world's esteem, and largely endowed with its riches too, are concerned in the pursuit of this godless traffic of smuggling, and to what does it not lead them? To falsehood, to wickedness, to murder, to—"

"Tea, Sir, if you please, Sir," says John entering. "My mistress and the young ladies are waiting."

The ladies had previously heard the story of poor Denis Duval's persecution and innocence, and had shown him great kindness. By the time when we joined them after dinner they had had time to perform a new toilet, being engaged to cards with some neighbors. I knew Mrs. Wing was a customer to my mother for some of her French goods, and she would scarcely, on an ordinary occasion, have admitted such a lowly guest to her table as the humble dressmaker's boy; but she and the ladies were very kind, and my persecution and proved innocence had interested them in my favor.

"You have had a long sitting, gentlemen," says Mrs. Wing; "I suppose you have been deep in politics, and the quarrel with France."

"We have been speaking of France and French goods, my dear," said Dr. Wing, dryly.

"And of the awful crime of smuggling and encouraging smuggling, my dear Mrs. Wing!" cries my doctor.

"Indeed, Dr. Barnard!" Now, Mrs. Wing and the young ladies were dressed in smart new caps and ribbons, which my poor mother supplied; and they turned red, and I turned as red as the cap-ribbons, as I thought how my good ladies had been provided. No wonder Mrs. Wing was desirous to change the subject of conversation.

"What is this young man to do after his persecution?" she asked. "He can't go back to Mr. Rudge—that horrid Wesleyan who has accused him of stealing."

No, indeed, I could not go back. We had not thought about the matter until then. There had been a hundred things to agitate and interest me in the half-dozen hours since my apprehension and dismissal.

The doctor would take me to Winchelsea in his chaise. I could not go back to my persecutors, that was clear, except to reclaim my little property and my poor little boxes, which they had found means to open. Mrs. Wing

gave me a hand, the young ladies a stately courtesy, and my good Dr. Barnard putting a hand under the arm of the barber's grandson, we quitted these kind people. I was not on the quarter-deck as yet, you see. I was but an humble lad belonging to ordinary tradesmen.

By-the-way, I had forgotten to say that the two clergymen, during their after-dinner talk, had employed a part of it in examining me as to my little store of learning at school, and my future prospects. Of Latin I had a smattering; French, owing to my birth, and owing to M. de la Motte's instructions and conversation, I could speak better than either of my two examiners, and with quite the good manner and conversation. I was well advanced, too, in arithmetic and geometry; and Dampier's Voyages were as much my delight as those of Sinbad or my friends Robinson Crusoe and Man Friday. I could pass a good examination in navigation and seamanship, and could give an account of the different sailings, working-tides, double altitudes, and so forth.

"And you can manage a boat at sea, too?" says Dr. Barnard, dryly. I blushed, I suppose. I *could* do that, and could steer, reef and pull an oar. At least I could do so two years ago.

"Denny, my boy," says my good doctor, "I think 'tis time for thee to leave this school at any rate, and that our friend Sir Peter must provide for thee."

However he may desire to improve in learning, no boy, I fancy, is very sorry when a proposal is made to him to leave school. I said that I should be too glad if Sir Peter, my patron, would provide for me. With the education I had I ought to get on, the doctor said, and my grandfather, he was sure, would find the means for allowing me to appear like a gentleman.

To fit a boy for appearance on the quarter-deck, and to enable him to rank with others, I had heard would cost thirty or forty pounds a year at least. I asked, did Dr. Barnard think my grandfather could afford such a sum?

"I know not your grandfather's means," Dr. Barnard answered, smiling. "He keeps his own counsel. But I am very much mistaken, Denny, if he can not afford to make you a better allowance than many a fine gentleman can give his son. I believe him to be rich. Mind, I have no precise reason for my belief; but I fancy, Master Denis, your good, grandpapa's *fishing* has been very profitable to him."

How rich was he? I began to think of the treasures in my favorite "Arabian Nights." Did Dr. Barnard think my grandfather was *very* rich? Well—the doctor could not tell. The notion in Winchelsea was that old Mr. Denis was very well to do. At any rate I must go back to him. It was impossible that I should stay with the Rudge family after the insulting treatment I had had from them. The doctor said he would take me home with him in his chaise, if I would pack my little trunks; and with this talk we reached Rudge's shop, which I entered not without a beating heart. There was Rudge glaring at me from behind his desk, where he was posting his books. The apprentice looked daggers at me as he came up through a trap-door from the cellar with a string of dip-candles; and my charming Miss Susan was behind the counter tossing up her ugly head.

"Hol! he's come back have he?" says Miss Rudge. "As all the cupboards is locked in the parlor, you can go in and get your tea there, young man."

"I am going to take Denis home, Mr. Rudge," said my kind doctor. "He can not remain with you after the charge which you made against him this morning."

"Of having our marked money in his box?" Do you go for to dare for to say we put it there?" cries miss, glaring now at me, now at Doctor Barnard. "Go to say that. Please to say that once, Dr. Barnard, before Mrs. Barker and Mrs. Scales" (these were two women who

happened to be in the shop purchasing goods). "Just be so good for to say before these ladies that we have put the money in that boy's box, and we'll see whether there is not justice in Hengland for a poor girl whom you insult, because you are a magistrate and doctor indeed! Eh, if I was a man, I wouldn't let some people's gowns, and cassocks, and bands remain long on their backs—that I wouldn't. And some people wouldn't see a woman insulted if they wasn't cowards!"

As she said this, Miss Sukey looked at the cellar-trap, above which the apprentice's head had appeared, but the doctor turned also toward it with a glance so threatening, that Bevil let the trap fall suddenly down, not a little to my doctor's amusement.

"Go and pack thy trunk, Denny. I will come back for thee half an hour. Mr. Rudge must see that after being so insulted as you have been, you never as a gentleman can stay in his house."

"A pretty gentleman, indeed!" ejaculates Miss Rudge. "Pray, how long since wasbarbers gentlemen, I should like to know? Mrs. Scales mum, Mrs. Barker mum—did you ever have your hair dressed by a gentleman? If you want for to have it, you must go to Mounseer Duval, at Winchelsea, which one of the name was hung, Mrs. Barker mum, for a thief and a robber, and he won't be the last neither!"

There was no use in bandying abuse with this woman. "I will go and get my trunk, and be ready, Sir," I said to the doctor; but his back was no sooner turned than the raging virago opposite me burst out with a fury of words that I certainly can't remember after five-and-forty years. I fancy I see now the little green eyes gleaming hatred at me, the lean arms a-kimbo, the feet stamping as she hisses out every imaginable imprecation at my poor head.

"Will no man help me, and stand by and see that barber's boy insult me?" she cried. "Bevil, I say—Bevil! help me."

I ran up stairs to my little room, and was not twenty minutes in making up my packages. I had passed years in that little room, and somehow grieved to leave it. The odious people had injured me, and yet I would have liked to part friends with them. I had passed delightful nights there in the company of Robinson Crusoe, mariner, and Monsieur Galland and his Contes Arabes, and Hector of Troy, whose adventures and lamentable death (out of Mr. Pope) I could recite by heart; and I had had weary nights, too, with my school-books, cramming that crabbed Latin grammar into my puzzled brain. With arithmetic, logarithms, and mathematics I have said I was more familiar. I took a pretty good place in our school with them, and ranked before many boys of greater age.

And now my boxes being packed (my little library being stowed away in that which contained my famous pistol), I brought them down stairs, with nobody to help me, and had them in the passage ready against Dr. Barnard's arrival. The passage is behind the back-shop at Rudge's—(dear me! how well I remember it!)—and a door thence leads into a side-street. On the other side of this passage is the kitchen, where had been the fight which has been described already, and where we commonly took our meals.

I declare I went into that kitchen disposed to part friends with all these people—to forgive Miss Sukey her lies, and Bevil his cuffs, and all the past quarrels between us. Old Rudge was by the fire having his supper; Miss Sukey opposite to him. Poulson, as yet, was minding the shop,

"I have come to shake hands before going away," I said.

"You're a-going, are you? And pray, Sir, wherever are you a-going of?" says Miss Sukey, over her tea.

"I am going home with Dr. Barnard. I can't stop in this house after you have accused me of stealing your money."

"Stealing? Wasn't the money in your box, you little beastly thief?"

"Oh, you young reprobate, I am surprised the bears don't come in and eat you," groans old Rudge. "You have shortened my life with your wickedness, that you have; and if you don't bring your good grandfather's gray hairs with sorrow to the grave I shall be surprised, that I shall. You, who come of a pious family—I tremble when I think of you, Denis Duval!"

"Tremble! Faugh! the wicked little beast! he makes me sick, he do!" cries Miss Sukey, with looks of genuine loathing.

"Let him depart from among us!" cries Rudge.

"Never do I wish to see his ugly face again!" exclaims the gentle Susan.

"I am going as soon as Dr. Barnard's chaise comes," I said. "My boxes are in the passage now, ready packed."

"Ready packed, are they? Is there any more of our money in them, you little miscreant? Pa, is your silver tankard in the cupboard, and is the spoons safe?"

I think poor Sukey had been drinking to drive away the mortifications of the morning in the court-house. She became more excited and violent with every word she spoke, and shrieked and clenched her fists at me like a mad woman.

"Susanna, you have had false witness bore against you, my child; and you are not the first of your name. But be calm, be calm; it's our duty to be calm!"

"Eh!" (here she gives a grunt) "calm with that sneak—that pig—that liar—that beast! Where's Edward Bevil? Why don't he come forward like a man, and flog the young scoundrel's life out?" shrieks Susanna.

"Oh, with this here horsewhip, how I would like to give it you?" (She clutched her father's whip from the dresser, where it commonly hung on two hooks. "Oh, you—you villain! you have got your pistol, have you? Shoot me, you little coward, I ain't afraid of you! You have your pistol in your box, have you?" (I uselessly said as much in reply to this taunt.) "Stop! I say, Pa!—that young thief isn't going away with them boxes; and robbing the whole house as he may. Open the boxes this instant! We'll see he's stole nothing! Open them, I say!"

I said I would do nothing of the kind. My blood was boiling up at this brutal behavior; and as she dashed out of the room to seize one of my boxes I put myself before her and sat down on it.

This was assuredly a bad position to take, for the furious vixen began to strike me and lash at my face with the riding-whip, and it was more than I could do to wrench it from her.

Of course, at this act of defense on my part, Miss Sukey yelled for help, and called out, "Edward! Ned Bevil! The coward is a striking me! Help, Ned!" At this the shop door flies open, and Sukey's champion is about to rush on me, but he breaks down over my other box with a crash of his shins and frightful execrations. His nose is prone on the pavement; Miss Sukey is wildly laying about her with her horsewhip (and I think Bevil's jacket came in for most of the blows); we are all *higgledy-piggledy* plunging and scuffling in the dark—when a carriage drives up, which I had not heard in the noise of action, and, as the hall door opened, I was pleased to think that Dr. Barnard had arrived, according to his promise.

It was not the doctor. The new-comer wore a gown, but not a cassock. Soon after my trial before the magistrates was over, our neighbor, John Jephson, of Winchelsea, mounted his cart and rode home from Rye market. He straight-way went to our house, and told my mother of the strange scene which had just occurred, and of my accusation before the magistrates and acquittal. She begged, she ordered Jephson to lend her his cart. She seized whip and reins; she drove over to Rye; and I don't envy Jephson's old gray mare that journey with such a charioteer behind her. The door, opening from the

street, flung light into the passage; and behold, we three warriors were sprawling on the floor in the higgledy-piggledy stage of the battle as my mother entered!

What a scene for a mother with a strong arm, a warm heart and a high temper! Madame Duval rushed instantly at Miss Susan, and tore her shrieking from my body, which fair Susan was pommeling with the whip. A part of Susan's cap and tufts of her red hair were torn off by this maternal Amazon, and Susan was hurled through the open door into the kitchen, where she fell before her frightened father. I don't know how many blows my parent inflicted upon this creature. Mother might have slain her, but that the chaste Susanna, screaming shrilly, rolled under the deal kitchen table.

Madame Duval had wrenched away from this young person the horsewhip with which Susan had been operating upon the shoulders of her only son, and snatched the weapon as her fallen foe dropped. And now, my mamma, seeing old Mr. Rudge sitting in a ghastly state of terror in the corner, rushed at the grocer, and in one minute, with butt and thong, inflicted a score of lashes over his face, nose, and eyes, for which anybody who chooses may pity him. "Ah, you will call my boy a thief, will you? Ah, you will take my Denny before the justices, will you? Prends moi ca, gredin! Attrape, lache! Nimmt noch ein paar Schläge, Spitzbue!" cries out mother, in that polyglot language of English, French, High-Dutch, which she always used when excited. My good mother could shave and dress gentlemen's heads as well as any man; and faith I am certain that no man

in all Europe got a better dressing than Mr. Rudge on that evening.

Bless me! I have written near a page to describe a battle which could not have lasted five minutes. Mother's cart was drawn up at the side-street while she was victoriously engaged within. Meanwhile, Dr. Barnard's chaise had come to the front door of the shop, and he strode through it, and found us conquerers in possession of both fields. Since my last battle with Bevil, we both knew that I was more than a match for him. "In the king's name I charge you drop your daggers," as the man says in the play. Our wars were over on the appearance of the man of peace. Mother left off plying the whip over Rudge; Miss Sukey came out from under the table; Mr. Bevil rose, and slunk off to wash his bleeding face; and when the wretched Rudge whimpered out that he would have the law for this assault, the doctor sternly said, "You were three to one during part of the battle, three to two afterward, and after your testimony to-day, you perjured old miscreant, do you suppose any magistrate will believe you?"

No. Nobody did believe them. A punishment fell on these bad people. I don't know who gave the name, but Rudge and his daughter were called Ananias and Sapphira in Rye; and from that day the old man's affairs seemed to turn to the bad. When our boys of Pock's met the grocer, his daughter, or his apprentice, the little miscreants would cry out, "Who put the money in Denny's box?" "Who bore false witness against his neighbor?" "Kiss the book. Sukey my dear, and tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, do you hear?" They had a dreadful life, that poor grocer's family. As for that rogue, Tom Parrott, he comes into the shop one market-day when the place was full, and asks for a penn'orth of sugar candy, in payment for which he offers a penny to old Rudge sitting at his books behind his high desk. "It's a good bit of money," says Tom (as bold as the brass which he was tendering). "It ain't marked, Mr. Rudge, like Denny Duval's money!" And, no doubt, at a signal from the young reprobate, a chorus of boys posted outside began to sing, "Ananias! Ananias! He pretends to be so pious? Ananias and Sapphira—" Well, well, the Sapphira

of these young wags was made to rhyme incorrectly with a word beginning with L. Nor was this the only punishment which befall the unhappy Rudge: Mrs. Wing and several of his chief patrons took away their custom from him and dealt henceforth with the opposition grocer. Not long after my affair, Miss Sukey married the toothless apprentice, who got a bad bargain with her, sweet-heart or wife. I shall have to tell presently what a penalty they (and some others) had to pay for their wickedness; and of an act of contrition on poor Miss Sukey's part, whom, I am sure, I heartily forgive. Then was cleared up that mystery (which I could not understand, and Dr. Barnard could not, or would not) of the persecutions directed against an humble lad, who never, except in self-defense, did harm to any mortal.

I shouldered the trunks, causes of the late lamentable war, and put them into mother's cart, into which I was about to mount, but the shrewd old lady would not let me take a place beside her. "I can drive well enough. Go thou in the chaise with the doctor. He can talk to thee better, my son, than an ignorant woman like me. Neighbor Jephson told me how the good gentleman stood by thee in the justice-court. If ever I or mine can do any thing to repay him, he may command me. Houp, Schimmel? Fort! Shalt soon be to house!" And with this she was off with my bag and baggage, as the night was beginning to fall.

I went out of the Ridges' house, into which I have never since set foot. I took my place in the chaise by my kind Dr. Barnard. We passed through Winchelsea gate, and dipped down into the marshy plain beyond with bright glimpses of the Channel shining beside us, and the stars glittering overhead. We talked of the affair of the day, of course—the affair most interesting, that is, to me, who could think of nothing but magistrates, and committals, and acquittals. The doctor repeated his firm conviction that there was a great smuggling conspiracy all along the coast and neighborhood. Master Rudge was a member of the fraternity (which, indeed, I knew, having been out with his people once or twice, as I have told, to my shame). "Perhaps there were other people of my acquaintance who belonged to the same society?" the doctor said, drily. "Gee up, Daisy! There were other people of my acquaintance who were to be found at Winchelsea as well as at Rye. Your precious one-eyed enemy is in it; so, I have no doubt, is Monsieur le Chevalier de la Motte, so is—can you guess the name of any one besides, Denny?"

"Yes, Sir," I said, sadly; I knew my own grandfather was engaged in that traffic. "But if—if others are, I promise you, on my honor, I never will embark in it," I added.

"I will be more dangerous now that it has been. There will be obstacles to crossing the Channel which the contraband gentlemen have not known for some time past. Have you not heard the news?"

"What news?" Indeed I had thought of none but my own affairs. A post had come in that very evening from London, bringing intelligence of no little importance even to poor me, as it turned out. And the news was that his Majesty the King, having been informed that a treaty of amity and commerce had been signed between the Court of France and certain persons employed by his Majesty's revolted subjects in North America, has judged it necessary to send orders to his ambassador to withdraw from the French Court . . . and relying with the firmest confidence upon the zealous and affectionate support of his faithful people, he is determined to prepare to exert, if it should be necessary, all the forces and resources of his kingdom, which he trusts will be adequate to repel every insult and attack, and to maintain and uphold the power and reputation of this country.

So as I was coming out of Rye court-house, thinking of nothing but my enemies, and my trials, and my triumphs, post-boys were gal-

loping all over the land to announce that we were at war with France. One of them, as we made our way home, clattered past us with his twanging horn, crying his news of war with France. As we wound along the plain, we could see the French lights across the Channel. My life has lasted for fifty years since then, and scarcely ever since, but for very, very brief intervals has that baleful war-light ceased to burn.

The messenger who bore this important news arrived after we left Rye, but, riding at a much quicker pace than that which our doctor's nag practiced, overtook us ere we had reached our own town of Winchelsea. All our town was alive with the news in half an hour; and in the market-place, the public houses, and from house to house, people assembled and talked. So we were at war again with our neighbors across the Channel, as well as with our rebellious children in America; and the rebellious children were having the better of the parent at this time. We boys at Pocock's had fought the war stoutly and with great elation at first. Over our maps we had pursued the rebels, and beaten them in repeated encounters. We routed them on Long Island. We conquered them at Brandywine. We vanquished them gloriously at Bunker's Hill. We marched triumphantly into Philadelphia with Howe. We were quite bewildered when we had to surrender with General Burgoyne at Saratoga; being, somehow, not accustomed to hear of British armies surrendering, and British valor being beat. "We had a half-holiday for Long Island," says Tom Parrot, sitting next to me in school. "I suppose we shall be flogged all round for Saratoga." As for those Frenchmen, we knew of their treason for a long time past, and were gathering up wrath against them. Protestant Frenchmen, it was agreed, were of a different sort; and I think the banished Huguenots of France have not been unworthy subjects of our new sovereign.

There was one dear little Frenchwoman in Winchelsea whose town was a sad rebel. When Mrs. Barnard, talking about the war, turned round to Agnes, and said, "Agnes, my child, on what side are you?" Mademoiselle de Barr blushed very red, and said, "I am a French girl, and I am of the side of my country. Vive la France! vive le Roi!"

"Oh, Agnes! oh, you perverted, ungrateful little, little monster!" cries Mrs. Barnard, beginning to weep.

But the doctor, far from being angry, smiled and looked pleased; and making Agnes a mock reverence, he said, "Mademoiselle de Saverne, I think a little Frenchwoman should be for France; and here is the tray, and we won't fight until after supper." And as he spoke that night the prayer appointed by his Church for the time of war—prayed that we might be armed with His defense who is the only Giver of all victory—I thought I never heard the good man's voice more touching and solemn.

When this daily and nightly ceremony was performed at the Rectory, a certain little person who belonged to the Roman Catholic faith used to sit aloof, her spiritual instructors forbidding her to take part in our English worship. When it was over and the doctor's household had withdrawn, Miss Agnes had a flushed, almost angry face.

"But what am I to do, Aunt Barnard?" said the little rebel. "If I pray for you, I pray that my country may be conquered, and that you may be saved and delivered out of our hands."

"No, faith, my child, I think we will not call upon thee for Amen," says the doctor, patting her cheek.

"I don't know why you should wish to prevail over my country," whispers the little maid. "I am sure I won't pray that any harm may happen to you, and Aunt Barnard, and Denny—never, never!" And in a passion of tears she buried her head against the breast of the good man, and we were all not a little moved.

Hand in hand we two young ones walked from the Rectory to the Priory House, which was only too near. I paused ere I rang at the bell, still holding her wistful little hand in mine.

"You will never be my enemy, Denny, will you?" she said, looking up.

"My dear," I faltered out, "I will love you for ever and ever!" I thought of the infant whom I brought home in my arms from the sea-shore, and once more my dearest maiden was held in them, and my heart throbbed with an exquisite bliss.

CHAPTER VIII.

DENIS AT SEA.

I PROMISE you there was no doubt or hesitation next Sunday regarding our good rector's opinions. Ever since the war with America began, he had, to the best of his power, exhorted his people to be loyal, and testified to the authority of Cæsar. "War," he taught, "is not altogether an evil; and ordained of Heaven, as our illnesses and fevers doubtless are, for our good. It teaches obedience and contentment under privations; it fortifies courage; it tests loyalty; it gives occasion for showing mercifulness of heart; moderation in victory; endurance and cheerfulness under defeat. The brave who do battle victoriously in their country's cause leave a legacy of honor to their children. We English of the present day are the better for Crecy, and Agincourt, and Blenheim. I do not grudge the Scots their day of Bannockburn, nor the French their Fontenoy. Such valor proves the manhood of nations. When we have conquered the American rebellion, as I have no doubt we shall do, I trust it will be found that these rebellious children of ours have comported themselves in a manner becoming our English race, that they have been hardy and resolute, merciful and moderate. In that Declaration of War against France, which has just reached us, and which interests all England, and the men of this coast especially, I have no more doubt in my mind that the right is on our side than I have that Queen Elizabeth had a right to resist the Spanish Armada. In an hour of almost equal peril, I pray we may show the same watchfulness, constancy, and valor; bracing ourselves to do the duty before us, and leaving the issue to the Giver of all Victory."

Ere he left the pulpit our good rector announced that he would call a meeting for next market-day in our town-hall—a meeting of gentry, farmers, and sea-faring men, to devise means for the defense of our coast and harbors. The French might be upon us any day; and all our people were in a buzz of excitement. Volunteers and Fencibles patrolling our shores, and fishermen's glasses forever on the lookout toward the opposite coast.

We had a great meeting in the town-hall, and of the speakers it was who should be most loyal to king and country. Subscriptions for a Defense Fund were straightway set afoot. It was determined the Cinque Port towns should raise a regiment of Fencible. In Winchelsea alone the gentry and chief tradesmen agreed to raise a troop of volunteer horse to patrol along the shore and communicate with depots of the regular military formed at Dover, Hastings, and Deal. The fishermen were enrolled to serve as coast and look-out men. From Margate to Folkestone the coast was watched and patrolled; and privateers were equipped and sent to sea from many of the ports along our line. On the French shore we heard of similar warlike preparations. The fishermen on either coast did not harm each other as yet, though presently they too fell to blows; and I have sad reason to know that a certain ancestor of mine did not altogether leave off his relations with his French friends.

However, at the meeting in the town-hall,

grandfather came forward with a subscription and a long speech. He said that he and his co-religionists and countrymen of France had now for near a century experienced British hospitality and freedom, that when driven from home by Papist persecution, they had found protection here, and that now was the time for French Protestants to show that they were grateful and faithful subjects of King George. Grandfather's speech was very warmly received; that old man had lungs, and a knack of speaking, which never failed him. He could spin out sentences by the yard, as I knew, who had heard him expound for half hours together with that droning voice which had long ceased (Heaven help me!) to carry conviction to the heart of grandfather's graceless grandson.

When he had done, Mr. Joseph Weston, of the Priory, spoke, and with a good spirit too. (He and my dear friend, Mr. Sam, were both present, and seated with the gentlefolks and magistrates at the raised end of the hall.) Mr. James said that as Mr. Duval had spoken for the French Protestants, he, for his part, could vouch for the loyalty of another body of men, the Roman Catholics of England. In the hour of danger he trusted that he and his brethren were as good subjects as any Protestants in the realm. And as a trifling test of his loyalty—though he believed his neighbor Duval was a richer man than himself (grandfather shrieked a "No, no!" and there was a roar of laughter in the hall)—he offered as a contribution to a defense fund to lay down two guineas for Mr. Duval's one!

"I will give my guinea, I am sure," says grandfather, very meekly; "and may that poor man's mite be accepted and useful!"

"One guinea!" roars Weston; "I will give a hundred guineas!"

"And I another hundred," says his brother. "We shall show, as Roman Catholic gentry of England, that we are not inferior in loyalty to our Protestant brethren."

"Put my faze-in-law, Peter Duval, down for one 'ondred guinea!" calls out my mother, in her deep voice. "Put we down for twenty-five guinea, and my son Denis for twenty-five guinea! We have eaten of English bread and we are grateful, and we sing with all our hearts God save King George!"

Mother's speech was received with great applause. Farmers, gentry, shop-keepers, rich and poor, crowded forward to offer their subscription. Before the meeting broke up a very handsome sum was promised for the arming and equipment of the Winchelsea Fencibles; and old Colonel Evans, who had been present at Minden and Fontenoy, and young Mr. Barlow, who had lost a leg at Brandywine, said that they would superintend the drilling of the Winchelsea Fencibles, until such time as his Majesty should send officers of his own to command the corps. It was agreed that everybody spoke and acted with public spirit. "Let the French land!" was our cry. "The men of Rye, the men of Winchelsea, the men of Hastings, will have a guard of honor to receive them on the shore!"

That the French intended to try and land was an opinion pretty general among us, especially when his Majesty's proclamation came, announcing the great naval and military armaments which the enemy was preparing. We had certain communications with Boulogne, Calais, and Dunkirk still, and our fishing boats sometimes went as far as Ostend, which then belonged to the Emperor. Our informants brought us full news of all that was going on in those ports; of the troops assembled there, and royal French ships and privateers fitted out. I was not much surprised one night to find our old Boulogne ally Bidois smoking his pipe with grandfather in the kitchen, and regaling himself with a glass of his own brandy, which I know had not paid unto Cæsar Cæsar's due. The pigeons on the hill were making their journeys still. Once, when I went up to visit Farmer Perreau, I found M. de la Motte and a companion of his sending off one of these bids,

and Lamotte's friend said, sulkily, in German, "What does the little *Spitzbrub* do here?" "*Versteht vielleicht Deutsch,*" murmured Lamotte, hurriedly, and turned round to me with a grin of welcome, and asked news of grandfather and my mother.

This ally of the chevalier's was a Lieutenant Lutterloh, who had served in America in one of the Hessian regiments on our side, and who was now pretty often in Winchelsea, where he talked magnificently about the war and his own achievements, both on the Continent and in our American provinces. He lived near Canterbury as I heard. I guessed, of course, that he was one of the "Mackerel" party, and engaged in smuggling, like Lamotte, the Westons, and my graceless old grandfather and his ally, Mr. Rudge, of Rye. I shall have presently to tell how bitterly Monsieur de la Motte had afterwards to rue his acquaintance with this German.

Knowing the chevalier's intimacy with the gentlemen connected with the mackerel fishery, I had little cause to be surprised at seeing him and the German captain together; though a circumstance now arose, which might have induced me to suppose him engaged in practices yet more lawless and dangerous than smuggling. I was walking up to the hill—must I let slip the whole truth, madam, in my memoirs? Well, it never did or will hurt my body; and, as it only concerns you and me, may be told without fear. I frequently, I say, walked up the hill to look at these pigeons, for a certain young person was a great lover of pigeons, too, and occasionally would come to see Farmer Perreau's *columbarium*. Did I love the sight of this dear white dove more than any other? Did it come sometimes fluttering to my heart? Ah! the old blood throbs there with the mere recollection. I feel—shall we say how many years younger, my dear? In fine, those little walks to the pigeon-house are among the sweetest of all our stores of memories.

I was coming away then, once from this house of billing and cooing, when I chanced to espy an old school-mate, Thomas Meason by name, who was exceedingly proud of his new uniform as a private of our regimen of Winchelsea Fencibles, was never tired of wearing it, and always walked out with his firelock over his shoulder. As I came up to Tom he had just discharged his piece and hit his bird, too. One of Farmer Perreau's pigeons lay dead at Tom's feet, one of the carrier pigeons, and the young fellow was rather scared at what he had done, especially when he saw a little piece of paper tied under the wing of the slain bird.

He could not read the message, which was written in our German handwriting, and was only in three lines, which I was better able to decipher than Tom. I supposed at first that the message had to do with the smuggling business, in which so many of our friends were engaged, and Meason walked off rather hurriedly, being by no means anxious to fall into the farmer's hands, who would be but ill-pleased at having one of his birds killed.

I put the paper in my pocket, not telling Tom what I thought about the matter; but I did have a thought, and determined to commence with my dear Dr. Barnard regarding it. I asked to see him at the Rectory, and there read to him the contents of the paper which the poor messenger was bearing when Tom's ball brought him down.

My good doctor was not a little excited and pleased when I interpreted the pigeon's message to him, and especially praised me for my reticence with Tom upon the subject. "It may be a mare's nest we have discovered, Denny, my boy," says the doctor; "it may be a matter of importance. I will see Colonel Evans on this subject to-night." We went off to Mr. Evans's lodgings; he was the old officer who had fought under the Duke of Cumberland, and was, like the doctor, a justice of peace for our country. I translated for the colonel the paper, which was to the following effect:

(The paper is wanting.)

Mr. Evans looked at a paper before him, containing an authorized list of the troops at the

various Cinque Port stations, and found the poor pigeon's information quite correct. Was this the chevalier's writing? the gentleman asked. No, I did not think it was M. de la Motte's handwriting. Then I mentioned the other German in whose company I had seen M. de la Motte. The Monsieur Lutterloh, whom Mr. Evans said he knew quite well. "If Lutterloh is engaged in the business," said Mr. Evans, "we shall know more about it; and he whispered something to Doctor Barnard. Meanwhile he praised me exceedingly for my caution, enjoined me to say nothing regarding the matter, and to tell my comrade to hold his tongue.

As for Tom Meason, he was less cautious. Tom talked about his adventure to one or two cronies; and to his parents, who were tradesmen like my own. They occupied a snug house in Winchelsea, with a garden and a good paddock. One day their horse was found dead in the stable.

Another day their cow burst and died. There used to be strange acts of revenge perpetrated in those days; and farmers, tradesmen, or gentry, who rendered themselves obnoxious to certain parties, had often to rue the enmity which they provoked. That my unhappy old grandfather was, and remained in the smugglers' league, I fear, is a fact which I can't deny or palliate. He paid a heavy penalty, to be sure; but my narrative is not advanced far enough to allow of my telling how the old man was visited for his sins.

There came to visit our Winchelsea magistrates Captain Pearson, of the *Lynx* frigate, then in the Downs; and I remembered this gentleman, having seen him at the house of my kind patron, Sir Peter Denis, in London. Mr. Pearson also recollected me as the little boy who had shot the highwayman; and was much interested when he heard of the carrier pigeon, and the news which he bore. It appeared that he, as well as Colonel Evans, were acquainted with Mr. Lutterloh. "You are a good boy," the captain said, "but we know," said the captain, "all the news those birds carry."

At this time our whole coast was alarmed, and hourly expectant of a French invasion. The French fleet was said to outnumber ours in the Channel: the French army, we knew, was enormously superior to our own. I can remember the terror and the excitement; the panic of some, the braggart behavior of others; and specially I recall the way in which our church was cleared, one Sunday, by a rumor which ran through the pews that the French were actually landed. How the people rushed away from the building, and some of them whom I remember the loudest among the braggarts, and singing their "Come if you dare!" Mother and I in our pew, and Captain Pearson in the rector's, were the only people who sat out the sermon, of which Doctor Barnard would not abridge a line, and which, I own, I thought was extremely tantalizing and provoking. He gave the blessing with more than ordinary slowness and solemnity; and had to open his own pulpit door and stalk down the steps without the accompaniment of his usual escort, the clerk, who had skipped out of his desk and run away like the rest of the congregation. Doctor Barnard had me home to dinner at the Rectory; my good mother being much too shrewd to be jealous of this kindness shown to me and not to her. When she waited upon Mrs. Barnard with her basket of laces and perfumeries, mother stood as became her station as a tradeswoman. "For thee, my son, 'tis different," she said. "I will have thee be a gentleman;" and faith, I hope I have done my best of my humble endeavor to fulfill the good lady's wish.

The war, the probable descent of the French, and the means of resisting the invasion, of course, formed the subject of the gentleman's conversation; and though I did not understand all that passed, I was made to comprehend subsequently, and may as well mention facts here which only came to be explained to me later. The pigeons took over certain informa-

tion to France in return for that which they brought. By these and other messengers our Government was kept quite well instructed as to the designs and preparations of the enemy, and I remember how it was stated that his Majesty had occult correspondents of his own in France, whose information was of surprising accuracy. Master Litterloh dabbled in the information line. He had been a soldier in America, a recruiting crimp here, and I know not what besides; but the information he gave was given under the authority of his employers, to whom in return he communicated the information he received from France. The worthy gentleman was, in fact, a spy by trade; and though he was not born to be hanged, came by an awful payment for his treachery, as I shall have to tell in due time. As for M. de la Motte the gentlemen were inclined to think that his occupation was smuggling, not treason, and in that business the chevalier was allied with scores, nay hundreds, of people round about him. One I knew, my pious grandpapa: other two lived at the Priory, and I could count many more even in our small town, namely, all the mackerel men to whom I had been sent on the night of poor Madame de Saverne's funeral.

Captain Pearson shook me by the hand very warmly when I rose to go home, and I saw, by the way in which the good doctor regarded me, that he was meditating some special kindness in my behalf. It came very soon, and at a moment when I was plunged in the very dismalest depths of despair. My dear little Agnes, though a boarder at the house of these odious Westons, had leave given to her to visit Mrs. Barnard; and that kind lady never failed to give me some signal by which I knew that my little sweetheart was at the Rectory. One day the message would be, "The rector wants back his volume of the *Arabian Nights*, and Denis had better bring it." Another time, my dearest Mrs. Barnard would write on a card, "You may come to tea, if you have done your mathematics well;" or, "You may have a French lesson," and so forth: and there, sure enough, would be my sweet little tutoress. How old, my dear, was Juliet when she and young Capulet began their loves? My sweetheart had done playing with dolls when our little passion began to bud: and the sweet talisman of innocence I wore in my heart hath never left me through life, and shielded me from many a temptation.

Shall I make a clean breast of it? We Young hypocrites used to write each other little notes, and pop them in certain cunning corners known to us two. Juliet used to write in a great round hand in French; Romeo replied, I dare say, with doubtful spelling.

We had devised sundry queer receptacles where our letters lay *poste restante*. There was the China pour-pourri jar on the Japan cabinet in the drawing-room. There, into the midst of the roses and spices, two cunning young people used to thrust their hands, and stir about spice and rose-leaves, until they lighted upon a little bit of folded paper more fragrant and precious than all your flowers and cloves.

Then in the hall we had a famous post-office, namely, the barrel of the great blunderbuss over the mantle-piece, from which hung a ticket on which "loaded" was written, only I knew better, having helped Martin, the doctor's man, to clean the gun. Then in the church-yard, under the wing of the left Cherub on Sir Jasper Billing's tomb, there was a certain hole in which we put little scraps of paper written in a cipher devised by ourselves; and on these scraps of paper we wrote: well, can you guess what? We wrote the old song which young people have sung ever since singing began. We wrote, "amo, amas," etc., in our childish handwriting. Ah! thanks be to Heaven, though the hands tremble a little now they write the words still! My dear, the last time I was in Winchelsea I went and looked at Sir Jasper's tomb, and at the hole under the cherub's wing; there was only a

little mould and moss there. Mrs. Barnard found and read one or more of these letters, as the dear lady told me afterwards, but there was no harm in them; and when the doctor put on his *grand sérieux* (as to be sure he had a right to do), and was for giving the culprits a scolding, his wife reminded him of a time when he was captain of Harrow School, and found time to write other exercises than Greek and Latin to a young lady who lived in the village. Of these matters, I say, she told me in later days: in all days, after our acquaintance began, she was my truest friend and protectress.

But this dearest and happiest season of my life (for so I think it, though I am at this moment happy, most happy, and thankful) was to come to an abrupt ending, and poor Humpty Dumpty having climbed the wall of bliss, was to have a great and sudden fall, which, for a while, perfectly crushed and bewildered him. I have said what harm came to my companion Tom Measom for meddling in Monsieur Lutterloh's affairs and talking of them. Now, there were two who knew Meinherr's secret, Tom Measom, namely, and Denis Duval; and though Denis held his tongue about the matter, except in conversing with the Rector and Captain Pearson, Lutterloh came to know that I had read and explained the pigeon dispatch of which Measom had shot the bearer; and, indeed, it was Captain Pearson himself, with whom the German had sundry private dealings, who was Lutterloh's private informer. Lutterloh's rage, and that of his accomplice, against me, when they learned the unlucky part I had had in the discovery, were still greater than their wrath against Measom. The Chevalier de la Motte, who had once been neutral and even kind to me, was confirmed in a steady hatred against me, and held me as an enemy whom he was determined to get out of his way. And hence came that catastrophe which precipitated *Humpty Dumpty Duval*, Esq., off the wall from which he was gazing at his beloved, as she disported in her garden below.

One evening—shall I ever forget that evening? It was Friday—[Left blank by Mr. Thackeray]—after my little maiden had been taking tea with Mrs. Barnard, I had leave to escort her to her home at Mr. Weston's at the Priory, which is not a hundred yards from the Rectory door. All the evening the company had been talking about battle, and danger, and invasion, and the war news from France and America; and my little maiden sat silent, with her great eyes looking at one speaker and another, and stitching at her sampler. At length the clock tolled the hour of nine, when Miss Agnes must return to her guardian. I had the honor to serve as her escort, and would have wished the journey to be ten times as long as that brief one between the two houses. "Good-night, Agnes!" "Good-night, Denis! On Sunday I shall see you!" We whisper one little minute under the stars; the little hand lingers in mine with a soft pressure; we hear the servant's footsteps over the marble floor within, and I am gone. Somehow, at night and at morning, at lessons and play, I was always thinking about this little maid.

"I shall see you on Sunday," and this was Friday! Even that interval seemed long to me. Little did either of us know what a long separation was before us, and what strange changes, dangers, adventures I was to undergo ere I again should press that dearest hand.

The gate closed on her, and I walked away by the church wall, and toward my own home. I was thinking of that happy, that unforgettable night of my childhood, when I had been the means of rescuing the dearest little maiden from an awful death; how, since then, I had cherished her with my love of love; and what a blessing she had been to my young life. For many years she was its only cheerer and companion. At home I had food and shelter, and, from mother at least, kindness, but no society; it was not until I became a familiar of the good doctor's roof that I knew friend-

ship and kind companionship. What gratitude ought I not to feel for a boon so precious as there was conferred on me? Ah, I vowed, I prayed, that I might make myself worthy of such friends; and so was sauntering homeward, lost in these happy thoughts, when—when something occurred which at once decided the whole course of my after-life.

This something was a blow with a bludgeon across my ear and temple which sent me to the ground utterly insensible. I remember half a dozen men darkling in an alley by which I had to pass, then a scuffle and an oath or two, and a voice crying, "Give it him, curse him!" and then I was down on the pavement as flat and lifeless as the flags on which I lay. When I woke up I was almost blinded with blood, I was in a covered cart with a few more groaning wretches; and when I uttered a moan, a brutal voice growled out with many oaths an instant order to be silent, or my head should be broken again. I woke up in a ghastly pain and perplexity, but presently fainted once more. When I awoke again to a half-consciousness I felt myself being lifted from the cart and carried, and then flung into the bows of a boat, where I suppose I was joined by the rest of the dismal cart's company. Then some one came and washed my bleeding head with salt-water (which made it throb and ache very cruelly). Then the man, whispering "I'm a friend," bound my forehead tight with a handkerchief, and the boat pulled out to a brig that was lying as near to land as she could come, and the same man who had struck and sworn at me would have stabbed me once more as I reeled up the side, but that my friend interposed in my behalf. It was Tom Hookham to whose family I had given the three guineas, and who assuredly saved my life on that day, for the villain who attempted it afterward confessed that he intended to do me an injury. I was thrust into the forepeak with three or four maimed and groaning wretches, and the wind serving, the lugger made for her destination, whatever that might be. What a horrid night of fever and pain it was! I remember I fancied I was carrying Agnes out of the water; I called out her name repeatedly, as Tom Hookham informed me, who came with a lantern, and looked at us poor wretches huddled in our shed. Tom brought me more water, and in pain and fever I slept through a wretched night.

In the morning our tender came up with a frigate that was lying off a town, and I was carried up the ship's side on Hookham's arm. The captain's boat happened to pull from shore at the very same time, and the captain and his friends, and our wretched party of pressed men, with their captors, thus stood face to face. My wonder and delight were not a little aroused when I saw the captain was no other than my dear rector's friend, Captain Pearson. My face was bound up, and so pale and bloody as to be scarcely recognizable. "So, my man," he said, rather sternly, "you have been for fighting, have you? This comes of resisting men employed in His Majesty's service."

"I never resisted," I said; "I was struck from behind, Captain Pearson."

The captain looked at me with a haughty, surprised air. Indeed, a more disreputable-looking lad he scarcely could see. After a moment he said, "Why, bless my soul, is it you my boy? Is it you young Duval?"

"Yes, Sir," I said, and whether from emotion, or fever, or loss of blood and weakness, I felt my brain going again, and once more fainted and fell.

When I came to myself—found myself in a berth in the *Serapis*, where there happened to be but one other patient. I had had fever and delirium for a day, during which it appears I was constantly calling out "Agnes, Agnes!" and offering to shoot highwaymen. A very kind surgeon's mate had charge of me, and showed me much more attention than a poor wounded lad could have had a right to expect in my wretched, humiliating position. On the fifth day I was well again, though still very weak and pale; but not too weak to be

unable to go to the captain when he sent for me to his cabin. My friend the surgeon's mate showed me the way.

Captain Pearson was writing at his table, but sent away his secretary; and when the latter was gone shook his hands with me very kindly, and talked unreservedly about the strange accident which had brought me on board his ship. His officer had information, he said, "and I had information," the captain went on to say, "that some good seamen of what he called the Mackerel party were to be taken at a public house in Winchelsea, and his officer netted a half a dozen of them then, who will be much better employed" (says Captain Pearson) "in serving the King in one of his Majesty's vessels than in cheating him on board their own. You were a stray fish that was caught along with the rest. I know the story. I have talked it over with our good friends at the Rectory. For a young fellow, you have managed to make yourself some queer enemies in your native town; and are the best out of it. On the night when I first saw you I promised our friends to take you as a first-class volunteer. In due time you will pass your examination and be rated as a midshipman. Stay—your master is in Deal. You can go ashore, and she will fit you out. Here are letters for you. I wrote to Doctor Barnard as soon as I found who you were."

With this I took leave of my good patron and captain, and ran off to read my two letters. One from Mrs. Barnard and the doctor conjointly, told how alarmed they had been at my being lost, until Captain Pearson wrote to say how I had been found. The letter from my good mother informed me, in her rough way, how she was waiting at the Blue Anchor Inn in Deal, and would have come to me, but my new comrades would laugh at a rough old woman coming off in a shore boat to look after her boy. It was better that I should go to her at Deal, where I should be fitted out in a way becoming an officer in his Majesty's service. To Deal accordingly I went by the next boat; the good-natured surgeon's mate, who had attended to me and taken a fancy to me, lending me a clean shirt, and covering the wound on my head neatly, so that it was scarcely seen under my black hair. *Le pauvre cher enfant! comme il est pale.* How my mother's eyes kindled with kindness as she saw me! The good soul insisted on dressing my hair with her own hands, and tied it in a smart queue with a black ribbon. Then she took me off to a tailor in the town, and provided me with an outfit a lord's son might have brought on board; and when she saw me dressed in my midshipman's uniform, she put such a great heavy purse of guineas into my pocket that I wondered at her bounty. I suppose I cocked my hat and strutted very consequentially by her side on the Mall. She had two or three friends, tradesfolk like herself, and partners no doubt in certain dubious maritime transactions at which I have hinted; but these she did not care to visit.

"Remember, my son," said she, "thou art a gentleman now. Trades-people are no company for thee. For me 'tis different. I am but a poor hair-dresser and shopkeeper." And such of her acquaintances as she met she saluted with great dignity, but never offered to present me to one of them. We supped together at the Anchor, and talked about home, that was but two days off, and yet so distant. She never once mentioned my little maiden to me, nor did I somehow dare to allude to her. Mother had prepared a nice bedroom for me at the inn, to which she made me retire early, as I was still weak and faint after my fever; and when I was in bed she came and knelt down by it, and with tears rolling down her furrowed face offered up a prayer in her native German language, that He who had been pleased to succor me from perils hitherto would guard me for the future, and watch over me in the voyage of life which was now about begun. Now, as it is drawing to its close, I look back at it with an immense awe and thankfulness for the

strange dangers from which I have escaped, the great blessings I have enjoyed.

I wrote a long letter to Mrs. Barnard, narrating my adventures as cheerfully as I could, though, truth to say, when I thought of home and a little Someone there, a large tear or two blotted my paper; but I had reason to be grateful for the kindness I had received, and was not a little elated at being actually a gentleman, and in a fair way to be an officer in his Majesty's navy. My uniforms were ready in a very short time. Twenty-four hours after they were ordered Mr. Levy brought them to our inn, and I had had the pleasure of putting them on; and walked on the Parade, with my hat cocked, my hanger by my side, and mother on my arm. Though I was perfectly well pleased with myself, I think she was the prouder of the two. To one or two tradesmen and their wives, whom she knew, she gave a most dignified nod of recognition this day, but passed on without speaking, as if she would have them understand that they ought to keep their distance when she was in such fine company. "Always respect yourself, my son," she said. "When I am in the shop I am in the shop, and my customers' very humble servant; but when I am walking on Deal Parade with thee I am walking with a young gentleman in his Majesty's navy. And heaven has blessed us of late, my child, and thou shalt have the means of making as good a figure as any young officer in the service."

As I was strutting on the Mall, on the second day of my visit to Deal, what should I see but my dear Doctor Barnard's well-known post-chaise nearing us from the Dover Road? The doctor and his wife looked with a smiling surprise at my altered appearance, and as they stepped out of their chaise at the inn the good lady fairly put her arms round me and gave me a kiss. Mother, from her room, saw the embrace, I suppose. "Thou hast found good friends there, Denis; my son," she said, with sadness in her deep voice. "'Tis well. They can befriend thee better than I can. Now thou art well, I may depart in peace. When thou art ill the old mother will come to thee, and will bless thee always, my son." She insisted upon setting out on her return homeward that afternoon. She had friends at Hythe, Folkstone, and Dover (as I knew well), and would put up with one or other of them. She had before packed my new chest with wonderful neatness.

Whatever her feelings might be at our parting, she showed no signs of tears or sorrow, but mounted her chaise in the inn-yard, and, without looking back, drove away on her solitary journey. The landlord of the Anchor and his wife bade her farewell very cordially and respectfully. They asked me, would I not step into the bar and take a glass of wine or spirits? I have said that I never drank either; and suspect that my mother furnished my host with some of these stores out of those fishing-boats of which she was owner. "If I had an only son, and such a good-looking one," Mrs. Boniface was pleased to say (can I, after such a fine compliment, be so ungrateful as to forget her name?)—"If I had an only son, and could leave him as well off as Mrs. Duval can leave you, I wouldn't send him to sea in war time, that I wouldn't." "And though you don't drink any wine, some of your friends on board may," my landlord added, "and they are always welcome at the Blue Anchor." This was not the first time I had heard that my mother was rich. "If she be so," I said to my host, "indeed it is more than I know." On which he and his wife both commended me for my caution, adding, with a knowing smile, "We know more than we tell, Mr. Duval. Have you ever heard of Mr. Weston? Have you ever heard of Monsieur de la Motte? We know where Bologne is, and Ost—" "Hush, wife," here breaks in my landlord. "If the captain don't wish to talk, why should he? There is the bell ringing from the Benbow and your dinner going up to the doctor, Mr. Duval."

It was indeed as he said, and I sat down in the company of my good friend, bringing a fine appetite to their table.

The doctor, on his arrival, had sent a messenger to his friend, Captain Pearson, and while we were at our meal the captain arrived in his own boat from the ship, and insisted that Dr. and Mrs. Barnard should take their desert in his cabin on board. This procured Mr. Denis Duval the honor of an invitation, and I and my new sea-chest were accommodated in the boat and taken to the frigate. My box was consigned to the gunner's cabin, where my hammock was now slung. After sitting a short time at Mr. Pearson's table a brother midshipman gave me a hint to withdraw, and I made the acquaintance of my comrades of whom there were about a dozen on board the *Serapis*. Though only a volunteer, I was taller and older than many of the midshipmen. They knew who I was, of course—the son of a shop-keeper at Winchelsea. Then and afterward I had my share of rough jokes you may be sure; but I took them with very good humor; and I had to fight my way as I had learned to do at school before.

There is no need to put down here the number of black eyes and bloody noses which I received and delivered. I am sure I bore but little malice, and, thank Heaven, never wronged a man so much as to be obliged to hate him afterward. Certain men there were who hated me; but they are gone and I am here, with a pretty clear conscience, Heaven be praised, and little the worse for their enmity.

The first lieutenant of our ship, Mr. Page, was related to Mrs. Barnard, and this kind lady gave him such a character of her very grateful, humble servant, and narrated my adventures to him so pathetically, that Mr. Page took me into his special favor, and interested some of my mess-mates in my behalf. The story of the highwayman caused endless talk and jokes against me which I took in good part, and established my footing among my mess-mates by adopting the plan I had followed at school, and taking an early opportunity to fight a well-known bruiser among our company of midshipmen. You must know they called me "Soapsuds," "Powder-puff," and like names, in consequence of my grandfather's known trade of hair-dresser; and one of my comrades bantering me one day, cried, "I say, Soapsuds, where was it you hit the highwayman?" "There," said I, and gave him a clean left hand blow on his nose, which must have caused him to see a hundred blue lights. I know about five minutes afterward he gave me just such another blow; and we fought it out, and were good friends ever after. What is this? Did I not vow as I was writing the last page yesterday that I would not say a word about my prowess at fisticuffs? You see we are ever making promises to be good, and forgetting them. I suppose other people can say as much.

Before leaving the ship my kind friends once more desired to see me, and Mrs. Barnard, putting a finger to her lip, took out from her pocket a little packet, which she placed in my hand. I thought she was giving me money, and felt somehow disappointed at being so treated by her. But when she was gone to shore I opened the parcel, and found a locket there, and a little curl of glossy black hair. Can you guess whose? Along with the locket was a letter in French, in a large girlish hand, in which the writer said, that night and day she prayed for her dear Denis. And where, think you, the locket is now? where it has been for forty-two years, and where it will remain when a faithful heart that beats under it hath ceased to throb.

At gun-fire our friends took leave of the frigate, little knowing the fate that was in store for many on board her. In three weeks from that day what a change! The glorious misfortune which befel us is written in the annals of our country.

On the very evening when Captain Pearson was entertaining his friends from Winchelsea he received orders to sail for Hull, and place

himself under command of the admiral there. From the Humber we presently were dispatched northward to Scarborough. There had been not a little excitement along the whole northern coast for some time past, in consequence of the appearance of some American privateers, who had ransacked a Scottish nobleman's castle, and levied contributions from a Cumberland sea-port town. As we were close in with Scarborough a boat came off with letters from the magistrates of that place, announcing that the squadron had actually been seen off the coast. The commodore of this wandering piratical expedition was known to be a rebel Scotchman: who fought with a rope round his neck to be sure. No doubt many of us youngsters vaped about the courage with which he would engage him, and made certain, if we could only meet with him, of seeing him hang from his own yard-arm. It was *Dis aliter visum*, as we used to say at Po-cock's; and it was we threw *deuce* too. Traitor, if you will, said Monsieur John Paul Jones, afterward Knight of his most Christian Majesty's Order of Merit; but a braver traitor never wore sword.

We had been sent for in order to protect a fleet of merchantmen that were bound to the Baltic, and were to sail under the convoy of our ship, and the *Countess of Scarborough*, commanded by Captain Piercy. And thus it came about that after being twenty-five days in his Majesty's service, I had the fortune to be present at one of the most severe and desperate combats that has been fought in our or any time.

I shall not attempt to tell that story of the battle of the 23d September, which ended in our glorious captain striking his own colors to our superior and irresistible enemy. Sir Richard has told the story of his disaster in words nobler than any I could supply, who, though indeed engaged in that fearful action in which our flag went down before a renegade Briton and his motley crew, saw but a very small portion of the battle which ended so fatally for us. It did not commence till nightfall. How well I remember the sound of the enemy's gun of which the shot crashed into our side into reply to the challenge of our captain who hailed her! Then came a broadside from us—the first I had ever heard in battle. . . .

THE END.

A SUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

CHAPTER I.

Midsummer at Fair Lea; and surely midsummer was never more prodigal of silver mornings, azure noons, and purple evenings—never more lavish of flowers and sunshine and jubilant songs of birds.

Surely never was maiden more happy than Evelyn Yorke, wandering along the banks of the laughing Lea, beneath its overarching elms and beeches, singing some gay love-lay as she goes, with an accompaniment of murmuring water and a whole chorus of larks. Well may she be happy, for he she loves with all the strength of her fresh, innocent heart is coming to Fair Lea to-day. True, he will not stay long, but it is enough that he is coming; once more she will see him, hear his voice, touch his hand. The very thought brings the quick blood to her cheek, for two long summer days they will be together. He will certainly ask her to walk with him by the river, and row her down to gather water-lilies as they did so often last summer. Oh, how it seemed then as though the slow months would never pass before their next meeting! And now she says, "To-day he will be here," in an hour perhaps—fair-haired, blue-eyed Archie, with the glance of a Norse king, brave as a lion, tender as a woman! Although he never, in so many words, told her he loves her, she has long been aware of it by the sub-

tle unerring in tinct of a woman's heart; and her own was given him from her very childhood, when she used to sit upon his knee listening to his boyish fairy tales, her eyes aglow with absorbed interest, and be his chosen companion on many a fishing or shooting expedition. When she left school this sweet intercourse was resumed, but sweeter, closer, more dangerous; and it is an understood thing at Fair Lea that sooner or later the cousins will be husband and wife.

There is no shadow of a cloud on Evelyn's sky, no thorn among her Eden-roses; the course of true love must needs run smooth for once. So what wonder is it that she sings as she saunters down the mossy path, thickly spangled with anemones and harebells, on whose fair blooms butterflies hang like jewels

Oh, 'tis love, 'tis love, 'tis love,
Which makes the world go round!

Suddenly, smiting the soft air, a gong sounds. Starting at its summons, Evelyn turns, and runs quickly up the path until, flushed and panting, she reaches the long, low, white house, seated like a queen on the top of the hill, amongst its brilliant gardens. The Hall stands cool and dim behind its pillared portico, a vivid scarlet geranium or pearl-white lily catching here and there slant sunbeams.

"Time you were dressed, Evelyn!" says a languid lady, wrinkled in a manner calculated to inspire wonder in the breast of the observer, sweeping her long velvet robes across the marble floor. "And how hot you look! Be quick—your cousins have arrived, and you must not keep them waiting for dinner."

"All right, mother dear. I shall not change my dress—this is clean," she answers, running up-stairs, and right into the arms of a tall, stalwart young man, coming somewhat hastily down.

If she looked hot before, she looks ten times hotter now, a bright blush dyeing her face as she looks up in startled dismay to meet the laughing gaze of the pair of handsome blue eyes fixed quizzically upon her own brown ones.

"Well, little cousin, you are in a hurry!" and "Oh, Archie, is it you?" burst simultaneously from the lips of either; then he holds her off at arm's length with cousinly familiarity, and scans her blushing, dimpling face.

"Upon my word you do the place credit!" he says mischievously. "What a color you have, child!"

"No wonder," cries Evelyn, indignantly, blushing more and more, "when you stare at me so rudely."

"Well," he laughs, "as you would come into my arms, what can you expect? I shall not let you go, either, without toll!" And, in spite of her struggles, he impresses one long kiss on her ripe lips before he lets her go, laughing and trembling, away.

Within her room, seated before the oval mirror prettily framed in lace and pink ribbon, the happy confusion of her thoughts, together with the color in her cheeks, begin to subside.

"He kissed me," she muses, hastily plaiting the brown lengths of hair that, damp with heat, curls itself into little rings on her forehead. "I ought not to have allowed him, but I could not help it. Oh, I hope no one saw! I shall never dare to look at him again! Dear me, there's the dinner-bell."

As she gathers the last thick plait into its place, some one knocks at the door, and, in answer to her gentle "Come in," there enters a vision of surpassing loveliness—a girl of some three-and-twenty years, dressed in floating clouds of silvery sparkling white, a single lily drooping from her wonderful yellow hair—a girl bewitching as a siren, with something of a siren's cruelty lurking far down in the depths of her lustrous dark eyes. Laying her small ringless hand on Evelyn's shoulder, she cries—if any accent of that murmuring voice can be called a cry—

"What have you been doing, Eve? You are quite a fright—as red as a turkey-cock!"

And are you going down in that dress?"—glancing contemptuously at Eve's simple untrimmed muslin.

"I have not time to change it. Besides, no one will notice me where you are, Belle."

The siren is greedy of admiration, and loves it from any and every one, so smiles sweetly as she condescends to arrange a creamy rose in Evelyn's hair, remarking the while that she does not look "half so bad after all." Nor does she, though quite cast into the shade by her friend's magnificent beauty, of which effect her friend is delightfully conscious.

Belle Leicester is a woman with a mission—that mission being to marry money, position, and good looks—the first most certainly, the two latter if possible. She has been taught from her cradle to be what she is—purely selfish—and wears her truly feline claws well hidden in their velvet sheath. Being beautiful and fascinating, and not wanting in discernment, she soon won Evelyn's unworldly heart at the fashionable school where they first met, and now fully intends to win Archie Eversdale's, who happens to have all the three desirable matrimonial qualifications. It does not matter to her in the least that Eve loves him—a fact she was very soon discovered; that Evelyn may suffer matters as little. She, Belle Leicester, wishes to have, therefore ought to have, therefore must have. Such is the creed of her kind.

The long drawing-room, one more of comfort than of show, is full of sunshine and scent as the two girls enter. Half a dozen people are assembled there—Sir Ellery Yorke, an undersized, portly man, beaming with efflorescent good-humor, and his wife Lady Yorke are questioning Archie Eversdale as to his estate, and other family matters. Rosaline, eldest, and Mollie, youngest daughter of the house of Yorke, together with Monkton, Archie's elder brother, a dark-faced man with penetrating eyes, are persuading with unnecessary noise and laughter a fat King Charles spaniel to beg for sugar.

Not until Archie's eyes first fall on Belle Leicester has Evelyn's gentle heart known a jealous pang; but his undisguised admiration as he bows over her hand, and the absorbed way in which he watches the alluring grace of her every movement to the utter neglect of his aunt's remarks, teach her what such pangs may be.

At dinner he is placed between Belle and Rosaline, whilst she, seated far away, can see them only now and then, between the drooping ferns which form a perfect grove in the centre of the table. She sees in some of those moments how he bends over Belle in his tenderly chivalrous way, apparently unconscious of Rosaline on his other side—unconscious too of Lady Yorke's surprised looks and Mollie's occasional teasing questions. She sees the subtle sweet glances Belle bestows upon him, the bewildering way in which she flatters him with her smiles. Ah, how adorably beautiful she is! How could any man see and not worship her? So thinks Evelyn as pale enough now and too heart-sick to respond with animation to Monkton's gay speeches, she pretends to eat her duckling. At length, after a pause, during which Monkton privately votes her stupid, he remarks confidentially—

"What an awfully pretty girl that Miss Chester is!"

"Her name is Leicester," corrects Evelyn, rousing herself.

"Oh, bother! What's in the name? Is her hair dyed, do you suppose?"

"Dyed! Absurd, Monkton! You never saw dyed hair of that color so full of sunshine and life."

"Well, little cousin, stand up for your pretty friend. It is not often I hear a girl do that, I can tell you. But—pardon me—I have seen dyed hair exactly that color. However, my young brother—Archie is only younger by two years—seems to think her perfection. A case of 'love at first sight,' I fancy. There's a sort of likeness between them too, only Archie's hair is not dyed. Now be cross!"

"I am not cross. But do you really think them alike? They say people generally prefer a different style from the own. I should not have thought Archie would admire fair women."

"Oh, yes, he always did! I have often heard him say there's something more attractive, something softer about a fair style of beauty. Now I think quite the contrary, especially in Miss Leicester's case."

But what Monkton thinks is of no consequence to Evelyn, and, remembering her own dark eyes and hair, her heart sinks within her, and she is silent during the conclusion of dinner.

"Be the day weary and never so long
At length it ringeth to even-song."

muttered Monkton, as Lady York rises—a somewhat uncomplimentary quotation, did Evelyn hear it, which she does not, although she hears Belle's whispered "Do not be long!" and sees Archie's ardent responsive glance as he holds the door open while they pass out. Lady Yorke barely keeps awake till she reaches her favorite seat, and when there sinks at once with dignified composure into a doze. Rosaline opens the piano and begins to sing "The Forsaken" *sotto voce*. Being a rosy-cheeked damsel, decidedly inclining to *embonpoint*, with brown merry eyes and an ever ready laugh, she sings the saddest, most sentimental ballads that are to be found, and just now this is her favorite. Mollie, standing by her side, plays the air in the bass with one finger, also an occasional false note, with the fat spaniel in her arms.

Evelyn, hot and weary, crosses the room to the conservatory, where several birds, caged amongst masses of gorgeous bloom sing in emulation of Rosaline. There is a drowsy languor in the air, not a breath comes in at the open glass doors past the silver-birches on the terrace, not a breath stirs the jessamine clinging to the verandah, to detach its evanescent blossom-stars. Beyond the radiant garden, murmurous with bees, one can see the waters of the river gleam and glide, as they skirt the hills, until half a mile or so from Fair Lea they spread into a broad, deep lake, from which purple mountains rise on one side sheer and awful, on the other gently sloping, covered with shrubs and flowers that seem to whisper to the lilies and irises floating near. Apparently admiring this fair view stands Evelyn, fanning herself fitfully, her pain-haunted thoughts with handsome fickle Archie, who, on his part, though no doubt anxious to leave the dining-room, discusses his claret and walnuts with some faint interest.

"And this is what I have looked forward to so long!" she sighs to herself, while, "He will return, I know he will!" warbles Rosaline, emphatically. "I know he used to care for me—he did his best to make me sure of it; and now to change so suddenly! I have lived on his words and looks all this weary while; he kissed me so tenderly only a few hours ago; and now—now!" Tears fall on the whiterose which her fingers absently caress. "Belle is so beautiful, I ought to have known he would like her—beautiful and brilliant—and I am neither! He cannot help loving her, and how could any one he loved help loving him? She does not know I care—she is not to blame. I must forget my foolish dream of happiness and love."

"Evelyn?" cooes a soft voice in her ear, "will you come into the garden with me? It's so hot and stupid here. Lady York's asleep, and that hateful song Rose is groaning over gives me the horrors. Come."

For a moment Evelyn stands looking mutely at her friend, as if to see wherein the spell of her beauty lies. Belle half closes her glittering eyes, as though languid with heat, but the delicate sea-shell pink in her cheeks does not deepen—she is far from being vulgarly hot; the sunbeams play hide-and-seek in the amber glory of her hair; a crimson leaf or two has dropped on to her dress. Truly no fairer being ever dazzled man's sight. With an unconscious sigh, which Belle interprets well enough,

Evelyn suffers her to take her hand, and they go out together!

Meanwhile in the dining-room the wine steadily decreases. Old Sir Ellery retires to a sofa, spreads a spotless kerchief over his red beaming countenance, and begins anon to snore loudly. Archie and Monkton are equally eager to retire, but neither shows the least apparent desire to do so. Monkton begins helping himself to a peach.

"What a quiet, say-nothing girl Evelyn is! She was up a tree or something all dinner-time; I could scarcely get a word out of her."

"No?" queries Archie, staring at his boots. "You must have bored her then. But I say, Monk, what a glorious creature that Belle Leicester is—such eyes, such hair, such hands! By Jove, she made time fly! I assure you I couldn't have told what we were eating!"

"Dare say!" says Monk, a little surprised at his brother's excessive enthusiasm. "Beautiful as an houri, as fellows in books say; but I confess I have my doubts as to genuineness, you know—eh?"

"What do you mean?" cries Archie fiercely. "I never knew such a man—always on the look-out for flaws! Of course it's genuine."

"Well, you certainly ought to know—you sat near enough to her. But one sees so much Rachelism nowadays that one learns to doubt the rose's bloom itself. I say, uncle will have a fit if he goes on in this way." Sir Ellery's snores have waxed loud to an abnormal degree, and suggest apoplexy to the most ignorant mind. Don't you think I ought to wake him?"

"Not for worlds," speaks Archie, anxiously impressive; "he'd be as mad as a March hare if you did. But he does make a row! I vote for a quiet weed in the garden or a pull down the river." This he suggests with as nonchalant an air as though he had not just now caught the gleam of a woman's dress between the trees.

"The very thing! And look, there go the two girls—we'll join them." "Like two beautiful butterflies fluttering over the flowers," is Monkton's gay remark when they are overtaken, for which Belle rewards him by a musical laugh and a slow sweet glance, which has the immediate effect of bringing him to her side if not to her feet.

So they strolled on a little in front, leaving the other two to follow, the yellow sunshine crowning Belle as rests the story in "storied windows" on some mediæval saint.

"What a lovely evening!" says Eve, nervously anxious to break the constrained silence—alas, how new is this constraint!—which falls upon them. "And how the birds are singing, are they not?"

"Happy creatures!" sighs Archie, sentimentally, "Teach me half the gladness that thy brain must know—there, it's too warm to quote even Shelley. Will you have a row on the river, my—cousin?"

His voice takes a tender tone; the significance of his pause brings a rich color to Evelyn's face—she looks well when she blushes—and her heart beats quickly. Does he care for her after all then? But, before she can reply he goes on carelessly—

"Monk will take you, and I must do the honors to your friend."

"I will not come!" cries Eve impetuously, flashing quite a fierce glance at him.

"Will not come!" he echoes, his conscience smiting him. "Do come, dear Eve, to please me. Of course I would much rather take you, but I must be polite, and—and the fact is, she expressed a wish to row on the river with me; but you must come, too."

Evelyn is ashamed of her momentary passion; therefore, while perfectly unconvinced by his last speech, she answers lightly—

"Oh, it was only a joke! I meant to come all the time. Monk and I shall enjoy ourselves as much as you."

To this he answers nothing. Presently Belle is seated in one of the small boats moored by the garden bank, with the flowers she has gathered clustered on her silvery skirts, her

bright hair, drooping slightly, set off by the scarlet of a little shawl she wears. In answer to her gay salute, Evelyn mechanically kisses her hand, and then she watches them float swiftly away beyond the bend of the river, Archie's deep-toned laughter jarring on her heart. Suddenly she becomes aware that Monkton is looking at her curiously, and, starting, blushing crimson, she jumps lightly to her place.

"Drifting, drifting, on and on,"

sings Monkton softly, while Evelyn listens like one in a dream. The oars make music in the opal water, rich sunlight dyes the white, queenly lilies, touching the fur-trunks with a red finger. Down towards them floats a passion-flower—it is one Archie wore in his coat; she leans from the boat, almost upsetting it in her anxiety to reach the treasure.

"Take care, Eve! What is it you want? Not that trumpery flower! You want it? Sit still, then—I'll soon have it out."

In another moment she has it, and places it all wet and torn in the bosom of her dress. Monk, sitting opposite, resting on his oars, thinks how fair she is, after all—a tender beauty, soft and pale like that of evening, insensibly stealing deeply into one's heart. As he looks at her drooping profile, with its background of shimmering water, loose hair, he thinks of Evangeline going her mournful quest, and a couplet he has read somewhere occurs to him—

"Though the morning is glad and gay,
Thou art many times more sweet."

He feels an indefinable sensation at his heart—he is twenty-six, and has never loved a woman yet—a strange longing to touch the little hand lying inertly on the boat's edge, but he refrains.

"You are very silent my lady of Shallot," he says. "Don't you know I have not seen you for years, yet you hardly deign to speak to me? Absence has not made your heart fonder, at any rate."

"Oh, Monk," she answers, raising her head with a faint smile, "I fear I am very stupid! I don't know how it is—my head aches so. I think the heat has upset me."

"Dear little Eve, I am sorry—let me bathe your head." And before she can prevent him he has dipped his handkerchief into the cool water, and, gently as any woman, laid it on her throbbing head. What can she do but smile gratefully up at him as she murmurs—

"Thank you. That is nice."

Her voice, her smile, thrills his heart.

"I do not know how it is," he bursts out, "but you are so different from other girls, Evelyn. I know lots, and they are either too fast or too slow, or too down upon a man, or something. But you make me feel better simply by being with you—make me think better, nobler thoughts—do you understand? Now there's your friend—Archie's wild about her—well, I believe she would lead a fellow to the bad in—"

"Oh, Monk, Monk," interrupts Evelyn, reproachfully; "you do not know dear Belle, nor how good she was to me at school! If you knew her better, I am sure you would not speak so."

"Chacun a son gout," mutters Monk—then aloud, "I will think her an angel, if it will please you. But you look so pale, poor child—tea will refresh you. Auntie and the rest will be wondering about us." This he says while turning the boat's head round.

"Ought we not wait for Belle?" suggests Eve timidly.

"Oh, dear, no! Archie's smitten so hard, there's no telling when he'll bring her back. Shouldn't wonder if he proposes to her first. After all you know,"—with confidential candor—"he's an awful dunder where women are concerned. But you are actually shivering—what a brute I am to talk so much! Let me fold your shawl round you. And see—there's the star of love and dreams! It must be late, but I'll lay on now."

Half an hour later they enter the Fair Lea drawing-room. A chorus of voices greets them

with "Where have you been?" "Where is Belle?" "How pale you are!" Two or three visitors are added to the family group—Harry Rosenthorpe, the Fair Lea Doctor, and his sister—he a good-looking, self-possessed, common place, she a small, pale creature, with large restless eyes stamping her as the reverse of common-place.

Rosaline is dispensing tea at a side table, assisted in her graceful task by the Reverend Remigius Wyse, a young clergyman—or priest, as he insists—of ritualistic views. As the cousins enter he has just contrived to upset the cream-ewer on the floor by way of "pointing a moral," probably, thereby winning the eternal regard of Floss, the spaniel, who much enjoys the contents.

Evelyn sinks wearily into a chair, leaving Monk to explain, and takes from his attentive hand a cup of tea, he remaining beside her with his own. Through the open window they see the garden "faint with bloom" lying dimly beneath the glimmering sky, into whose unfathomable depths the July moon sails full and clear. The river gleams, every leaf is edged with silver, and in the pauses of conversation the nightingale's liquid strain is heard. In such hours love grows quickly to full flower. Almost unconsciously to himself it is putting forth its blossoms in Monkton's heart, its delicate perfume pervading his whole being. He does not think of asking himself why earth to night seems so like Elysium—an Elysium with Evelyn's eyes for stars. He is simply blindly, unquestionably happy. When knowledge comes—for divine ignorance is seldom long-lived—will it be for good or evil?

Meanwhile Archie and Belle have reached the landing-place. Her hands are full of water lilies; her white dress lies long and damp around her, as she stands waiting on the brink whilst he fastens the boat securely; her golden hair, all unbound, streams glittering over her shoulders; in her half-shut cruel eyes a dangerous light gathers. Beneath the moon she stands, Undine personified—Undine, without a soul—or, better still, the serpent-witch, as Christabel just beheld her, richly clad and "beautiful exceedingly." Then Archie, flushed with rowing, excited by the violent flirtation in which he has largely assisted, joins her; there is no sound save the lapping of the tide against the steps, a delicious fragrance fills the air, and a nightingale begins to sing.

"Listen!" murmurs Belle, nestling to his side, raising her eyes to meet his.

He is young, vain, impassioned; beauty of all kinds has a powerful influence over his senses, not his heart, though the two are often confounded; other excuse for him there is none. Intoxicated by her proximity, the dreamy twilight, most of all by her irresistible beauty, he clasps her with a sudden movement in his arms, his good angel forgotten, and kisses her red mouth again and again.

"Oh, Archie—Mr. Eversdale—do you forget that we scarcely know each other? Oh, what would people say?"

"That you were divine, and I a presumptuous fool!" he answered in impassioned tones, conscious of having gone farther than he had intended, yet despising the very consciousness. "Forgive me, Miss Leicester, and forget my rudeness—your loveliness is my only excuse."

"Though I may forgive, how can I forget?" breathes Belle, pathetically turning her head slyly away, with a perfection of coquetry.

"Only let me have your forgiveness, then, and I will beseech you to remember, as I shall!" he murmurs, oblivious of everything but the enchantment of the moment, her beauty—partly artificial though he knows it to be—bewildering his foolish brain more and more.

"You, Mr. Eversdale? Oh, I know what men's memories are! In a few hours' time you will go back to your life of business and pleasure, with which I have nothing to do, and will never think of poor little me any more. And I—ah, what shall I do?"

Her face droops, till she hides it in the wet lilies, shining whitely through the yellow glory of her hair. Is that a drop of water, or a tear upon her hand? The bare thought maddens him. "Beauty in distress"—has it not ever melted the susceptible heart of youth? Passing one arm round her waist, drawing her closely to him, he whispers—

"Say that you will be wholly my own!"

"Oh! here you are!" shouts a childish voice, and Mollie darts upon them from a side-path, to Archie's annoyance, Belle's unutterable anger, and the confusion of both. "I was coming to look for you," proceeds the child—"every one thinks you are drowned!" So she bears them triumphantly along with her.

Belle has an air of subdued triumph, and Archie of awkward consciousness, as they enter and encounter Sir Ellery's rather pointed "chaff."

Bella hastening to Evelyn, pours out her anxiety at her darling's pallor. "I'm so very sorry!" she declares, when Monkton tells the cause—"so afraid it was my selfish fault; but really Mr. Eversdale was quite too irresistible—indeed I could scarcely persuade him to return at all! And am I not a fright with my hair all down? But he would not allow me to fasten it up!"

Evelyn longs intensely for the quiet retirement of her own room. There she will at least have solitude and darkness; there she may discard this miserable mask of indifference—there weep out the pent-up agony which is breaking her heart. Slowly drag on the weary minutes, which to Monkton are the brightest of his life.

"Poor little cousin!" he whispers tenderly, his heart aching at the sight of a woman's suffering, as he places a cushion for her head, and screens her from the light.

She thanks him with a piteous smile, moaning to herself—

"Archie does not care—does not notice that I am ill."

No; that gay young Lothario is hanging over Belle's chair, while she pretends to arrange her lilies, which the Reverend Remigius has begged for church decorations. His long fair moustache almost brushes Belle's delicate cheek. Even in her agony Evelyn cannot help thinking what a pretty group they make. Then Belle gives him a waxen bud, which he kisses, not to furtively, she smiling her siren smile, sweet and dangerous, the while. Then Sir Ellery, deep in politics, calls Monkton to give his opinion on some knotty point, and little Zeta Rosenthorpe, crossing the room with a peculiarly noiseless gliding movement, comes to a footstool at Evelyn's feet, settling thereon like some dainty, golden-plumaged humming-bird.

"Is your head so very bad, *cara*?"

Wonderful sympathy is expressed in the bell-like accents, and, instead of irritating Evelyn, a question asked by another would have done, it seems unaccountably to soothe her.

"Very bad, dearie, and I am so tired."

"Darling," proceeds Zeta abruptly, yet with tenderness too great to wound, "your poor little heart aches more than your head. Do not deny it to me—I know."

Evelyn's eyes droop beneath the blaze of Zeta's, tell-tale, crimson stains the pure paleness of her cheek.

"I do not think," Zeta goes on, as if to herself, "that men often love such women as Belle Leicester. They are fascinated by them—intoxicated, I should call it, by such mere beauty. And what glorious beauty it is—all of earth though—no wings there but butterfly's! Look at her, *cara*! She sits purposely where the full light sparkles on her golden hair, leaving her dark eyes soft—soft as they can be!—in shadow. See how white and small her hand is, lying on the crimson velvet of her chair—see how she looks up at your cousin! Do I hurt you, darling? He is fascinated, but he does not love her—nay, such fascination generally ends in loathing."

Making a violent effort to appear indifferent Evelyn retorts—

"I will not have you speak so of Belle! And why should not any man love her? She is quite as good as any one else, and better. Besides, if you suppose I care whether he loves her or not, you are utterly mistaken."

Zeta makes no reply—she only folds her fairy hands on the yellow satin of her dress, and lifts her eyes to Eve's face—mesmeric, soul-touching, soul-alluring eyes, drawing truth from her friend's heart utterly and completely! Then she smiles dreamily, takes Evelyn's hand in her own, kisses it fervently, and moves away as noiselessly as she came, to seek Lady Yorke, who has been yawning behind her fan for an hour past.

At this moment Archie's glance falls on Evelyn, left alone. He is a little tired of the brilliancy of the lovely exacting Belle, a little out of love with his tinsel toy. He hesitates. Shall he join his cousin, whom conscience accuses him of neglecting. Hesitating, he is lost. Monkton takes the vacant chair by her side, and it is too late forever. Anger and disdain swell his masculinely unreasonable heart, as, furtively glancing over Belle's head, he beholds how tenderly his brother bends over Evelyn, adjusting shawls and cushions with a gentle hand, while she smiles her innocent, pleased smile, and apparently a most interesting conversation goes on between them. He does not imagine how unutterably her heart is yearning for him. By and by some one asks Zeta to sing. She goes immediately to the piano as to a thing beloved, and without any ladylike graces or timidity she begins Mrs. Browning's beautiful "Bianca among the nightingales" to a melody of her own composing. She sings with deepest pathos, with passionate emphasis; one can almost hear the rise and fall of the nightingale's liquid strain in the music's rich cadences; one can almost hear Bianca's breaking heart beat in the singer's wondrous tones. She sings as might some lost soul—so despairingly, so tearfully, so exquisitely! When amid a breathless silence she leaves the piano there are tears in every eye. Sir Ellery blows his nose angrily; the Reverend Remigius presses Rose's hand in his emotion; as for Eve, she can scarcely stifle her sob, the heroine's woes seem so like her own; while Archie's heart is stirred to its depths. Can it be that he has been faithless? Has he left the true heart for the new beauty? He thinks of a day the previous summer when he stood with Eve on the terrace and bade her think of and pray for him always; he remembers how tears welled into her soft eyes as he took her hands in his, whispering, "Good-bye my darling!" The old pure love rises like a repressed fountain in his heart, and down sinks the hollow phantom before it. "Fool," he soliloquises, "to have trifled this precious time away! And now, perhaps to have lost her!" With bitter remorse he watches Monkton fold her shawl carefully round her, assist her from the sofa with the most lover-like tenderness, and lead her to the door. It closes behind them both, and how long it is before he comes back—alone!

"Evelyn has gone to bed with a bad headache," he says advancing towards them. "She told me to give her love to you, Miss Leicester."

"She is so delicate," coos Belle—"so sadly delicate. Now nothing hurts me. I am stronger than I look; though I expect I look as red and strong as a milkmaid just now, do I not?"—turning with a bewitching smile to Archie.

But he is gone—yes, has actually left her to talk to that pale-faced witch, Zeta Rosenthorpe! Finding his brother politely impervious to her charms, cruelly mortified and angry, she deigns for the first time to notice Doctor Rosenthorpe, who is only too proud to be noticed, having watched her with admiration, and Archie with envy, all the evening. Answering with alacrity the invitation of her *beaux yeux* he leaves Sir Ellery

and his politics with very scant ceremony indeed.

CHAPTER II.

The voice of the river, calling in the warm hush of the fragrant midsummer night sends its message through Evelyn's open, woodbine-guarded window to where she lies asleep in the moonlight, which spectre-like glides in between the loose white curtain-folds, and sheds its pale beams on her brow. All the house is buried in slumber; there is no sound, no movement, save the river's monotonous murmur. The sound brings a dream to Evelyn. She dreams that she rises from the bed whereon she threw herself a few hours before weeping in her agony; her crushed muslin dress clings limply round her; the long, soft masses of dark hair frame her slight figure in ebony. Silently she opens the door, and steals down the moon-haunted corridor through the open conservatory door into the garden. The dark leaves stir uneasily as she passes, Zephyr wakes a moment from his perfumed slumber, sighs when he beholds her, and sinks to rest again. The lilies lift their pearl chalices towards her heedless hand, the love-bright rose, weeping, scatters its satiny petals before her path. Though the elves would detain her, she passes swiftly on, for she is going to Archie. She knows that he is waiting longingly for her somewhere—the river knows where, the river will lead her to him. So, in her dream, she goes lightly down the wet, mossy steps in the boat and floats with it down the stream. Wild, exulting joy upbears her spirit, the warm air thrills with love-whispers and silvery echoes of his name. Rare blossoms, from whose hearts of fire rises a golden mist of odor, star the banks on either side, and burn down far into the transparent water; crystal mountins, flecked with opal-like fire, pierce the azure sky; lilies "fairer than the waking eyes behold," rock on the river's bosom, from whose depths lovely faces, with all eyes like Zeta Rosentropé's, rise, smile at her, and disappear. Ah, that? A laugh—soft, yet cruel—musical, yet malignant and full of triumph. There, on the emerald bank, stands Belle, crowned like a queen, pointing scoffingly at her. While Evelyn looks shudderingly, she sees Archie coming rapidly through the trees; Belle runs to meet him, and is folded to his breast. His endearing accents reach the dreamer's ear and lie like ice upon her breast. "Archie, Archie!" she wails; but they only laugh mockingly, and yet louder as she begins to weep wildly.

"I hate you—I hate you!" chants Belle monotonously. And "I hate you," echoes Archie. While all the while Zeta is singing afar off "Bianca among the nightingales."

The silvery whispers in the air turn to ominous mutterings, like distant thunder; the flowers die, uttering human groans; while solemnly down from heaven descends a gigantic-winged demon of darkness—awful, inexorable. A creeping horror seizes her, the mysterious, over-mastering horror only known in dreams. She must reach Archie, she must touch his hand before she dies, even though he hate her. With one more imploring cry—"Archie, Archie!"—she springs from the boat and plunges madly into the water. The plunge, all too real, wakes her from her somnambulistic trance; in one flashing moment she remembers all; she sees the dim shore so cruelly close, the wan moon going down behind the firs, even a pitiless star above her. There is a gurgling cry, a struggle, and the water closes over her head.

When at last Archie Eversdale finds himself alone in his room, he is in a thoroughly bad temper, evidenced by the way in which he kicks his portmanteau aside, knocks a chair over, and flings his generally respected dress-coat anywhere. He opens his window with a

bang, spitefully crushing a poor brown moth in the process. A good deal relieved by these manifestations, he dons his shooting-coat, leans his elbow on the broad, old-fashioned sill, round which Gloire de Dijon roses cluster, lights a cigar, and stares out over the garden.

"Fool," he mutters presently—he alludes to the beauteous Belle—"fool, with her paint, her dyed hair, and her hateful eyes; and fool a thousand times myself to be so miserably beguiled by them! Pah! The paint came off on my lips when I kissed her; yet I was mad enough to say what I did; however, I am sane now, if it's not too late. I've had a narrow escape too—oh, Mollie, you were an angel in disguise!—a little more and she'd have had me up for breach of promise. What a look she gave me when I wished her good-night in what I meant to be an unconscious, friendly way—the malevolence of it fairly frightened me! Ah, well I deserved it!" Then he is silent a long while, lazily watching the smoke of his cigar curl up and vanish, thinking how he will seek Evelyn on the morrow, and endeavor by every means in his power to make her forget his folly. "What if I should have lost her?" is his next thought. "That idiot Monk would be only too glad to get her, I know. Pretending that she was a say-nothing too—such bosh! I do hate that kind of hypocrisy; why can't a fellow say what he mean? I cannot imagine what infatuated me so with that Leicester girl—it must have been a wild form of insanity. My little Eve, my true love, will you forgive and love me still? I shall not rest till I have the answer from your sweet lips. It's no use to think of sleeping—I'll have a stroll by the river. How Monk—who doesn't know what real love is—would laugh! He'll have been snoring like a grampus this last hour through!"

Lighting another cigar, he descends, covered with rose-leaves, if not with glory, with athletic ease from his window by means of the trellis-work. It is a heavenly night, faintly moonlit, balmy, warm and silent—a very night for love and romance, for Jessica and Lorenzo.

With both hands in his pockets he strolls along, making good resolutions, by the shimmering lily-decked river. Suddenly he pauses; a cold thrill runs through him, chilling his blood. Surely that was Evelyn's voice—"Archie, Archie!" He stands listening, but all is silent; it must have been fancy. Yet he feels strangely uneasy. Could it be Evelyn? It sounded like a cry of distress. Forcing his way through prickly gorse and rose-bushes to the river's verge, he looks up and down, fearing he knows not what. Even while he looks a boat slowly rounds the bend of the river into the fading moonlight; a white-robed form with flowing hair rises up like a vision; stretching both arms wildly out, it shrieks loudly imploringly, agonizingly, "Archie, Archie!" As one in a dream who cannot move, he sees it spring into the water and disappear. "Is it indeed a dream?" He stands nerveless with horror for a moment and again loses his chance. There is a rush through the close bushes, a crackling of branches, a plunge, and a dark head appears swimming towards where the vision sank. It is Monkton. Roused by the sight, assured it was indeed Evelyn, despair and jealous love struggling for the mastery, Archie tears off his coat, dashes in, swimming with the strength and swiftness of madness after him. If, he thinks, he can but reach her first, she is his own forever; but Monkton has her long floating hair in his grasp, clasps her closely, and bears her swiftly to land, Archie following. Then Monkton raises her till her face lies on his breast—a dead, rigid face—on which Archie's eyes fastened hungrily as he groans, all his passion spent, "Too late—to late!" His brother, who has neither heard nor seen him till this moment, starts violently, but it is not a time for questions and answers, scarcely for surprise.

"Help me with her!" he gasps, thinking

Archie's exclamation refers to Evelyn's deathly face. "Pray Heaven it is not too late!" So Archie helps to hold her up, and between them the drowned lily is brought to shore. "Run on, Archie," says Monk, "and wake them all. We shall be obliged to take her home—there's nowhere nearer; and I will bring Evelyn as quickly as possible." Then, sternly, for his brother is motionless, he adds, "Be quick, man, can't you?"

"You shall not have her, Monkton!" cries Archie, in passionate pain. "She belongs to me—she is mine. You have no right to touch her even. I love her—do you her?—I love her!"

"You love her—you," retorts Monkton as passionately—"after your conduct this day! A paltry pitiful love I should be ashamed to own! Touch her if you dare! Come, get on."

"I tell you I do love her," wails the young man, a heavy sob catching his breath, "dastard though I am, and she loves me. Oh, Monk, if you have any pity, let me have her now! If she—I mean afterwards I will yield her to you entirely."

Monkton's generous heart melts at the sight of his brother's agony.

"Oh, my poor fellow," he says sadly, "what matters it who loves her now, poor little girl? Here, wrap your coat round her. Oh, what can be the meaning of it?"

He places the pale form in Archie's arms, and they hurry on in silence up the steep path, where but yesterday Evelyn went singing her joyous love-lay. Archie's hot tears fall as he presses her to him, striving to bring back warmth to her icy limbs; voiceless prayers ascend from his torn heart's depths; while Monkton, hastening on, calm as one who has no hope, peals the great hall bell loudly. In a short time footsteps are heard; Sir Ellery's voice shouts—

"Who's there? What is it?"

"Monk and Archie!" shouts back the former, dreading keenly for the unconscious family the blow about to fall on them. "For Heaven's sake, quick!"

Sir Ellery, the butler, and a young footman, all half-dressed, presently appear. Great indeed is their horrified astonishment when they see the brothers coatless, hatless—Archie, like one who sees naught else, bearing Evelyn's inanimate form, water dripping heavily from both, her face thrown back on his shoulder, her long hair sweeping the ground.

Crawford, the butler fairly staggers back; the footman afterwards informed an admiring audience in the servants' hall that "nothin' ever give him such a turn in his life—he thought nothin' else but 'e'd bin and murdered of 'er"; Sir Ellery's face is one stupefied note of interrogation.

"Have you—have you killed her?" her at last gasps out.

"Don't stay to ask questions now!" says Archie savagely. "Do you not see she's insensible? Go for a doctor, Crawford—call her mother—light a fire, can't you?"

Lady Yorke comes quickly down, followed by Rosaline, Belle, in elegant dishabille, and the frightened women-servants.

"Oh, don't tell me—don't tell me anything has happened!" she shrieks.

"Your daughter has been in the river," says Monkton laconically. "Light the fire at once, some of you—we must have hot bricks. And stop all this noise, or we shall never get anything done."

When all is ready Archie will not suffer his lost darling to be moved quite away. He has her head on his arm while Monkton forces brandy between her clenched teeth, he whispers fond words in her deaf ears, chafes her lax hand, kisses her ever and anon—unmindful of every one else—with despairing passion; while Belle in a dim corner watches with eyes that positively glare, in her secret soul a cruel joy that his love is useless now, his repentance all too late; if the prize is not hers, at least it will never be Evelyn's. But is his love useless? Is his repentance too late? Slowly, as hidden by

his kisses, the warmth steals back to her heart the color to her lips, until at last the death-heavy lids slowly unclose, once more love has conquered death, and the sweet soul of Evelyn Yorke awakes to life. Her faint eyes fall on Monkton, who kneels anxiously regarding her. With an effort she murmurs, "Dear Monkton!" and relapses into insensibility. That murmur goes like a knife to Archie's heart.

"She lives, thank Heaven!" he says with a deep sob, half joy, half pain. "Here, Monk, this is doubly your place now." And, relinquishing her to his brother, he hurries from the hall.

Lady Yorke weeps and prays aloud, her face hidden on her husband's shoulder; tears are in all eyes, save those of the watcher in the dim corner. Yes, Evelyn lives. Her spirit had not gone so far on its mystic path that love's voice, strong with remorse and anguish, was vain to recall it—not so far that love's tender kisses had no charm to win it back.

The long sunny flower-sweet days are ending, though the nameless presence of decay is felt rather than seen as yet. Hectic scarlet stains summer's once fair face, her dying breath seems to weight the air, her blue eyes take a darker, more spiritual light; she looks from earth to heaven, for she knows she is passing hence. All through those bright days has Evelyn lain face to face with death, fighting her way back from his dark domains, and shielded from his fiery dart by loving care, by unceasing prayers. At last he is vanquished. To-day for the first time she has been carried into her dressing-room, and rests, pale as some crushed flower, upon the crimson cushions of her couch. On a little bronze table by her side lie a volume of Keats's poems, some grapes covered with bloom, half hidden among their leaves, and a mass of geraniums, verbenas, and clematis in splendid confusion, which Mollie, on her knees, is arranging for a Parian vase. Something more than the languor of convalescence is upon Evelyn. The sunshine, sloping through the open window, round which jessamine and late roses climb, and the song of a blackbird without fill her with speechless pain—they are such happy, sorrowless things, and so unsympathetic! Her thoughts are with the past, as they generally are; and presently she asks busy auburn-haired Mollie—

"Was poor Belle very much hurt when mamma sent her away?"

"Not hurt—cross," replies candid Mollie; "mother told her that, since the very sound of her voice made you worse, she had better go away until you were much better. Of course mother said how sorry she was to lose her, and how sorry you would be if you could know; and it was a fact that people in delirium often took such unaccountable dislike to their friends. A selfish thing she is—and, oh, how she tried to catch Archie! I heard papa and mamma talking about it, when they didn't know I was there, and—"

"Hush, hush, Mollie! You should not talk so fast; and, if you heard what you were not meant to hear, never tell any one what it was—it isn't honorable. Poor Belle!"—after a pause. "It was very hard upon her. You see my dream haunted me so."

"What was your dream, Eve? You never really told us. Was it really very horrid?" asks the little girl curiously.

"Oh, don't ask me! I will tell you some day; but I cannot bear to think of it yet. If you have finished those flowers, will you go and find Monkton, and tell him I should like to see him?"

"Yes, darling!" answers Mollie, kissing her affectionately. "Are you sure you are strong enough for it?"

"Quite, dear. Now run away."

Left alone, Evelyn sinks back with a sigh. Oh, of what good is it all? What pleasure is there in getting strong to bear sorrow and desolation—sunshine without, but none within? Yet she must thank Monkton for saving her useless life.

"He's coming," exclaims Mollie, bursting

rather noisily into the room, "and mother says you are not to tire yourself. He was so pleased when I told him you wanted him, and Archie said it was a good thing you didn't want him; but here he is. I'm off," and with a merry laugh the chatter-box dances away, little guessing the anguish her half-uttered speech causes Eve, who is so white when Monkton comes and takes her hand in his strong warm one that his heart aches for her.

"My poor little cousin," he says very tenderly, pressing her thin hand, "I fear you are far from strong yet; but how glad I am to see you again! Archie and I ran down from town yesterday in the hope of doing so. We shall soon have you down-stairs, and shall take great care of our treasure, I can tell you!"

"Dear Monk!" says she, faintly smiling, and struggling for composure. "It's very good of you to say so; but I feel so tired—as if I could not make the effort to come down stairs, and would rather lie here for ever."

"I know the feeling, dear; it's very hard to bear, but it is only weakness, which you'll soon get over. Meanwhile, did not Rosenthorne say you were not to talk?"

"Oh, yes! But of course I do. I wanted to thank you, dear Monk, for saving me that—that dreadful night—you know."

"Now don't!" he begins hastily; but she lays her hand on his arm, entreating silence, and goes on.

"I had a dream—how strange to think I really got into the boat on the river!—and I never woke till I felt the water. Oh—shuddering irrepressibly—"how cold, how horrible it was!"

"Poor little darling!" says Monkton soothingly. "Don't think of it now. Thank Heaven it's all over, and you are safe."

"Yes—I will not think of that; but there is something I like to think of—how bravely you saved me. How came you to be there?"

"Well, I suppose, like Archie, I'd smoked too much. Anyhow I could not sleep, and took a walk by the river. As for bravery, why there was not an atom about it. Any lad able to swim might have rescued you; but my being there was a 'providence,' as folks say."

"I do thank you, dear, very much. Though my life was little worth saving, I owe it to you. If it had not been for you, I suppose I should have been drowned."

"Well, no, not quite. I wish you did owe your life to me—it would have been selfishly sweet to me. But do you not know that Archie was there too? He jumped in after me. I only just managed to get hold of you first, and he carried you home in his arms. Poor fellow! I never saw him so completely unmanned."

"Archie!" exclaims Eve, sitting bolt-upright, pale as death and almost gasping for breath—"Archie jumped—Archie carried me home! Why did not any one tell me? And I have been thinking him—"

Suddenly she recollects herself, and, sinking back, blushes like the "red, red rose."

"So—she loves him," thinks her cousin, watching her closely. "There goes my chance. If I had not been blinder than a bat, I might have known it. Heigho!" Then aloud, with only a slight tremor in his subdued tones, he asks, "Will you not thank him now, Evelyn?"

But she cannot lift her drooping eyes. She whispers—

"Go, dear Monk—I shall see you again. Heaven bless you!"

"Heaven bless you!" responds Monkton, in a strangely earnest solemn voice; then, stooping reverently, he kisses her fair forehead, looks at her for a moment with voiceless yearning, and softly quits the room, his first brief, quickly-shattered dream of love rudely dispelled.

He does not however go and shut himself up in a room to mope, or inveigh bitterly against fate, or even soothe his pained spirit by writing Byronic verses; but walks straight to the room where he left Archie, and there finds him, his chin in his hands, his elbow on the

window-sill, gnawing his long tawny moustache, and staring moodily out. He starts, but does not move when his brother enters—he will know the worst. Monk goes behind him and puts his hand on his head, oh, so gently!

"Well," says Archie brusquely, shaking off the hand and preparing to have his last feeble hope slain, "what is it?"

"She wants you, old fellow. Wait a moment—I shall never speak of this again—but I dreamt, presumptuous idiot that I was, that perhaps she might care for me, since she—well, you remember what she said when first she was conscious that night? I know now that she does not, never did, never will—that's all. Go to her, Archie—good luck be with you!"

Ashamed of his selfish sullenness, overwhelmed by the burst of joy caused by his brother's words and looks, Archie starts up, wrings Monkton's hand—tears of manliest feeling in his eyes the while—and exclaims hoarsely—

"I'm a brute! Forgive me, dear Monk!"

Then he hurries up to Evelyn's room, leaving Monk to do noble battle with his grief.

How the two hearts beat as he knocks and and she cries feebly, "Come in!" How thoroughly the tale of sorrow, repentance, and love is told directly their eyes meet! In a moment he has her in his arms, and she is weeping blissful tears on his breast, while he murmurs incoherently over her, smoothing her soft hair, kissing her pale hands, until she whispers—

"Oh, Archie, I thought you did not care for me!"

"Darling, don't reproach me. Yet it serves me right that you should doubt my love. I was mad for a few miserable hours once—mad with conceit and vanity—though I never, never loved but you. Forgive me, my own love, my bright bird, my pure lily-flower."

"But you said it was a good thing I didn't want you when I sent just now for Monkton."

"Yes, darling, because I could not have borne to see you cold and estranged, as I expected you were. Anything else, little one?"

"Oh, you will think me so silly, Archie! But—but Monk said you admired fair women much more than dark ones. And don't you think perhaps a time may come when you will wish I had been fair?" And down goes Evelyn's blushing face on to his shoulder.

But he will not suffer it to be thus hidden. He lifts it up, looks at her for a moment—a look she is compelled to meet, and which satisfies her in most soul—and then says earnestly—

"Yes, I did once say so, darling, but never again can any face, however fair, be as precious, as lovely in my eyes as yours. This is the only fairness—touching her hot cheek gently—"I shall ever admire; so be at rest, my love."

Then there is a significant pause, after which, with many a smile and tearful break, Evelyn tells her dream, and his tender, soothing words, lay its restless shade for ever. Then he says, almost fearfully, so great is his self reproach—"Are you not afraid to trust yourself to me, Eve? I am not half so good a fellow as Monkton."

"No, not half!" she agrees, smiling. "But then, you see, I love you."

Thus after the brief night—which, after all, was but a midsummer night—there dawns for both the long, golden glorious day. May no darker cloud chase the radiant azure of their sky!—no rougher blast rouse to tempest the glittering calm of the enchanted ocean they now essay! Even if storms do toss their bark, emptying it of gathered flowers, may Heaven-winged Love still stand at the helm, and so bring them safely through.

THE END

BEADLE'S DIME LIBRARY.

32 Large Three-Column Pages.

Each Number Complete. Price 10 cts.

1. **A Hard Crowd.** By P. S. Warne.
2. **The Dare-Devil; OR, THE WINGED WITCH OF THE SEA.** By Col. Prentiss Ingraham.
3. **Kit Carson, Jr., THE CRACK SHOT OF THE WEST.** By Buckskin Sam.
4. **The Kidnapper.** By P. S. Warne.
5. **The Fire-Fiends; OR, HERCULES, THE HUNCHBACK.** By A. P. Morris.
6. **Wildcat Bob, THE BOSS BRUISER; OR, THE BORDER BLOODHOUNDS.** By Ed. L. Wheeler.
7. **Death-Notch, THE DESTROYER; OR, THE SPIRIT LAKE AVENGERS.** By Oil Coomes.
8. **The Headless Horseman.** A strange story of Texas. By Capt. Mayne Reid.
9. **Handy Andy.** By Samuel Lover.
10. **Vidocq, THE FRENCH POLICE SPY.** Written by himself.
11. **Midshipman Easy.** By Capt. Marryat.
12. **The Death-Shot; OR, TRACKED TO DEATH.** By Capt. Mayne Reid.
13. **Pathaway; OR, NICK WHIFFLES, THE OLD TRAPPER OF THE NORTHWEST.** By Robinson.
14. **Thayendanegea.** By Ned Buntline.
15. **The Tiger-Slayer; OR, EAGLE-HEAD TO THE RESCUE.** By Gustave Aimard.
16. **The White Wizard.** Ned Buntline.
17. **Nightshade, THE ROBBER PRINCE OF HOUNSLOW HEATH.** By Dr. J. H. Robinson.
18. **The Sea Bandit.** By Ned Buntline.
19. **Red Cedar, THE PRAIRIE OUTLAW.** By Gustave Aimard.
20. **The Bandit at Bay.** By Aimard.
21. **The Trapper's Daughter; OR, THE OUTLAW'S FATE.** By Gustave Aimard.
22. **Whitelaw; OR, NATTIE OF THE LAKE SHORE.** By Dr. J. H. Robinson.
23. **The Red Warrior.** By Ned Buntline.
24. **Prairie Flower.** By G. Aimard.
25. **The Gold-Guide; OR, STEEL ARM, THE REGULATOR.** By Francis Johnson.
26. **The Death-Track.** By F. Johnson.
27. **The Spotter-Detective.** By Aiken.
28. **Three-Fingered Jack, THE ROAD-AGENT OF THE ROCKIES.** By Joseph E. Badger, Jr.
29. **Tiger Dick, THE FARO KING; OR, THE CASHIER'S CRIME.** By Philip S. Warne.
30. **Gospel George.** By J. E. Badger.
31. **The New York 'Sharp'; OR, THE FLASH OF LIGHTNING.** By Albert W. Aiken.
32. **B'hoys of Yale; OR, THE SCRAPES OF A HARD SET OF COLLEGIANS.** By John D. Vose.
33. **Overland Kit.** By A. W. Aiken.
34. **Rocky Mountain Rob.** By Aiken.
35. **Kentuck, the Sport.** By Aiken.
36. **Injun Dick.** By Albert W. Aiken.
37. **Hirl, the Hunchback; OR, THE SWORDMAKER OF THE SANTEE.** By Dr. J. H. Robinson.
38. **Velvet Hand; OR, THE IRON GRIP OF INJUN DICK.** By Albert W. Aiken.
39. **The Russian Spy.** By Whittaker.
40. **The Long Haired 'Pards'; OR, THE TARTARS OF THE PLAINS.** By Jos. E. Badger, Jr.
41. **Gold Dan; OR, THE WHITE SAVAGE OF THE GREAT SALT LAKE.** By Albert W. Aiken.
42. **California Detective.** By Aiken.
43. **Dakota Dan, THE RECKLESS RANGER; OR, THE BEE-HUNTERS' EXCURSION.** By Oil Coomes.
44. **Old Dan Rackback.** Oil Coomes.
45. **Old Bull's Eye, THE LIGHTNING SHOT OF THE PLAINS.** By Joseph E. Badger, Jr.
46. **Bowie-Knife Ben.** By Oil Coomes.
47. **Pacific Pete, THE PRINCE OF THE REVOLVER.** By Jos. E. Badger, Jr.
48. **Idaho Tom, THE YOUNG OUTLAW OF SILVERLAND.** By Oil Coomes.
49. **The Wolf Demon.** By A. W. Aiken.
50. **Jack Rabbit, THE PRAIRIE SPORT;** By Jos. E. Badger, Jr.
51. **Red Rob, THE BOY ROAD-AGENT.** By Oil Coomes.
52. **Death Trailer, THE CHIEF OF SCOUTS.** By Hon. Wm. F. Cody, (Buffalo Bill.)
53. **Silver Sam; OR, THE MYSTERY OF DEADWOOD CITY.** By Col. Delle Sara.
54. **Always on Hand; OR, THE SPORTIVE SPORT OF THE FOOT HILLS.** By Philip S. Warne.
55. **The Scalp Hunters.** Mayne Reid.
56. **The Indian Mazeppa.** By Aiken.
57. **The Silent Hunter; OR, THE SCOWL HALL MYSTERY.** By Percy B. St. John.
58. **Silver Knife.** By Dr. J. H. Robinson.

59. **The Man From Texas.** By Aiken.
60. **Wide Awake; OR, THE IDIOT OF THE BLACK HILLS.** By Frank Dumont.
61. **Captain Seawaif, THE PRIVATEER.** By Ned Buntline.
62. **Loyal Heart.** By Gustave Aimard.
63. **The Winged Whale.** By Aiken.
64. **Double-Sight, the Death Shot.** By Joseph E. Badger, Jr.
65. **The Red Rajah.** By F. Whittaker.
66. **The Specter Barque.** Mayne Reid.
67. **The Boy Jockey.** By J. E. Badger.
68. **The Fighting Trapper; OR, KIT CARSON TO THE RESCUE.** By Capt. J. F. C. Adams.
69. **The Irish Captain.** By Whittaker.
70. **Hydrabad, THE STRANGLER; OR, ALETHE, THE CHILD OF THE CORD.** By Robinson.
71. **Captain Cool-Blade, OR, THE MAN SHARK OF THE MISSISSIPPI.** By Jos. E. Badger, Jr.
72. **The Phantom Hand.** By Aiken.
73. **The Knight of the Red Cross; OR, THE MAGICIAN OF GRANADA.** Dr. J. H. Robinson.
74. **Captain of the Rifles.** Mayne Reid.
75. **Gentleman George.** By Aiken.
76. **The Queen's Musketeer; OR, THISBE, THE PRINCESS PALMIST.** By George Albony.
77. **The Fresh of Frisco.** By Aiken.
78. **The Mysterious Spy; OR, GOLDEN FEATHER, THE BUCCANEER'S DAUGHTER.** By Grainger.
79. **Joe Phenix, POLICE SPY.** By Aiken.
80. **A Man of Nerve.** By P. S. Warne.
81. **The Human Tiger.** By Aiken.
82. **Iron Wrist, the Swordmaster.** By Col. Thomas H. Monstery.
83. **Gold Bullet Sport.** By Buffalo Bill.
84. **Hunted Down.** By A. W. Aiken.
85. **The Cretan Rover.** By Ingraham.
86. **The Big Hunter; OR, THE QUEEN OF THE WOODS.** By the author of "Silent Hunter."
87. **The Scarlet Captain; OR, THE PRISONER OF THE TOWER.** By Col. Delle Sara.
88. **Big George, THE GIANT OF THE GULCH; OR, THE FIVE OUTLAW BROTHERS.** By Badger.
89. **The Pirate Prince.** By Ingraham.
90. **Wild Will, THE MAD RANCHERO; OR, THE TERRIBLE TEXAN.** By Buckskin Sam.
91. **The Winning Oar.** By Aiken.
92. **Buffalo Bill, THE BUCKSKIN KING;** By Major Dangerfield Burr.
93. **Captain Dick Talbot, KING OF THE ROAD.** By Albert W. Aiken.
94. **Freelance, THE BUCCANEER; OR, THE WAIF OF THE WAVE.** By Col. Prentiss Ingraham.
95. **Azhort, THE AXMAN.** By A. P. Morris.
96. **Double-Death.** By F. Whittaker.
97. **Bronze Jack, THE CALIFORNIA THOROUGHbred.** By A. W. Aiken.
98. **The Rock Rider; OR, THE SPIRIT OF THE SIERRA.** By Capt. Frederick Whittaker.
99. **The Giant Rifleman; OR, WILD LIFE IN THE LUMBER REGIONS.** By Oil Coomes.
100. **The French Spy.** By A. P. Morris.
101. **The Man from New York; OR, THE ROMANCE OF A RICH YOUNG WOMAN.** By Aiken.
102. **The Masked Band; OR, THE MAN WITHOUT A NAME.** By George L. Aiken.
103. **Merle, the Mutineer.** Ingraham.
104. **Montezuma, the Merciless; OR, THE EAGLE AND THE SERPENT.** By Col. P. Ingraham.
105. **Dan Brown of Denver, THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN DETECTIVE.** By Jos. E. Badger, Jr.
106. **Shamus O'Brien, THE BOULD BOY OF GLINGAL.** By Colonel Delle Sara.
107. **Richard Talbot of Cinnabar; OR, THE BROTHERS OF THE RED HAND.** By A. W. Aiken.
108. **The Duke of Diamonds; OR, THE FLOWER OF CALCUTTA.** By Capt. Fred. Whittaker.
109. **Captain Kyd.** By Col. Ingraham.
110. **The Silent Rifleman.** By Herbert.
111. **The Smuggler Captain; OR, THE SKIPPER'S CRIME.** By Ned Buntline.
112. **Joe Phenix, PRIVATE DETECTIVE; OR, THE LEAGUE OF THE SKELETON KEYS.** By Aiken.
113. **The Sea Slipper; OR, THE AMATEUR FREEBOOTERS.** By Prof. J. H. Ingraham.
114. **The Gentleman from Pike; OR, THE GHOST OF THE CANYON.** By Philip S. Warne.
115. **The Severed Head; OR, THE SECRET OF CASTLE COUCY.** By Capt. Fred. Whittaker.
116. **Black Flame, THE DEVIL OF THE SEA; OR, THE SORCERESS OF HELL-GATE.** By Ingraham.

117. **Dashing Dandy, THE HOTSPUR OF THE HILLS.** By Major Dangerfield Burr.
118. **The Burglar Captain; OR, THE FALLEN STAR.** By Prof. J. H. Ingraham.
119. **Alabama Joe.** By J. E. Badger.
120. **The Texan Spy.** By N. M. Curtis.
121. **The Sea Cadet.** By Ingraham.
122. **Saul Sabberday, THE IDIOT SPY; OR, LULIONA, THE SEMINOLE.** By Ned Buntline.
123. **Alapaha, the Squaw; OR, THE RENEGADES OF THE BORDER.** By Francis Johnson.
124. **Assowaum, the Avenger; OR, THE DOOM OF THE DESTROYERS.** By Francis Johnson.
125. **The Blacksmith Outlaw; OR, MERRY ENGLAND.** By Harrison Ainsworth.
126. **The Demon Duelist; OR, THE LEAGUE OF STEEL.** By Colonel Thos. H. Monstery.
127. **Sol Scott, THE MASKED MINER; OR, DAN BROWN'S DOUBLE.** By Joseph E. Badger.
128. **The Chevalier Corsair; OR, THE HERITAGE OF HATRED.** By the author of "Merle."
129. **Mississippi Mose.** By Ed. Willett.
130. **Captain Volcano; OR, THE MAN OF THE RED REVOLVERS.** By Albert W. Aiken.
131. **Buckskin Sam, THE TEXAN TRAILER; OR, THE BANDITS OF THE BRAVO.** By Col. Ingraham.
132. **Nemo, King of the Tramps; OR, THE ROMANY GIRL'S VENGEANCE.** By Whittaker.
133. **Rody, the Rover; OR, THE RIBBONMAN OF IRELAND.** By William Carleton.
134. **Darkie Dan, THE COLORED DETECTIVE; OR, THE MISSISSIPPI MYSTERY.** By Ingraham.
135. **The Bush Ranger; OR, THE HALF-BREED BRIGADE.** By Francis Johnson.
136. **The Outlaw-Hunter; OR, RED JOHN, THE BUSH RANGER.** By Francis Johnson.
137. **Long Beard, THE GIANT SPY.** By Oil Coomes.
138. **The Border Bandits; OR, THE HORSE-THIEF'S TRAIL.** By Francis Johnson.
139. **Fire-Eye, THE SEA HYENA; OR, THE BRIDE OF A BUCCANEER.** By Col. P. Ingraham.
140. **The Three Spaniards.** By George Walker.
141. **Equinox Tom, THE BULLY OF RED ROCK.** By Jos. E. Badger, Jr.
142. **Captain Crimson, THE MAN OF THE IRON FACE.** By Major Dangerfield Burr.
143. **The Czar's Spy; OR, THE NIHILIST LEAGUE.** By Col. Thos. Hoyer Monstery.
144. **The Hunchback of Notre-Dame.** By Victor Hugo.
145. **Pistol Pards.** By W. R. Eyster.
146. **The Doctor Detective; OR, THE MYSTERY OF THE GOLDEN COFFIN.** By Geo. Lemuel.
147. **Gold Spur, THE GENTLEMAN FROM TEXAS.** By Colonel Prentiss Ingraham.
148. **One-Armed Alf, THE GIANT HUNTER OF THE GREAT LAKES.** By Oil Coomes.
149. **The Border Rifles.** By Aimard.
150. **El Rubio Bravo, KING OF THE SWORDSMEN.** By Col. Thomas Hoyer Monstery.
151. **The Freebooters.** By Aimard.
152. **Captain Ironnerve, THE COUNTERFEITER CHIEF.** By Marmaduke Dey.
153. **The White Scalper.** By Aimard.
154. **Joaquin, THE SADDLE KING.** By Joseph E. Badger, Jr.
155. **The Gipsies of the Sea.** By Colonel Prentiss Ingraham.
156. **Velvet Face.** By Major Dangerfield Burr. Ready October 19th.
157. **Mourad, THE MAMELUKE.** By Col. Thomas Hoyer Monstery. Ready October 26th.

A new issue every week.

Beadle's Dime Library is for sale by all Newsdealers, ten cents per copy, or sent by mail on receipt of twelve cents each. BEADLE & ADAMS, Publishers, 93 William Street, New York.

FIRESIDE LIBRARY

Each issue a complete novel and sold at the uniform price of TEN CENTS. No double price numbers.

- | | | |
|--|---|---|
| 1 WAS SHE HIS WIFE? Mrs. Mary R. Crowell 10c | 52 A ROMANCE OF A POOR YOUNG GIRL. Ellet. 10c | 88 FLORETTE. By Col. Prentiss Ingraham 10c |
| 2 FLEEING FROM LOVE. By Harriet Irving... 10c | 53 THE LOCKED HEART. By Corinne Cushman. 10c | 89 THREE TIMES DEAD. By Miss M. E. Braddon. 10c |
| 3 DID HE LOVE HER? Bartley T. Campbell. 10c | 54 THE PRIDE OF THE DOWNES. By M. Blount 10c | 90 FOR A WOMAN'S SAKE. By Watts Phillips. 10c |
| 4 A STRANGE WOMAN. By Rett Winwood. 10c | 55 A STRANGE GIRL. By Albert W. Aiken. 10c | 91 'HE COMETH NOT,' SHE SAID. By Thomas. 10c |
| 5 TWO GIRLS' LIVES. By Mrs. M. R. Crowell. 10c | 56 THE PRETTY PURITAN. By A. Parson's 10c | 92 THE NEW MAGDALEN. By Wilkie Collins. 10c |
| 6 THE WAR OF HEARTS. Corinne Cushman. 10c | 57 DID SHE SIN? By Mary Reed Crowell. 10c | 93 AN OPEN VERDICT. By Miss M. E. Braddon. 10c |
| 11 THE FALSE WIDOW. Mrs. J. D. Burton. 10c | 58 DOUBLY DIVORCED. By Jenny Davis Burton. 10c | 94 SWORD AND GOWN. By Geo. A. Lawrence. 10c |
| 12-13 LOST FOR LOVE. Miss M. E. Braddon. 10c | 59 A WICKED WOMAN. By Lillie D. U. Blake. 10c | 95 A BEGGAR ON HORSEBACK. By James Payne. 10c |
| 14-15 TOILERS OF THE SEA. By Victor Hugo. 10c | 60 BLIND BARBARA'S SECRET. Mary Halpine. 10c | 96 HER FACE WAS HER FORTUNE. By Robinson. 10c |
| 16 THE QUADROON. By Catharine A. Warfield. 10c | 61 AN AMERICAN QUEEN. By Grace Mortimer. 10c | 97 JANE EYRE. By Charlotte Bronte. 10c |
| 17-18 UNCLE SILAS. By J. S. Le Fanu. 10c | 62 MARGOUN, THE STRANGE. By W. M. Turner. 10c | 98 WRECKED IN PORT. By Edmund Yates. 10c |
| 19-20 DEAD-SEA FRUIT. Miss M. E. Braddon. 10c | 63 WIFE OR WIDOW. By Rett Winwood. 10c | 99 THE COLLEEN BAWN. By Gerald Griffin. 10c |
| 21-22 LITTLE KATE KIRBY. F. W. Robinson. 10c | 64 THE CREOLE COUSINS. By Philip S. Warne. 10c | 100 AN AMBITIOUS GIRL; or, She Would Be an 10c |
| 23 SOWING THE WIND. Mrs. Mary R. Crowell. 10c | 65 PURSUED TO THE ALTAR. By Cushman. 10c | Actress. By A. Celebrated Actress. 10c |
| 24-25 BIRDS OF PREY. Miss M. E. Braddon. 10c | 66 THE TERRIBLE TRUTH. By Jennie D. Burton. 10c | 101 FOUL PLAY. By Charles Reade and Dion 10c |
| 26 THAT BOY OF NORCOTT'S. Charles Lever. 10c | 67 ELEGANT EGBERT. By Philip S. Warne. 10c | Boucicault. 10c |
| 27-28 CHARLOTTE'S INHERITANCE. By Braddon. 10c | 68 LADY HELEN'S VOW. By Mrs. E. F. Ellet. 10c | 102 CARITA. By Mrs. Oliphant. 10c |
| 29 A GIRL'S HEART. By Rett Winwood. 10c | 69 BOWIE, THE KNIGHT OF CHIVALRY. Warne. 10c | 103 A WOMAN HATER. By Charles Reade. 10c |
| 30-31 RED AS A ROSE IS SHE. Rhoda Broughton. 10c | 70 DRIFTING TO RUIN. By Mary Reed Crowell. 10c | 104 AFTER DARK. By Wilkie Collins. 10c |
| 32 THE LILY OF ST. ERNE. By Mrs. Crow. 10c | 71 THE PARSON'S DAUGHTER. By A. Parson's 10c | 105 HARD TIMES. By Charles Dickens. 10c |
| 33 STRANGELY WED. By Mrs. J. D. Burton. 10c | Daughter. 10c | 106 GRIFF. By B. L. Farjeon. 10c |
| 34 THE GIPSY BRIDE. By M. E. O. Malen. 10c | 72 THE MYSTERIOUS GUARDIAN. By Cushman. 10c | 107 FENTON'S QUEST. By Miss Braddon. 10c |
| 35 ANNIE TEMPLE. By Rev. J. H. Ingraham. 10c | 73 WAS SHE A WIFE. By Rett Winwood. 10c | 108 THREE FEATHERS. By W. Black. 10c |
| 36 WITHOUT MERCY. By Bartley T. Campbell. 10c | 74 ADRIA, THE ADOPTED. By Jennie D. Burton. 10c | 109 JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN. Miss Mulock. 10c |
| 37 BLACK EYES AND BLUE. Corinne Cushman. 10c | 75 PRETTY AND PROUD. By Corinne Cushman. 10c | 110 MURPHY'S MASTER. By J. Payn. 10c |
| 38 BRAVE BARBARA. By Corinne Cushman. 10c | 76 THE BITTER FEUD. By Jennie D. Burton. 10c | 111 HEAPS OF MONEY. By W. E. Norris. 10c |
| 39 A DANGEROUS WOMAN. Margaret Blount. 10c | 77 A WOMAN'S WORK. By Mrs. E. F. Ellet. 10c | 112 IN MORTAL PERIL. By Mary R. Crowell. 10c |
| 40 OUIDA'S LOVE. By Henrietta E. De Conde. 10c | 78 THE BLACK RIDDLE. By Corinne Cushman. 10c | 113 THE DEAD SECRET. By Wilkie Collins. 10c |
| 41 LOST! A WIFE. By Corinne Cushman. 10c | 79 CORAL AND RUBY. By Jennie Davis Burton. 10c | 114 CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE. By Charles Reade. 10c |
| 42 WINNING WAYS. By Margaret Blount. 10c | 80 DIVORCED BUT NOT DIVIDED. By A. Parson's 10c | 115 DENIS DUVAL. By W. M. Thackeray. 10c |
| 43 A WOMAN'S HEART. By Mrs. M. V. Victor. 10c | Daughter. 10c | 116 TOO SOON. By Katherine S. MacQuoid. 10c |
| 44 THE DEAD LETTER. By Seeley Regester. 10c | 81 ALMOST MARRIED. By A. Parson's Daughter. 10c | Ready October 13th. 10c |
| 45 LORD LISLE'S DAUGHTER. By C. M. Braeme. 10c | 82 TWO FAIR WOMEN. By Wm. M. Turner. 10c | 117 THE TWO DESTINIES. By Wilkie Collins. 10c |
| 46 A WOMAN'S HAND. By author 'Dead Letter.' 10c | 83 THE INHERITANCE OF HATE. By Burton. 10c | Ready October 20th. 10c |
| 47 VIALS OF WRATH. By Mrs. Mary R. Crowell. 10c | 84 PEARL OF PEARLS. By A. P. Morris, Jr. 10c | |
| 48 A WILD GIRL. By Corinne Cushman. 10c | 85 FOR HONOR'S SAKE. By Mary Reed Crowell. 10c | |
| 49 THE MADDEST MARRIAGE EVER WAS. Burton. 10c | 86 LANCE URQUHART'S LOVES. Annie Thomas. 10c | |
| 50 LOVE IN A MAZE. By Mrs. E. F. Ellet. 10c | 87 SAFELY MARRIED. By author of "Caste." 10c | |
| 51 CATHOLINA. By Dr. J. H. Robinson. 10c | | |

A new issue every week.

For sale by all newsdealers, or sent, postage paid, on receipt of twelve cents. BEADLE AND ADAMS, Publishers, 98 William street, N. Y.

Waverley Library

The Only Young Ladies' Library of First-Class Copyright Novels Published. Price, Five Cents.

- | | | |
|---|--|--|
| 1 The Masked Bride; or, WILL SHE MARRY HIM. By Mrs. Mary Reed Crowell. | 33 The Three Sisters. By Alice Fleming. | 73 Rose Michel; or, THE TRIALS OF A FACTORY GIRL. By Maude Hilton. |
| 2 Was It Love? or, COLLEGIANS AND SWEET-HEARTS. By Wm. Mason Turner, M. D. | 34 A Marriage of Convenience; or, WAS HE A COUNT? By Sara Claxton. | 74 Cecil Castlemaine's Gage. By Ouida. |
| 3 The Girl Wife. By Bartley T. Campbell. | 35 Sinned Against. By Clara Augusta. | 75 The Black Lady of Duna. By J. S. Le Fanu. |
| 4 A Brave Heart. By Arabella Southworth. | 36 Sir Archer's Bride. By A. Southworth. | 76 Charlotte Temple. By Mrs. Rowson. |
| 5 Bessie Raynor, the Work Girl. By Wm. Mason Turner, M. D. | 37 The Country Cousin. Rose Kennedy. | 77 Christian Oakley's Mistake. By the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman." |
| 6 The Secret Marriage. By Sara Claxton. | 38 His Own Again. Arabella Southworth. | 78 My Young Husband. By Myself. |
| 7 A Daughter of Eve; or, BLINDED BY LOVE. By Mrs. Mary Reed Crowell. | 39 Flirtation. By Ralph Royal. | 79 A Queen Amongst Women. By the author of "Dora Thorne." |
| 8 Heart to Heart; or, FAIR PHYLLIS' LOVE. By Arabella Southworth. | 40 Pledged to Marry. By Sara Claxton. | 80 Her Lord and Master. By Florence Marryat. |
| 9 Alone in the World; or, THE YOUNG MAN'S WARD. By the author of "Clifton." | 41 Blind Devotion. By Alice Fleming. | 81 Lucy Temple. |
| 10 A Pair of Gray Eyes; or, THE EMERALD NECKLACE. By Rose Kennedy. | 42 Beatrice, the Beautiful; or, HIS SECOND LOVE. By A. Southworth. | 82 A Long Time Ago. By Meta Orred. |
| 11 Entangled. By Henrietta Thackeray. | 43 The Baronet's Secret. Sara Claxton. | 83 Playing for High Stakes. By Annie Thomas. |
| 12 His Lawful Wife; or, MYRA, THE CHILD OF ADOPTION. By Mrs. Ann S. Stephens. | 44 The Only Daughter; or, BROTHER AGAINST LOVER. By Alice Fleming. | 84 The Laurel Bush. By the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman." |
| 13 Madcap, the Little Quakeress. By Corinne Cushman. | 45 Her Hidden Foe. Arabella Southworth. | 85 Led Astray. By Octave Feuillet. |
| 14 Why I Married Him; or, THE WOMAN IN GRAY. By Sara Claxton. | 46 The Little Heiress. By M. A. Denison. | 86 Janet's Repentance. By George Eliot. |
| 15 A Fair Face; or, OUT IN THE WORLD. By Bartley T. Campbell. | 47 Because She Loved Him; or, HOW WILL IT END. By Alice Fleming. | 87 Romance of a Poor Young Man. By Octave Feuillet. |
| 16 Trust Her Not; or, THE TRUE KNIGHT. By Margaret Leicester. | 48 In Spite of Herself. By S. R. Sherwood. | 88 A Terrible Deed; or, ALL FOR GOLD. By Emma Garrison Jones. |
| 17 A Loyal Lover. By A. Southworth. | 49 His Heart's Mistress; or, LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT. By Arabella Southworth. | 89 A Gilded Sin. |
| 18 His Idol; or, THE ILL-STARRED MARRIAGE. By Mrs. Mary Reed Crowell. | 50 The Cuban Heiress; or, THE PRISONER OF LA VINTRESSE. By Mrs. Mary A. Denison. | 90 The Author's Daughter. By Mary Howitt. |
| 19 The Broken Betrothal; or, LOVE VERSUS HATE. By Mary Grace Halpine. | 51 Two Young Girls; or, THE BRIDE OF AN EARL. By Alice Fleming. | 91 The Jilt. By Charles Reade. |
| 20 Orphan Nell, the Orange Girl; or, THE WITCHES OF NEW YORK. Agile Penne. | 52 The Winged Messenger; or, RISKING ALL FOR A HEART. By Mary Reed Crowell. | 92 Eileen Alanna; or, THE DAWNING OF THE DAY. By Dennis O'Sullivan. |
| 21 Now and Forever; or, WHY DID SHE MARRY HIM. By Henrietta Thackeray. | 53 Agnes Hope, the Actress; or, THE ROMANCE OF A RUBY RING. W. M. Turner, M. D. | 93 Love's Victory. By B. L. Farjeon. |
| 22 The Bride of an Actor. By the author of "Alone in the World," etc., etc. | 54 One Woman's Heart; or, SAVED FROM THE STREET. By George S. Kaimé. | 94 The Quiet Heart. By Mrs. Oliphant. |
| 23 Leap Year; or, WHY SHE PROPOSED. By Sara Claxton. | 55 She Did Not Love Him; or, STOOPING TO CONQUER. By Arabella Southworth. | 95 Lettice Arnold. By Mrs. Marsh. |
| 24 Her Face Was Her Fortune. By Eleanor Blaine. | 56 Love-Mad; or, BETROTHED, MARRIED, DIVORCED AND —. By W. M. Turner, M. D. | 96 Haunted Hearts; or, THE BAKEN BROTHER. By Rachel Bernhardt. |
| 25 Only a Schoolmistress; or, HER UNTOLD SECRET. By Arabella Southworth. | 57 A Brave Girl. By Alice Fleming. | 97 Hugh Melton. By Catharine King. |
| 26 Without a Heart. By P. Ingraham. | 58 The Ebon Mask. By Mary R. Crowell. | 98 Alice Learmont. By Miss Mulock. |
| 27 Was She a Coquette? or, A STRANGE COURTSHIP. By Henrietta Thackeray. | 59 A Widow's Wiles. Rachel Bernhardt. | 99 Marjorie Bruce's Lover. By Mary Patrick. Ready October 4th. |
| 28 Sybil Chase; or, THE GAMBLER'S WIFE. By Mrs. Ann S. Stephens. | 60 Cecil's Deceit. By Jennie Davis Burton. | 100 Through Fire and Water. By Frederick Talbot. Ready October 11th. |
| 29 For Her Dear Sake. By Sara Claxton. | 61 A Wicked Heart. By Sara Claxton. | 101 Hannah. By Miss Mulock. October 18. |
| 30 The Bouquet Girl; or, A MILLION OF MONEY. By Agile Penne. | 62 The Maniac Bride. By M. Blount. | |
| 31 A Mad Marriage. By Mary A. Denison. | 63 The Creole Sisters. By Anna E. Porter. | |
| 32 Miriana, the Prima Donna; or, ROSES AND LILIES. By A. Southworth. | 64 What Jealousy Did; or, THE HEIR OF WORSLEY GRANGE. By Alice Fleming. | |
| | 65 The Wife's Secret. By Col. Juan Lewis. | |
| | 66 A Brother's Sin. By Rachel Bernhardt. | |
| | 67 Forbidden Banns. Arabella Southworth. | |
| | 68 Weavers and Weft. By M. E. Braddon. | |
| | 69 Camille; or, THE FATE OF A COQUETTE. By Alex Dumas. | |
| | 70 The Two Orphans. By D'Ennery. | |
| | 71 My Young Wife. By My Young Wife's Husband. | |
| | 72 The Two Widows. By Annie Thomas. | |

A new issue every week.

THE WAVERLEY LIBRARY is for sale by all Newsdealers, five cents per copy, or sent by mail on receipt of six cents each.

BEADLE AND ADAMS, Publishers

98 William street, New York